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EAST & WEST.

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THE GATHERING PLACE OF SOULS.

I go hence
To London, to the gathering place of souls.
Mrs. Browning.

WHEN you realise the glamour of London and fall under its spell there are no half measures about your admiration for the town. You may have looked upon the mysterious blue of the waters that wash Ceylon, and been impressed by the imperious dignity of the frozen North, the romance of the desert may have entered into your soul, and in your dreams you may see again the billowy uplands over which you used to roam. But London will brook no rival. Your old loves will appear mere philandering : your attachments to other places only the wanton alliances of a coquette who discovers at last that she has a heart only to realise that it belongs to another. London may capture your heart, making you sigh like a love-sick swain when you are parted from her, making your pulse beat faster when you know you are returning to her, filling you with a wonderful content when you are with her again, hearing the familiar sounds of the town, filling your nostrils with the hundred and one odours of her streets. And again, London may fire your imagination. Behind the inscrutable walls a hundred tragedies and comedies may be taking place. The adventurous spirit finds unlimited scope in her acres of streets. There are rich veins of gold there if you can only reach them. You are mingling with men of high hopes and deep despair, men who, for all you know, are the leading actors in great dramas. And so, according to your mood, you can weave a hundred wonderful stories, grave and gay.

Of a hundred people who may confess to an abandonment to the spell of London, perhaps not two will agree in their definition of the city's glamour. Some of us love London because of its crowd

and life. We find our completest enjoyment in the pleasures it affords. We are delighted with the restaurants, the theatre, the parks. We faithfully carry out the ritual of its religion, appearing at the proper places at the proper times, dressing ourselves in the prescribed vestments, finding subjects for conversation among those that please its society. Or again, we may court its lighter side in a more Bohemian fashion, directing our own ritual, raising ourselves up to a regal position in our kingdom which may contain one alone —ourselves, and contenting ourselves to watch the antics of the subjects of the greater kingdom. And again, we may love London because of its great peace. The greater the crowd, the more alone is each member of it. The noise of the heavy traffic sounds low in the ears of the Londoner. A townsman who complained to the landlady of a rustic inn that he could not sleep because of the "row a wretched nightingale was making" did not exaggerate the facts. In the quietness of the country a nightingale's note may rival the din made by a motor bus changing gear in the Strand.

"The air seems dead down in this quiet country," wrote George Meredith, "I must rush up to London to breathe." The country is full of panting souls eager to drink in the inspiring air of London, with eyes straining for the familiar buildings, their ears listening "to hear the hansoms slurring once more through London mud." Of London Percival Landon writes :—

"Womanlike, you will find her more gracious after you have turned your back upon her, after many months on the longer trails. When you return, your unspoken gratitude is part of her service of praise when the first acrid whiff of swaying London fog stinks again in your nostrils along the Strand, and your very soul sobs at the goodness of it, her canticles are sung in due form, in the silence of the incoming mail it is as swung incense before his unregarding altar. And there is her *Sursum corda* intoned when after many years of absence you shall hear the great throng of Westminster plucked nine times with shattering certainty through the night, and you return thanks to God as the thanks of ten that it has been given you to hear it again once more before you died."

You cannot trace the glamour of London to its beauty. Few will praise London for her good looks. Many will assert that she is uncompromisingly plain. Her buildings are flat-faced and dull, and

their monotony is only intensified by the garish advertisements that are plastered over them. The mansions of the wealthy are mean and uninteresting. Our Grosvenor and Belgrave and Hanover Squares, how prim and how distressingly conventional they are! "Stone-faced, white as a curd!" And yet Browning wrote what most of us think :—

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in a city square.

For these "houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry" represent London in its typically British aspect; stern, solidly prosperous, disdaining all pretence and show, implicitly believing in its superiority. They are simply one of London's "bits." Round the corner you will find another of the "bits"—down the street that is crowded with the barrows of costermongers, where the names above the shops and the very appearance of the shops themselves take you out of London to a little French or Italian village you once chanced to run across.

Still, even as regards the beauty of its buildings, London is changing. Those in authority are keeping a watchful eye over the new structures. We may not approve of the favourite style of architecture, but at least it is to some extent native and a degree of consistency is attained. In the new Kingsway, the Aldwych Theatre, the Waldorf Hotel and the magnificent offices of the "Morning Post" present a fine curve, one of those curves which might have pleased Alice Meynell, who labelled the majority of London curves "distressingly ugly and dreary."

Of the principal streets Regent Street best pleases my eye. And Regent Street looks its best at night when the white façade is gleaming in the cold rays of a full moon, like a ghostly palace, silent and desolate. Regent Street has its moods. It can be business-like and it has the soul of a wanton. But when London is asleep—that short hour when the last lingering bat has turned homewards and before the earliest worker has made his appearance—Regent Street wears a dignity that arouses our awe. When it is empty and the shops are shuttered, it shares with the other streets, and particularly those of the city, the mystery of death. Down at the Bank and in the grimy lanes that beat through the day with the furious energy of life at its best and worst, there are times—on Sunday and late at

night when the men and women have gone away—when the ghosts return. Inside the offices the souls of the sleepers are wandering, seeking what they cannot find, or maybe realising ambitions that are hard to reach in waking hours.

But this fascination which is exercised by certain streets is not due to their beauty. Men have made sport of London, raising Grecian columns here and crowning them with Gothic arches. We find in London no building typical of her people, no embodiment of our thoughts regarding her. As has been pointed out, London has no Acropolis, no Forum Romanum, no Champs Elysées, no Capitol, no Nevski Prospeki. "The tombs of its Kings, its Valhalla, its Senate, are, relatively to London, nowhere in particular. . . . . . . From the dark, further side of the Surrey hills at night, above the inky skyline of heather, of pine tops, of elms, one may see on the sky a brooding and sinister glow. That is London—manifesting itself on the clouds."

Beaconsfield, who has probably written more sensible things about London than anybody else, declared that what is most striking in London is its vastness. It possesses, he said, only one of the qualifications of a great city, size. If only it had beauty, it might have rivalled the Romes and the Babylons. Paris, he points out, fails because if it has beauty, it lacks size. Beaconsfield found fault with London because it is monotonous. "Pancras is like Mary-le-bone, Mary-le-bone is like Paddington—Mary-le-bone alone ought to have produced a revolution in our domestic architecture. It did nothing. It was built by Act of Parliament. It is Parliament," he adds, bitterly, "to whom we are indebted for your Gloucester Places, and Baker Streets, and Harley Streets, and Wimpole Streets, and all those flat, dull, spiritless streets, resembling each other like a large family of plain children, with Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents. The influence of our Parliamentary Government upon the fine arts is a subject worth pursuing. The power that produced Baker Street as a model for street architecture in its celebrated Building Act, is the power that prevented Whitehall from being completed, and which sold to foreigners all the pictures which the King of England had collected to civilize his people." And yet it was Beaconsfield who wrote :—

"It is a wonderful place—this London; a nation, not a city;

with a population greater than some kingdoms, and districts as different as if they were under different governments and spoke different languages. And what do I know of it? I have been living here six months, and my life has been passed in a park, two or three squares, and half a dozen streets!"

Horace Walpole was attracted to London because he held that if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, he chose to take them in the gross and not made into separate pills.

The London lover, who is influenced by the glamour of the town, is not likely to overestimate its importance. He does not seek to explain why he loves London. He may probably agree that if London is the metropolis, it is the provinces that count. There are few who will go so far as Richard Jefferies who wrote :—"London is the only real place in the world. The cities turn towards London as young partridges run to their mother. The cities know that they are not real. They are only houses and wharves, and bricks and stucco; only outside. The minds of all men in them, merchants, artists, thinkers, are bent on London. Thither they go as soon as they can. San Francisco thinks London; so does St. Petersburg. . . . The heart of the world is in London, and the cities with the simulacrum of men in them are empty. They are moving images only; stand here, and you are real."

That is the opinion of the stay-at-home cockney who does not love his town any more because he exaggerates its importance. He believes of his town ("in which you can buy a pennyworth of anything, from watercress to treason") that there is no place in the world to compare with it. "You may seek to argue with him. You may tell him Calcutta is hotter; Quito is higher; Paris is less muddy; Rio Janeiro is better situated; Rome is crowned with the laurels of successive histories—all to no purpose. So far as he is concerned, he thinks it better to be buried in London than live and reign anywhere else on earth."

As a matter of fact, London is the centre rather of the social world than of the worlds of education, thought, politics, letters and so on. Comparatively little is written in London. In politics London is little influenced by the changes of thought. We look to the country for these upheavals, these rebellions against the existing order of things, these deep grumblings that show that the

country is still a volcano and that some of its old-time fire still glows within it. The height of culture—an odious but inevitable word—is not reached in London. Neither wit nor humour must be subtle in order to find favour. But, having conceded so much, the charm of the town is not lessened. We love London because it is so intensely human; its faults are those that we cherish as virtues because they are our own. Heine was disappointed in London. He expected great palaces, and saw "nothing but mere small houses." "Send a philosopher to London," he cried, "but, for your life, no poet!" And yet Wordsworth and Cowper and William Dunbar, and Tom Hood, to mention a few of the multitude of greater and less poets, have been raised to heights of inspiration by the mysterious glamour of London. We may sigh :

> How sweet if Nature's lap could spare
> A dandelion for the Strand
> A cowslip for Mayfair !

But to the London lover the streets breathe a fragrance unrivalled by the fairest garden.

As I write these lines—it is seven of the clock on a Sunday evening in early spring—there creeps into the Temple court the music of church chimes. The notes are picked out slowly and plaintively, now and again dying away as an electric car trundles along the Embankment or a motor 'bus crashes down the Strand. They are the voice of London's soul, soft but insistent.

> "Abide with me" (they sing)
> "Fast falls the eventide;
> The darkness deepens;
> Lord with me abide."

Now they are silent. To-morrow evening, or, may be, next Sunday, they will speak again, and men of all creeds will find an answering note in their hearts.

I think, after all, that is why we love London, those of us who never tire of singing its praises. It reaches our hearts, often when our thoughts are far away from the town. In a hundred ways it keeps tight the bonds that bind us to it. And we would not have them loosened if we could.

MARK ALLERTON.

London.

LOVE, WISDOM AND POWER.

IT is strange how completely the human mind, in its love of analysis, often loses sight of the underlying unity. In the complex differentiation of things seen, the oneness is obliterated, and the fleeting shadows on the surface of life are regarded as the unchanging and concrete realities.

Now the student of phenomena must first learn this great lesson, or his studies, researches, deductions, analogies and conclusions will be, to a certain extent, useless and in most respects fallacious. He must recognise that, from the infinitesimal to the infinitely great, from the electron to the Cosmos, one law governs the various changes he sees around him, and that though the details of life and energy are ever new, the All-Life is immortal, and the source of energy is eternally the same.

There is an eternal equilibrium and a fundamental and abiding principle, whereby, in the visible change and decay, loss and gain, there is in truth no inconstancy and no mutability in the actual sum of things.

The Time-Spirit of man delights in divisions of day and night, of second, minute, hour and year, centuries and millenniums, of which Eternity, the Now, takes no cognisance. The finite mind revels in definitions, distinctions, names and terms, and each in its turn is deemed absolute in its limited individuality. But in the Real, underlying the manifestation, we find no link missing in an eternal continuity and unity, wherein all objective activities are merged in One and the Whole, and are so correlated that each form of substance and energy is dependent upon and reciprocal with another.

Of all definitions those generally ascribed to Power and Force are the most misleading.

To take a few. "Force is no remedy," declared a statesman, and the dictum is often quoted as that of a wise man. Yet it is

evident that the sentence conceals a fallacy. The force contemned is but one phase of force, and the remedy to be efficaciously applied must be another form of force or it would be impotent and futile. Again, we have the saying, "Force is no argument"; yet here it is obvious that the force of argument is to be used to conquer and control a different form of force. We must then, to get clear of faulty deductions, go back to the base and build up from the foundation-stone our estimate of Force and Power.

The following definition will help us. Power or Strength is an inherent property or quality manifesting in outward activities as Force or motion. Power is the potential, Force is the expression of the potential. Power is static, the root. Force is dynamic, the action. Power is the reality, the absolute and the unconditioned. Force is limited in expression by condition, space and time. Power, the creative principle of force can never be dissociated from individual existence or being or effort, either on the physical, the mental or the spiritual plane. Power is in the thing itself, whether it be in an atom or a god. Power is the essence of Being. Force can be transmitted by Power, its parent; but Force cannot engender Power, because in action it exhausts itself. Thus the expression of force is always ephemeral. Power is the immortal endurance that constitutes fortitude and patience, and gives courage its fire and ardour.

For instance, the vibratory force manifests in molecules, atoms, electrons, etheric particles—so infinitesimal that they are invisible and intangible to any human eye or human sense, but each is individuated and known to exist by their activities in mass and their power of force transmission.

Electricity, light, colour, sound, heat, gravitation, attraction repulsion, are but manifestations of the same and one energy on the physical plane. The same force-expression palpitates in the star-sun, and in the nerve-tissue of the frog. When we consider that "no living organism contains less than a hundred million molecules," * each a separate entity, we may in some measure gauge the potential power inherent in all matter, and the infinite forms in which it can be transmitted and transmuted by force. Power or Will, therefore,

* "Two New Worlds." G. E. Fournier d'Albe, p. 8.

is the essence of Being, the inherent energy which forces itself into form-expression.

"I become what I will and am what I am, therefore I say that moving all, I am myself immovable," is, throughout the universe, the authoritative, unassailable claim of Power.

Now we glibly talk of the centripetal force and the centrifugal force as of two diverse factors, also of the positive and negative forces in electricity, while it is, in reality, the same power operating in different ways and in opposite channels. What is more, the most infinitesimal unit conceivable is, in itself, negative and positive, centrifugal and centripetal, according to certain conditions that equalise the universal "give and take," the storing up and the liberating of potential energy.

For example, suppose it were possible for a person to be so reduced in size that he would be of the same dimensions as the smaller particles composing a stone in St. Paul's Cathedral, what would he see? A solid inanimate mass?

Nothing of the sort. He would probably think he had only exchanged the starry vault of our solar system for one still more wonderful, more complex and more abounding in luminous bodies, whirling with tireless energy in a "multitudinous ocean of motion." And he would find possibly a habitable universe not essentially different from the one evident to human senses; in fact, a world within a world on the same lines of inherent potentiality and consequent "driving-force." Only the atoms are suns, and the electrons are planets, and time, as we limit it, is no more. Everywhere there would be the internal Central Will, and its expression in motion, vibration, attraction, repulsion, light and heat.

Power governs all, but the apparent stability depends upon the force of motion in the mass, and the adhesion of mass upon the impossibility of stagnation or inertness in the potential. Such terms as these have no meaning in the Cosmic law.

Now it may be objected that we are dealing here with well-known physical phenomena of nature and the analogy does not hold good as we study mental forces. But I would answer, are we not here again knocking our heads against one of the many man-made definitions and limitations which have no real existence? At what particular

phase of being does the physical force give proof of becoming a mental force? At what particular link in the chain of forms can we point to the entity that is governed solely by the physical force and is impervious to the mental, *i.e.*, to the sentient, conscious and self-determinate?

Science now recognises none. On the contrary, we can speak of "the soul of the atom," and declare that what we have hitherto termed physical force governing states of matter, is in reality both mind and matter—so-called physical and mental force combined in certain individuated forms of manifestation, and the physical forces are the mental, and the mental the physical. Mind does not govern matter, nor matter control mind, but forms are conditioned by the individual limitations of inherent energy. Man would find that if he could possess in his system the amount of force potent in a grain of radium, the superman would be born.

What appears to us the lower grades of material force may, in the eternal scheme of things, be transforming transmutations of the higher.* The extremes of heat and cold have the *same* effect upon the chemical atom, the highest grade of matter known to physicists. According to the rate of vibration, matter is hard or soft, pliable or resistant. Water can be cut with a sword, and granite can glide like a liquid. The atoms composing metals respond to stimuli, and show indications of a rudimentary memory. But why we should call a memory which has evolved the perfect habit of the exquisite formation of crystals, rudimentary, I cannot tell, except that it is the folly of the human mind to designate as rudimentary what it cannot perform itself. I would rather term a habit so highly developed, an inherent creative power to which man has not yet attained.

How much more beautiful would we, human beings, appear, we were composed of the dazzling translucent atoms of the ruby, the diamond and the emerald; if we flashed in the sunlight, and glowed in the darkness! The time will come when we shall realise that these poor bodies, or anything in the least like them, are not the jewels with which Divinity makes up the crown of glory. We shall know that the eternal energy in us, the individual gestating feminine creative Will, out of our transient corruptions, will yet form the

* "Everything in Nature contains all the powers of Nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff."—*Emerson*.

materials for the higher transmutations; just as out of the fiery furnace of worlds, and the pressure of cosmic cataclysms, the diamond has come into being. We shall yet understand that every form of matter and force can be translated into other forms, and every form of force and of matter is interchangeable with another.

Again, we speak of the power of life and the death of an organism. Now experiments in electricity have discovered a strange fact, which goes far to prove the poet's statement, "There is no death." Life is inseparable from every form of matter, and Death is but Life in transmission. For instance, Professor Bose, the most advanced electrician of to-day, has demonstrated conclusively that dead tissue, instead of being negative, is actually positive to the living. The greatest negativity occurs on the death frontier; when that is passed, the organism becomes actively positive, showing that the transmutation into other forms of matter has begun, and the power of life has commenced another rôle of manifestation. Now, when one considers that many physicists postulate that electricity is the life-principle of matter, we see how this discovery obliterates the distinctions between living or dead matter, of inorganic and organic entities. We are using meaningless terms, and we come face to face with Faraday's one source of Power, which manifests insistently and inexorably in every phase of activity and of substance.

Moreover, it is obvious that these mighty forces that we call physical are in their objective working incomparably more powerful than the forces we are pleased to designate mental and spiritual human faculties. The human mind in its self-glorification often loses all sense of proportion and the paltry insignificance of human achievements. We may have discovered tentatively some of Nature's laws, we may have harnessed to our use some of Nature's mighty servants; we may have spanned distance, measured worlds and weighed stars; we may have touched the fringe of the veil which divides the visible from the invisible, but we must admit that before the physical might of the universe we are as straws in the wind, as powerless as foam driven before the storm. Our puny efforts are wiped out as breath on a mirror, and the mentality and spirituality we arrogate do not save us from seeming extinction. Yet the one great law we are slowly learning, teaches that everything in Nature partakes of identical properties and qualities, the highest is latent in the lowest, the eternal fires of radium

are the eternal fires of the Spirit of God. Just as the hand of man can handle the one, so the heart of man can receive the other form of the same energy, through the transmutation of one form of force into another.

If, by the lifting of a hand we can set free an active impulse that may influence the remotest star, so by the dynamic chain of correlation, a thought kindled by the purest emotion may span the depths between this world and the Highest. We, therefore, should not pride ourselves upon our present knowledge, but rather should deplore our ignorance that makes us deaf, dumb and blind and impotent before the physical manifestation of the one Power, because we have not yet risen above its most material form.

We have to surmount by slow and toilsome steps what now we are content to dub human. "Man is not a fallen god but a promoted reptile," is the dictum of the anatomist.* But in many cases he is not yet promoted. "Ye have made your way from worm to man and much is still in you of the worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet is man more of an ape than any of the apes," declares the philosopher. † "I teach you," he continues, "the superman. Man is something that is to be surmounted. What have ye done to surmount Man ?"

Yes! there is the crucial question. The whole history of evolution is the transformation of lower forms into higher. How is the human race striving by inherent will-power to rise above itself? Is it so rising, or is it doomed through a false estimate of its own value, to degeneration, disintegration, and extinction, thus making way for a better and purer type of the animal species ?

For the immanent energy pervading all things has, through the endless ages, perfected approximately the various entities in their turn—the crystal of the precious stone, and the exquisite texture of the flower; the symmetrical form of the animalcule, and the brilliant iridescence of the butterfly; the sweet melody of the bird's song, and the tender care of the wild mother of the forest.

Has the will of man so perfected himself? Has he used the eternal energy welling up within him for creative purposes? Has he not rather dissipated his forces on things that avail not, that cannot satisfy, nor endure ? Is the transmutation of physical force into

* "The Universal Kinship," Moore, p. 107.

† "Thus spake Zarathustra," Freidrich Nietzsche, p. 11.

mental of real service to him? Has he ever yet to any appreciable degree been capable of engendering the spiritual power from the mental? Has any of his vaunted knowledge become wisdom?

Looking round on humanity as it is to-day, one would despair of an answer to these questions. Where is the Wisdom that is making man wise unto the salvation of himself? Where is there a sign of the time when the latent Divinity in man will respond to the Divinity without, and render him independent of physical manifestations because in them he only perceives the spiritual—the Reality?

"Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!" * reiterates the thinker, and again is asked the question, "Is there not also still lacking, humanity itself."

But here Eternity, not man-made time, gives us ground for hope. For how incalculably slow to our finite minds are the eternal Processes! How infinitesimal must appear to the Silent Watcher at the gates the transition from a lower animal form to a higher! How puny the efforts of each human being to break through the sheath of the chrysalis in which the spirit is enwrapt so as to gain the freedom and the light of day!

Countless æons have elapsed since the monad, man, was an atom in the plane erroneously termed inorganic, when, as an individuated entity, he whirled in the cosmic fire-mists. We cannot tabulate the ages in which, through plant, amœba, fish, reptile and ape, mankind was evolved to a stage above the latter, by means of the insistent adaptation of the maternal organism in each species to new needs, fresh requirements and higher uses. For, remember, the whole onus of selective discrimination in creative growth rests with the mothers of each genera. The changes that are organic, functional, and to a certain extent permanent in our conception of time, are alone possible in the invisible crucible of maternity—in the germ cells. There have been no leaps and bounds in the eternal unfolding.

"In the mountains the shortest path is from peak to peak, but for that route one must have long legs," sneers the cynic, knowing well that man has short legs, and each peak has to be surmounted separately by toilsome steps from the plain beneath. We cannot jump, much less can we fly.

* Samuel Daniel.

Here again we must go for our lessons to the great instructress, Nature. No form of force, as I said before, is other than the aggregation of separate bodies, perfected in themselves, and working in concert. The strength of the force can be estimated by knowledge of the inherent properties of each atom forming the mass and its measure of response to the same stimuli. The phases of force represented by light, colour, sound and form, can only come into being according to the vibrations of the constituent units. Therefore a diamond is a diamond because each crystal composing it is inherently capable of being a diamond. The flower is violet, because the molecules of which it is built up can respond to the stimuli of the violet vibrations of light. The ear of Pythagoras heard the music of the spheres, for it was inherently attuned to the higher vibrations of sound. And again, when the aura of a person is yellow, blue, rose, violet, a dirty brown or a dark red, it is simply because the molecules composing the body can only respond to the vibrations in harmony with those colours. The unit cannot be higher than itself. In itself must be potential variation, change and growth.

The Spiritual body is thus clothed with the aura of the soul's virtues—iridescent, glorious, luminous—shades of violet, blue, rose, carmine, green, yellow, all the varied tints of the rainbow form the raiment of light. For each virtue has its own colour of expression, and makes the body of our redemption of etherealised matter.

So, when the unicellular mother-cell launched forth from a spherical one-layered body into a round bag of two layers of cells, an inner and outer, and differentiated the two into separate activities, the one being concerned with the organic functions of nutrition and reproduction, and the other with the protective sentient nerve system and motor appliances, we must admit that the creative power of construction, adaptation, adjustment, and discrimination was inherent, and the development was from within outward. And thus the single mother-cell is a type of the whole phenomena of evolution, which must depend on the intrinsic properties and qualities of the individual. Therefore man will not climb, much less fly, until within him is the will and substance in harmony. As the power within unfolds the flower in response to moisture, light and heat, so in the human being must be the possibility of surmounting. Truly it may be said, "It is time for man to fix his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of

his highest hope," * and no longer remain the incongruous, unsatisfactory, unfinished being he now presents.

Taken as a whole, mankind is the most half-baked of Nature's numberless experiments, both physically and mentally. But we must understand the natural before we can know of the spiritual. For notice, that in all these manifestations of natural forms, there are combined in varying degrees, the Love, the Wisdom, the Power, that are One. In their places the Diamond and the Flower have attained unto Wisdom. Will, experience, knowledge, have made them too wise to make mistakes; they have gauged and used to the full their potential powers. They have, in each case, found their goal which to each is their completion and the satisfaction of desire. Their love is perfected. There has been a synthetic correlation of means to ends, an unswerving impulse of creative force to one purpose, a harmonious vibration of activities, and a crowning result. One may indeed smile at man's folly in talking of the lower forces and forms of nature. Would we could see in man the power, wisdom and love of a grain of sand! We have not arrived there yet, and will not for æons at our present rate of progression. For how is man using the mental force that he fondly considers distinguishes him from the ape? For what great ends has he utilised the developing reasoning faculty that he denies to the stone and sub-human creatures, but without which, strangely enough, they are relatively still above him, in that they are fulfilling their destiny? To what purpose has man put his unique qualities that are to culminate in Love, Wisdom and Power?

Modern war, it is well to accentuate, is as regards the instruments used infinitely more murderous and destructive than in the times of the rudest and most savage barbarians. The intellect of man has in no branch of science shown more ingenuity than in the invention of weapons for the slaughter of fellowmen. It is obvious that if human knowledge and genius had been more guided and controlled by Wisdom and her daughters, the world would long ago have entered the epoch of the millennium. The talents, energies, wealth and time wasted on engines of war would have been expended on industrial development, on mercantile co-operation, on vast organisations for the mutual benefit of the races. There would be, at the present time, neither starving, nor maimed, nor degraded, nor criminal among the

* "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Part I, p. 14.

population of Christian countries, if the national resources, now lavished upon huge and useless armaments and senseless childish competition in international head-smashing, had been employed in accelerating man's higher development, and in bringing freely within the reach of the majority the good things that are at present only the privileges of the few. Knowledge here has not been Wisdom. Man, with the forces of mentality more or less at his command, has been busy sowing dragon's teeth, and then wonders that he harvests in the tares of strife, malice, suspicion and greed instead of the blessed fruits of peace and prosperity.

Mankind separates what is really indivisible. For the well-directed blow of the Cain who kills his brother is the effect of Power and Wisdom in that it fulfils its end; the strong helping hand is guided by Power, Wisdom and Love, and upholding the wayfaring man and the stranger, gives him the strength to endure.

We thus see how throughout the whole course of human evolution the choice between the lower and the higher forms of the same power, between the relative good and the relative evil according to the designed use, has ever been presented to the human race. The same knowledge that obliterated space and brought men closer in bonds of fellowship, that promoted and extended great industries, that bestowed through endless channels inestimable benefits upon individuals, has been, to our shame, the factor that is decimating whole peoples, and destroying the triumphs of art, of commerce, of industry, and agriculture, has brought untold misery upon millions of innocent victims and made a hell of earth. Thus the sidings of the Siberian railways are still filled with the waggons of rotting grain, for the want of the peaceful use of which the Russian peasant starved and died during the iniquitous war with Japan, instigated by the greed of Princes and Grand Dukes.

FRANCES SWINEY.

(*To be concluded.*)

England.

THE HISTORY AND HUMOUR OF KISSING.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and the sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse ablaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake—for a kiss's strength
I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

—Byron.

MORE than two years ago was published an article by the present writer on the "Romance of Kissing."* In the present contribution it is proposed to continue our researches into this subject. To those who are disposed to contend, as it has been contended, that "it is not fair to linger too long over a kiss," it may be replied that it all depends—upon the kiss. It is possible to conceive of a kiss which will not last too long. An additional refutation of the adverse view I have cited above may possibly be found in the last two lines of the quotation from Byron which serves to introduce this article. In justice to the perennial interest of the subject—both human and historical—I shall not offer any apologies for reverting to it once again.

THE DAWN OF KISSING.

There would seem to be a wide diversity of opinion as to the origin of kissing. The problem has called forth a number of interesting speculations which are, however, mostly of a legendary or physiological character. I have already noticed in my previous article some historical and semi-historical suggestions in regard to the origin of a custom which has, with the passage of centuries, developed into one of the most pleasing and widespread institutions of civilised society. To those may be added the following theories which cannot fail to be of interest to the student of the subject. One eminent *savant* advances the view that the kiss is nothing more than a barbaric relic of cannibalism, dating back to a pre-historic era when all men were cannibals. He holds that at its origin "the custom was nothing more or less than a modified form of bite," thereby implying

* Vide the "Englishman's Journal," of July 15, 1906.

that when man first kissed woman, the impression he desired to produce on her was that he loved her well enough to eat her !

Another distinguished scholar, Professor Lombroso, traces the kiss back to an original act of maternal solicitude which would seem to be still prevalent among the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. According to him these savages, when thirsty, having no such thing as a drinking cup, kneel by a brook and drink after the fashion of horses and other cattle. As such methods, however, are impossible in the case of an infant, " it is the practice for the mother to fill her mouth with water, and, placing her lips to those of the child, inject the liquid into the little one's mouth." According to this theory, therefore, kissing is yet another example of avatism—a relapsing into irresistible heredity.

Here it may be of interest to recall that Gressner, in his idyll of " Daphnis and Chloe," describes how the two lovers, observing the sport of the doves in the grove, tried to imitate the same by pressing their lips together as they had seen the doves do their beaks.

Among the ancient Teutons the kiss was considered as the symbol of love and friendship, and there is ample historical testimony to show that in all ages, and even amongst semi-civilised races, the kiss has constituted the highest token of affection, esteem or veneration. One of the earliest historical references to the kiss is to be found in the Bible, and there can be no doubt that the custom had universal vogue among the ancient Jews. In those days the kiss was a common form of salutation much as the hand-shake is at the present time, and even mere acquaintances, we are told, kissed each other in a very ceremonious fashion. It is extremely probable that the practice passed from the Jews to the Christians who introduced it into the early ceremonials of their Church. It was towards the end of the 5th century A. D. that the custom gradually fell into disuse as a result of the growing reluctance on the part of the members of the congregation to exchange the kiss of peace at the communion services. The practice is, however, still perpetuated in the Greek Church, as evidenced in the " Easter Kiss," when the faithful salute each other with the greeting, " The Lord is risen ! "

Among Orientals, specially the Semitic races, the kiss has been well-known from time immemorial. In India " kissing the feet " is to this day a common mode of expressing veneration, and the invariable salutation of the disciple to his spiritual guide. Amongst the Arabs and Persians too the kiss has always been in vogue, and the exquisite poetry of both nations is full of osculatory references in praise of the beloved. The *Syuds*, descendants of the Prophet, who comprise the aristocracy of Islam, have always enjoyed the time-honoured privilege of having their

hands kissed in token of respect and regard by their co-religionists. These are, however, comparatively recent developments. As regards the origin of kissing we have nothing more definite to go upon than the speculations I have already cited in this and in my previous article. Dr. Christopher Nyrop, Professor of Romance Philology at the University of Copenhagen, who is one of the few scholars who have tried to approach the subject in a philosophic spirit of enquiry, has remarked in reference to the dawn of kissing thus: "I wish at once to state most expressly that we are now approaching ground where we know nothing, and where no one can with certainty know anything. We can only advance more or less likely hypotheses."

It is on record that in olden times to kiss a pretty woman was considered a cure for headache! Here at least is a cure which may profitably be revived in the interests of suffering humanity, and one, too, whose efficacy need not be questioned. The only fear is that the remedy, by strange perversity, may possibly lead to an inconvenient increase in the number of those suffering from chronic neuralgia and kindred ailments.

THE MICROBE-LADEN KISS.

I have referred in my previous article to the sanitary crusade against kissing which is a product of modern scientific research. It was an English critic, I think, who described the Americans as a race of "hare-brained cranks." Now this denunciation, as every one will admit, is needlessly vigorous. Nevertheless, the way every uncanny fad thrives in the congenial atmosphere of the New World is astonishing. As might have been expected, the anti-kissing fad has secured a not inconsiderable vogue in Yankee-land. Quite a recent development in this connection has manifested itself in the State of Kansas. There, thirteen (the unlucky number again!) young men have formed an Anti-kissing League, each member having subscribed to the following cold-blooded declaration: "We agree among ourselves that in the future we will not kiss either our wives, daughters, or any woman whatsoever. We believe that kissing is an unnecessary act in expressing affection, and further that it is a criminal and unhealthy habit. We solemnly vow to adhere to our intention, no matter how much trouble it may cause in our families, and we will use every means to convert the members of our household to the belief that kissing is not proper for sensible people." One cannot help wishing that such fine resolve had been employed for worthier purposes. As it is, it is bound to be wasted. What a pitiful instance of misdirected zeal!

The microbe-mania which has latterly come to possess the soul of the scientist, has had not a few reprehensible off-shoots. But by far the most repulsive is the Anti-Kissing Crusade. Do the astute sons of Asclepius really imagine that in future human passions and emotions will be guided by physiological exhortations, or regulated by the results of bacteriological experiments? In this connection an interesting episode may be recalled. Not so very long ago a fond parent who appears to have been "blessed with a quiverful of daughters," wrote to the *Lancet* asking if it was not true that "a moustache is Nature's filter of the atmosphere before it passes through the mouth to the lungs, and that it absorbs and retains large quantities of noxious microbes and disease germs." He enquired because, if that were so, "in the case of a man with a moustache imprinting a kiss on the lips of another person," the malefactor in question might very possibly "implant the seeds of disease and perhaps death." Seeing how great was his personal stake in the matter, he asked the opinion of the Editor of the *Lancet* as to how far he would be justified, through sanitary considerations, in requesting men with moustaches to desist. This of course puts altogether a new complexion on many aspects of the subject. Viewed in the new light, Byron's "long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love" becomes, as was pointed out at the time, far too perilous; and when the poet Marlowe exclaimed, "Sweet Helen, make me immortal, with a kiss," he betrayed a culpable disregard of bacilli. The *Lancet* in reply suggested that kissing on the lips should be avoided as far as possible, mentioning at the same time that "a moustache is not the completely insanitary appendage that our correspondent thinks." This is most inconsistent. Of course it is possible to conceive of a number of kissable objects, amongst them the pontifical toe, but *why* should the lip-kiss be abolished? The realm of the germ, as modern science has established, is universal.

Some Substitutes.

Assuming that the custom of kissing falls into desuetude in an indefinite future age, it may be as well to be reminded of some of the possible substitutes that confront us. If men and women are no longer to kiss, they must have recourse to some other means of expressing deep affection or attachment. The handshake or the bow will scarcely suffice. We must choose from among the following substitutes for kissing that obtain or have obtained in various obscure corners of the world. There is the practice of the ancient Egyptian who kissed his own hand, and then placed it on the top of his head, as a form of affectionate greeting. Then there is the custom of the Abyssinian who kneels down and kisses

the ground as expression of love. Other interesting modes which do duty for the incomparable kiss are, according to Dr. Nyrop, smacking each other on the arms or stomach, blowing on each other's hands, and "rubbing their right ear and putting out their tongue" &c., &c. The ardent anti-kiss-wallah may be commended to make his choice!

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

It is a little known fact that there are many races, mostly, however, of the barbarous or semi-civilised order, amongst whom kissing is unknown. It would seem as if they never felt the need of it. For instance, the inhabitants of Madagascar, and of a large portion of Polynesia, as also several tribes of African negroes and South Sea Islanders are total strangers to the kiss. Reade, the traveller, has mentioned the horror which seized a young African negress when he kissed her. B. Taylor, in his "Northern Traveller," says that in some parts of Finland "while both sexes bathe together in a state of complete nudity, a kiss is regarded as something indecent." When he told a Finnish married woman that in his own country it was the usual custom for husband and wife to kiss each other, she exclaimed angrily: "If my husband were to attempt such a thing, faith, I would warm his ears in such a way that he would feel it for a whole week."

A species of nose-salute or, as it is otherwise called, the "Malay-kiss" is prevalent among the Greenlanders, Malays and some other races. Darwin thus describes the Malay-kiss: "The women squatted with their faces upturned; my attendants stood leaning over them, laid the bridge of their noses at right angles over theirs, and commenced rubbing. It lasted somewhat longer than a hearty handshake with us. During this process they uttered a grunt of satisfaction." *

In the Land of the Rising Sun, too, kissing is unknown. This fact, which is quite authentic, constitutes a strange commentary on the much-vaunted coating of Western civilisation which the Japs have acquired. We have it on good authority that even the most devoted Japanese mother does not kiss her baby. Instead, we are told, she gurgles and cooes, and presses the little brown cheeks against her own. Katharine Chaldes narrates the following amusing incident: "As a child I spent some years in Japan, and I used to watch the miniature mothers loving their babies all day long, though never kissing them. At first I thought they were too shy to do so before foreigners, so to satisfy my curiosity I used to peep out at them from behind vines and shrubbery

* Retranslated from the Danish version by W. F. Harvey.

but it was quite the same. Then one day I thought I would show them how mammas caressed their little ones, and mustering the few words of Japanese at my tongue's disposal, I told a young mother that all babies ought to be kissed, at the same time giving as example a very loud and emphatic buss upon the cheek of her offspring-in-arms. I shall never forget the expression of astonishment and consternation that came to the face of the wee brown mother, or the frightened screaming of the baby, which resulted in my being so ignominiously sent about my business that I never attempted any further enlightenment on the treatment of infants again."

The Kiss and the Law.

Although the hygienic crusade against kissing is a comparatively modern innovation, instances are not wanting of the practice having been condemned on emotional or spiritual grounds in the days of yore. In Ancient Greece there was a stringent statute which provided that any person found guilty of kissing a woman in the public streets should be put to death. Then again there was a decree of the Roman Senate directed against unbridled osculatory propensities. In fact, there are several instances of the State having tried to check promiscuous and unseemly kissing. Coming to our own times, an interesting case occurred in Holland. The good old Anglo-Saxon law that "kissing goes by favour" does not, it would seem, obtain there. Before the burgomaster of Utrecht a young man was charged with "assaulting" a pretty girl by kissing her in a public street. The complainant demanded that the culprit should be subjected to a fine of one florin, or in default he should suffer imprisonment for one day. The Court of Utrecht arrived at the remarkable decision that to "kiss a person cannot be an offence, as it is in the nature of a warm mark of affection." This judgment was subsequently confirmed by the Court of Appeal at Amsterdam. The above decision, while vindicating the cause of kissing, is inherently unfair. There is a deal of truth in the following query which was put at the time: "What protection is there for the poor Utrecht maiden from distasteful suitors now that kissing against the will of the kiss-ee is declared to be no offence, but only a warm mark of sympathy?"

Interesting Survivals.

Kissing has, with the passage of centuries, so entwined itself in the social life of the people that it is not surprising that a number of curious old-world customs should have survived to the present day. In Russia on Easter Day they go in for universal kissing. From the Czar down to the peasant all exchange kisses, and the custom is observed religiously

all over the Empire. In Great Britain an Honorary Freeman of the Borough of Rye is privileged to kiss the Mayoress; and at Hengerford during the Huck-tide festivities two persons are elected annually, known as *luth* men, who enjoy the enviable privilege of demanding a kiss from any member of the fair sex they may meet at the fair. George IV., who visited Ireland in 1821, inaugurated a kissing etiquette which has been perpetuated by successive Viceroys down to the present time. This consists in the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland kissing every lady on her presentation at the Viceregal Drawing Rooms held at Dublin.

In Iceland, we are told, men always kiss each other on meeting, but a man kissing a woman is a rare occurrence.

An annual Kissing Fair is held at Helmagen in Roumania, on which occasion all the newly-wed brides of the neighbourhood congregate. They are usually accompanied by their mothers-in-law and carry jugs of wine. They kiss everyone they meet, and not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young bride and her family.*

A TICKLISH POINT.

A vital question is whether for kissing purposes one should cultivate a beard or remain clean-shaven. The consensus of expert opinion would seem to be all on the side of the older fashion. Dr. Nyrop says "it seems indisputable that a woman gives a decided preference to a man with a beard." In support of this contention he cites the Roumanian ballad in which a heiduke sings: "I am still too young to marry; my beard has not as yet sprouted. What married woman then will care about kissing me?" The same taste seems to prevail in Northern Europe. According to the German view there is nothing in a kiss without a beard: *Ein Kuss ohne Bart ist eine Vesper ohne Magnificat* ("a kiss without a beard is like Vespers without the Magnificat"); yet another saying has it, *Ein kuss ohne Bart ist ein Ei ohne Salz* ("a kiss without a beard is like an egg without salt"). The choice of the Holland lassies is identical with the above, while the Frisian Island furnishes a slight variation in "porridge without salt." The girls of Jutland have gone one better, for they hold that "kissing a fellow without a quid of tobacco and a beard is like kissing a clay wall!"

It should be mentioned that the above indicates the exclusively continental standpoint. There is reason to believe that in the British Isles, at all events, opinion is not so expressly in favour of the beard. Rather would it seem that a not inconsiderable mass of opinion is for

* Cited by Oscul Tulips.

the clean-shaven profile which, accordingly, receives preferential treatment. *Har mulkey o har rasmey*, as the Persian proverb says.

SOME CATASTROPHES.

It may not be amiss here to recall one or two kissing catastrophes. A kissing catastrophe, like accidents, *will* happen now and then, and it is scarcely possible to guard against the same. For example, it is on record that a young man who had known his girl but two nights, tried to kiss her at the gate. Subsequently, he confided to the doctor that "just as he kissed her, the earth slid from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later bulletins disclosed, according to the account, that what really ailed him "was the old man's boot!"

Another young gentleman fared even worse for stealing a kiss from a pretty girl. His calamities have been thus concisely chronicled: "He was fined by a magistrate, horse-whipped by her brother, and hurried into the brain fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in a sermon, the local editor took sides with the clergyman, and reviewed the case in print, and the caterpillars ate up every blade of the miscreant's wheat-crop."

A noted actor was once very nearly overtaken by a disaster which, however, was averted in a timely though drastic manner. He was playing Romeo, while a well-known actress had the *rôle* of Juliet and the scene was where he is lying dead before her tomb. He describes what followed thus: "Just as she bent over me in the wild paroxysm of despair, before taking her own life, I felt a terrible premonitory tingling in my nose. A sneeze was coming as sure as I lived. Suddenly, there overspread my features an expression more agonised than the stage death-struggle had ever left. 'What is the matter?' whispered the dying Juliet in real alarm. 'I am going to sneeze,' gasped the miserable Romeo. 'No, you're not, my boy,' answered the determined young woman, setting her teeth hard together. And as she repeated the impassioned words 'I will kiss thy lips; haply some poison yet doth hang on them,' she grasped the nasal appendage of her prostrate lover, and gave it such an unmerciful tweak that he was near coming to life on the spot; but he did not sneeze, and his reputation was saved." * Here a veritable catastrophe was averted.

THE VALUE OF A KISS.

Opinion is by no means unanimous as to the precise value of a kiss. No less a person than Socrates condemned it as dangerous, but the precise

* Cf. Oscul Tulips.

degree and nature of the danger does not appear to have been sufficiently elucidated. Is a kiss transient, innocuous, or is it fraught with incalculable potentialities? There is a directness about the Italian proverb *bocca baciata non perde ventura* ("a mouth is none the worse for having been kissed") which can hardly be regarded as characteristic of the race. A modern French writer who is obviously disposed to be frivolous, goes so far as to institute a comparison between a kiss and those shots of the present-day duel which have a way of flying wide of the mark: *Bah! deux baisers, qu'est que cela? On les échange comme des balles sans résultat, et l'honneur reste satisfait* ("Bah! two kisses. What of that? They are exchanged like bullets that miss the mark, and honour is satisfied"). Dr. Nyrop holds that the tendency to treat a kiss lightly is not confined to the Latin races. He cites a Norwegian song:

> Jens Johannesen, the Goth so brave,
> The maid on her chops a good buss gave.
> He kissed her once, and once again,
> But each time was she likewise fain,
> But each time was she likewise fain. *

The reiteration of the last line is presumably intended to drive the moral home. The idea, with its implied humour, of "returning a kiss" is at once old and universal. The Spaniards have an exquisite *copla* which runs: "Dost thy mother chide thee for having given me a kiss? Then take back, dear girl, thy kiss and bid her hold her tongue." Coming from the region of fancy to that of fact, a French student kissed a young lady without her permission. She was naturally indignant and called him "an insolent puppy." Thereupon he amiably retorted: *Pour Dieu! Mademoiselle, ne vous fachez pas, si ce baiser vous gêne, rendez-le moi* ("For goodness' sake, don't be cross, young lady. If that kiss annoys you, give it back to me"). A Persian poet echoes this word for word:

> Bosa baman dadi wo ranjida-ee
> Baz sitan gar na pasandida-ee.

A Danish anecdote is similar to the French, but with a happier ending. A betrothed couple had decided upon breaking off their engagement. A proposed exchange of love-letters suggested the query, "But shall we not at the same time give each other all our kisses back?"

They did so, so the story runs, and resolved upon a renewal of the engagement. An odd but rather suggestive point of view concerning kissing is: *Basia dum nolo, nisi quae luctantia carpsi* † ("As I do not care for kisses, unless I have snatched them in spite of resistance.") Again, a rather universal phase would appear to be depicted in:

* Translation by W. F. Harvey. † Martial, Epig., Book V, 47.

"Delance met Sally on the bridge
And kissed her on the spot;
The brooklet murmured down below,
But Sally murmured not."

However much opinion may differ as to the precise value of a kiss, few will, it is hoped, withhold a fervent "Amen" to the pious wish of an anonymous poetaster who uttered:

"May his soul be in heaven—he deserves it I'm sure—
Who was first the inventor of kissing."

THE SWEET KISS.

The progress of civilisation is vividly reflected in the vocabulary of the kiss. The Greeks had but four words to signify the kiss, while the Romans were content with three. A modern French authority has made mention of no less than twenty varieties with which he was personally familiar. But the record in this, as in several other things, is broken by Germany. The present-day German dictionaries give more than thirty different terms to signify the kiss, and at least one of these is exquisite, unmatched. This is *nachküssen,* whose meaning is given as "making up for kisses that have been omitted, or supplementing kisses." The vigilant foresight which provided such a term cannot be sufficiently commended.

If there is one adjective more than another which is in universal vogue so far as kissing is concerned, and the only one perhaps which may be said to properly qualify a kiss, it is "sweet." Human nature, it has been said, is the same all the world over, and in the "sugar mouth" of Wenceslaus of Bohemia one detects a variant of the "sugar-lips" praised by Hafiz of Shiraz. But these are not the only poet-souls that have beat in unison over the kissing theme. Kissing is poetry *par excellence.* As Oscar Wilde cried:

Methinks no flower would ever bud in spring,
But for the lover's lips that kiss, the poet's lips that sing.

And again, was it not Byron who waxed lyrical about something "Which melts like kisses from a female mouth."

It is in the nature of sugar to melt. A host of Urdu poets, too, amongst them *Saher* and *Amanat*, to mention only those who are comparatively obscure and unknown, have expressed identical sentiments. It may be mentioned here, *en passant,* that there is ample material for composing an interesting article on "The Kiss in Urdu Poetry."

In the French pastorals the shepherd almost invariably asks for and gets a sweet kiss—"*un doux baiser.*" And we have it on good authority that the literature of the Renaissance teems with such expressions as *bouche sucrine* ("sugary mouth") and *bouche pleine de sucre et d'ambre-gris.* ("Mouth full of sugar and ambergris.") Two Latin epigrams in this connection will be found instructive:

Q.—What is sweeter than mead?
A.—The dew of heaven.
Q.—And what is sweeter than dew?
A.—Honey from Hybla.
Q.—What is sweeter than honey?
A.—Nectar.
Q.—Than nectar?—A Kiss.

And again—"What is better than sugar?—Honey-cake. Than honey-cake?—The flavour of honeycombs. Than this flavour?—Dewy kisses."

The Spaniard's point of view is happily summed up in an old proverb, "A papelitos (paper cigar), a glass of clear water, and a kiss from a pretty girl will sustain a man for a whole day." At a pinch, the last mentioned alone might suffice.

Poets of different nationalities have sung in harmony of the *lab-i-janbakhsh* or the life-conferring lips. Eastern taste, no less than western, holds that for purposes of the ideal kiss the lips must be "bewitchingly soft"; that they must also be "red as coral" goes without saying. The mouth must, moreover, be small—even as the opening bud of a crimson rose. Such must, in short, be the constituents of the proverbial *dahan-i-mashooq* of the Oriental's dream.

I have refrained from touching on the philosophical aspect of kissing as beyond the scope of the present dissertation. It may be pointed out, however, that kissing, like most other things, has a philosophy; and that philosophy may be held to be summed up in Byron's lines:

All who joy would win
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

SYUD HOSSAIN.

Calcutta.

FIREFLY SKETCHES.

(Concluded from our last number.)

IT is strange in looking back over the pages of history to note the stirrings of embryonic forces, of new characteristics in the races, which, pushing unnoticed through the mould of common life, have availed in their development to change the face of the world. Of these one of the most obvious has been the age of mechanical invention. As we ride past the little crofts of New England, the mind pictures the great harvest-fields of the West, recalling the fact that but recently the corn crop of the United States was officially stated to be 2,500,000,000 bushels, the wheat crop 722,000,000 bushels, the cotton crop 11,000,000 bales. Imagination pictures the waving wheat fields, and the stately corn, obeying the genius of steam from the time that the tiny seed was dropped in the furrow until the harvests were hoisted to the great elevators which load the waiting ships whose keels plow every ocean.

And within the memory of living men, men not far past the prime of life, machinery had hardly been brought in touch with the harvests of the world, men sowed and reaped and bound and threshed and carried the grain even as they of old time had plowed and sown and reaped the harvests that fed the sailors of Columbus, or furnished the scanty bread of the serfs of Hereward, as the grain had been tilled that was scattered when the Master, pointing over the barren fields, said, "Behold the sower," as that which loving hands hid in the swathings of the mummy, as that Egyptian corn which filled the sacks of the hungry sons of Israel, back to days dim in the dawn of the world when Cain built his altar and laid his sheaves thereon. Through countless ages man was bound to the soil, compelled to win his bread ear by ear, from the bosom of the earth, and then, all at once, as it seemed, the brain of men harnessed itself to the task, compelled the forces of Nature to labour for him, and the earth brought forth not a hundred nor a thousand but a million fold.

Contemplating the slow gain of the ages another fact appears, this, namely, that of all the generations which have trod and then fed the earth,

the present is the first that can truly be said to know how to read and write. To-day the majority of mankind, though thousands yet lag behind, may be said to have won the primary key to success, to opportunity, and a new force is at work greater than men had supposed. When all was sovereign or serf, overlord or bondsman, patrician or slave, whose concern was it to lighten labour, to ease the toiler? Not the lord, who owned the hands and feet and soul of the tiller, and for whose well-being the tiller was created even as the beasts that perish; not the bondmen, helpless in the treadmill, to whom drudgery was the law of existence as little to be evaded as the laws of birth and death. And not the man between, with some knowledge and some leisure, for he was not yet born.

He was almost certainly poor, he was visibly old and feeble, the good things of life all lay behind him, the vigorous use of brain and muscle, the struggle and the joy of success, the interests of new enterprises, of marriage and birth, of strenuous hope and fear, all had faded into the yesterday of a monotonous present and a level grey future—and yet life seemed to him very good, its continuance a blessing to be coveted.

He was one of a group of ancients gathered in a little city park, a park full of flowers and sunshine and soft airs, and the waving green boughs of trees. No longer able for the steady work of life, the old men gathered day by day on the iron benches, smoking and swapping stories, warming their autumn in the fires of spring, or keenly appreciative of Nature's last gracious gift, the kindly Indian summer laid for good measure in the tale of the year's delight. They had been discussing immortality and the circumstances of a future life, and he summed up the matter with the quaint half-humorous, whole-earnest, meaning of the born American, "Heaven," he said, "heaven may be all right. *But I'm content to stay in Pleasant Street as long as they'll let me.*"

Something of the old Greek spirit seems to have budded again in this new people, to have been embodied in the lines of their own poet,

"Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot,
Only once more to see the moon,
Through leaf-fringed abbey arches of the elms,
Curve her mild sickle in the west,
Sweet with the breath of haycocks, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer's realms,
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest."

It is the obverse of the eastern, the mystical, religious point of view; it is very great or very small according to the root from which it springs;

small, if it but denote an ignoble satisfaction with material things, the content of the well-fed animal; great if perchance one may therein discern the soul at home in any circumstance, secure in one point of time as in another, alive even though unconsciously to the innermost heart of the universe, which is not sorrow but joy, not loss but fulfilment, and so finding it a comely thing to be glad.

In America this spirit is so strong that it has given birth to a new philosophy of life, a philosophy which, taking its stand squarely on the supremacy of the soul, claims that soul's power absolutely to regulate its own environment, to be affected by and to experience only such things as are desirable and agreeable, obliterating the existence of evil by the mere force of its denial. You are able, say the teachers of these systems, to redeem yourself from suffering the common lot of humanity by the power of your will, in the measure that you choose to demonstrate this inherent power you will exclude from your experience the undesirable things of life, anxiety, sorrow, sickness, poverty, death. For the most extreme of these schools of metaphysic, of which there are several differing in degree, in detail and in organisation, claim that the complete acceptance and practice of their teaching would produce bodily immortality. The most successful numerically, and much the most talked-of of these sects is of course that of Christian Science, which, having been in existence only thirty-one years, and beginning with a membership of less than a dozen unknown persons, now counts as its adherents over a million of people, owning six hundred costly church buildings throughout the land. This wildfire success of a system which combines the crudest philosophy with the wildest personal idolatry is one of the facts that most perplexes the observer of modern American life. Possibly the explanation may lie in the fact that it appeals with equal force to the two marked characteristic features of the American temperament, its idealism and its materialism.

At the World's Fair in 1893, Chicago, with her characteristic stress and ambition, emphasised the dual motives of her country's life, its material interests no less by her own daily routine than by that splendid assemblage of machinery and manufactures, her idealism in the dream of the White City itself, and still more in the organising of the World's Parliament of Religions, a platform where, for the first time in the history of mankind, the representatives of different faiths, of various nationalities, could meet together on an equal footing to hear and to tell what each several creed has been able to embody of the Spirit of Truth. It came into the mind of one woman visiting the Congress of Religions that such an ideal should not be allowed to perish with the dream city which gave it birth,

and so up in Maine every summer, where the Piscataqua rolls its broad waters to join the adjacent sea, there meets the Green Acre Summer School, where for two months men and women live as much as possible in the open air, and think as much as may be on the uplands of the soul. In Maine, that wide State which men have called the "playground of New England," with its great waterways, its scanty population, its solitary peaks and lonely lakes, Agamenticus and Katahdin, Passadumkeag, Pataquongomis, Sebago and Chesuncook, called by their long soft Indian names, and even yet most cognisant of the still tread of mocassin and of deer, in a quiet farming country of rolling hills and pine-woods, Thought has made herself a bivouac. Here the flower-trimmed platform under the great tent spread beside the bank of the river offers its invitation alike to Jew and Gentile, to the Socialist fiery with the burning beliefs snatched from the furnace of human misery, as to the representative of scholarly New England thought, the result of generations of liberal ideas, gentle manners, refined tastes; to the dispossessed heir of old America, the aboriginal son of the soil, educated by the Government to be the educator of his race, as to the true Indian, heritor of ages of metaphysical training, of reflection and of religious aspiration; here comes the negro man or woman to plead for patience with, and help for, his newly emancipated race, and the Japanese gentleman to speak of his unique and beautiful civilisation. Reformer, enthusiast, agnostic, scholar, genius and crank, over all the presiding genius of the place spreads the gracious mantle of charity and sweet tolerance, finding unity among differences, and points of contact between widely separated creeds.

Here are scenes which those who have been visitors at Green Acre never forget. In the upland reaches the sweep of the great pine-tree sheltering the sessions of the Montsalvat School of Comparative Religions, the shimmer of the summer sunshine on the green fire of the fern, the taste of the woodland air, the stirring of bough or bird above the heads of the intent company scattered over ground thick carpeted with the falling dry needles of many a year, a picture blent with the voice of the orator, perhaps with his brilliant eastern robe or turban against the background of the massive trunk and the soft landscape.

Or again, the great tent, its sides open to the summer twilight, the hush of the warm soft night, the fires of sunset dying down the far reaches of the river, the harvest moon rising like a disk of burnished copper where the river meets the sea, and through the brooding silence the musical voice of some Indian swami, a voice instinct with the power of the faith

of ages, chanting grandly in majestic Sanskrit a mantram that is like the sound of many waters.

Or the visitor weary of words may seek the faithfulness of the woods where the Sabbath stillness is disturbed only by the angry scolding of the crows jealous of their solitude, or the unfailing "Sweet, Sweet" of the song-sparrow on the pines. Here the wild things are shy, much shyer than the man-inured creatures of the village and suburb, where the great American robin and the grey and red squirrel hardly trouble themselves to remove out of hand-reach of the passer-by. Here, through the hot August afternoon, the yellow finch swings on the thistle, here the songs of June last through July, and the veery and the hermit thrush greet the fires of sunset with outbursts of celestial melody. In the warm sun the wild things of the earth load fragrance on the air, thickets of the common fern with its pungent odour and vivid green hue, brakes of the cinnamon-scented bayberry, true symbol of a saintly life which gives out its utmost fragrance when crushed the most, tangles of the sweet fern, unite with the balsam of the fir to make the indrawing of the breath a keen delight. Out from the greenness of the earth, gray as age, juts the outcrop of rock, granite, streaked with marble, white and pink, while all around and about grow the mosses and lichens, great lawns of moss the colour of a winter cloud, moss like green velvet pile into which the foot sinks with a sense of luxury, moss that resembles a miniature forest of pine-trees, scant tufts of a tiny moss which raises goblets crimson as blood. Here are thickets of raspberries dropping their thimbles of luscious fruit into the brake, long trailing brambles of blackberry vines waiting the ripening of the September sun, and vivid amongst its low-growing leaves the scarlet clusters of the partridge berry. Clothing the slopes with its bright spires flames the fireweed, with here and there the great clusters, lily-like and heavy with fragrance, of milkweed, single spies among fern and bracken glows the orange-lily, in the swampy places creep jewel weed and straggling ropes of pale morning-glories; just out of reach of the lapping tides waves the fall dandelion, more refined and graceful than its spring cousin, the sandy ground is carpeted with the fine ruby of tufted rosemary; beyond, the meadows are full of the jolly company of sturdy black-eyed susans, and the dull flame of the hawkweed. Afar off in solitary places search must be made for the hidden sapphire of the fringed gentian, and the fiery splendour of the great cardinal flower.

Here is none of the deadness, none of those barren places, which stare out of the gardens made by men.

And here are no associations at all of man's making, as in the elder lands, no legends of blood and war, rapine and famine, but the earth clear and clean as it came from the hands of the Maker. The wanderer in the Old World feels the atmosphere close around him thick with memories, the air is full of the murmur of ancient tragedies, for

> "His beat lies knee-high through a dust of story,
> A dust of terror and torture, grief and crime;
> Ghosts that are England's wonder and shame and glory
> Throng where he walks, the antics of old time."

And here beneath the wide glories of the spacious skies of Maine, sunk in her fragrant turf, he may watch the cloud forms pile and scatter and dissolve, taking every moment new forms of beauty, unmarred by all corruption of civilisation, he may feel that if on earth one spot be found unstained by war it must be these still woodland places, it should be where the white flag, waving in the sea-born breeze over the tiny summer homes of Green Acre, proclaims the higher patriotism of peace.

When among Cephissean groves men sat at the feet of Plato, discoursing of immortal themes, or followed the abstracted feet of Aristotle beneath the plane-trees of Ilissus, such privilege was for the favoured few, the philosophers, the nobly born; when men thronged the scented gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici, and built up on the pagan foundations the structure of the Renaissance, again it was only the rich and great of earth who were suffered to approach the altar. The kindly tents of Green Acre beneath her spacious sun-drenched sky, proclaim a different spirit, the spirit which is the forerunner of the New Age, the age of the brain and the heart, the age of Brotherhood, of a religious democracy whose heart is the great hope of universal good.

When the tourist in the nation's capital has visited the Capitol, the Congressional Library, the Smithsonian Institute, and the Washington Monument, and has paid his devoirs at Mount Vernon, he takes the electric car and rides out to the national cemetery at Arlington. From the bustling cosmopolitanism of Washington, astir through her wide avenues "of magnificent distances," with the affairs of every nation under heaven, peopled by a motley throng of passers-by, ambassadors, politicians, travellers, senators, honeymoon couples, congressmen from all the States, near and far, from Idaho and Tennessee, from Utah and Rhode Island, men of the ranch and of the orange grove, of the pine-forest and of the alkali desert, men who represent the saddle, the sail or the mill; from the throb of the nation's brain, the traveller goes to this quiet place, a place of long still avenues bordered with endless ranks of short stone slabs

regimental-like in the green turf, of massive monuments recording names known or forgotten under the sweep of the sheltering trees, of emerald turf and blooming flowers and of the singing of birds, where, unmolested and uncompanioned, he may perchance feel the beating of the nation's heart.

Among the "garden cemeteries" of America there exist other and greater triumphs of the art of the landscape gardener, God's acres more picturesque with lake and lawn and rustic bridge and wooded slope than Arlington, but none that expresses so well the national temperament. And as in other countries it is the name and bust and burial place of king, statesman and noble, the Pantheon and Westminster Abbey of the national life which the traveller goes to see, so here it is fitting that the honour of the Republic should embrace alike known and unknown, all her sons who gave her with a free heart the gift of a life which throbs with so full a beat.

From stone to stone of those serried ranks which share the quiet acres grey squirrels leap and play, sun shafts striking through sweeping branches glisten on white headstones as once on the shining steel of bayonets and rifle-barrels; where the gravelled paths converge there stands a massive block inscribed "TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD," commemorating 2,111 unidentified soldiers of the Civil War.

Lately there passed through the streets of a city in a country of different name and destiny to the United States a grand funeral, the funeral of a prelate of a State-supported church, round whose bier moved pomp and the voice of authority, to whose memory press and the Government made due obeisance, whose eulogies were sung by priestly tongues. Only the people, as they went about their daily work, spoke among themselves of the hardness, the pride of the dead man, of the state in which he lived, of the civic abuses which he tolerated and never sought to check; they said that though preaching the Beatitudes he was as far from being poor in spirit as he cared to be in pocket. And the world stopped to do homage at his bier. But here at a nation's heart lie 16,000 of whom the very names are unknown. And outside of this quietness and solemn peace the world rushes by, carrying on its resistless tides its hordes of busy workers, destined to be soon also with the Unknown Dead. They march, the millions of the workers, those whom the world counts unworthy of honour, yet without whom the world would fall back into anarchy, into barbarism, from the cradle to the grave, unmarked save as one here and there transgresses law and incurs punishment, those common people whom Abraham Lincoln honoured. They are pouring from the doors of shops

and factories whose products feed modern civilisation, they are guiding the trains which rush without let or pause across the continent through the blackness of winter nights, the warm hush of summer dawns, binding together the ends of the earth; they walk watchful beside the gleaming rails, shining ribbons of destiny, testing spike and bolt and sleeper, keeping the gauge, guarding the bridge, setting the signal that means the well-being or the hapless destruction of an endless line of flitting life, of women, men, prattling babies, bright-eyed boys and girls; they guide the plow and sow beside all waters that the nation may eat and rejoice; they hack and hew in dreadful darkness that it may be warmed and glad; they sweat and swoon in stokeholes and before the doors of furnaces, they freeze and drop from icy riggings that the country's commerce may prosper; they lie at last beneath the tramping feet of the oncoming tide of workers, forgotten, the Unknown Dead, fellow labourers with that other unseen Power, the eternal Labourer in Time and Space. Often they take into the grave mangled and broken bodies, and leave behind them the blighted hopes and clouded lives of mother, wife, children or sweetheart; they fill the cemeteries over and over.

There are more than just those 16,000 unidentified dead of the Civil War to whom to bare the head in Arlington Cemetery.

And their guerdon and their vindication is that in America Democracy in the heart of the people, Democracy, misunderstood, traduced, sorely wounded in the house of her friends, Democracy, patiently awaiting the day of her justification, still, as of old time, trusts the people. . . .

In Arlington as the summer breeze sways the outermost twigs of the oaks and elms, and sheds the petals of the rose, the mind conjures up other scenes. It may be that long thin blue line of dusty footsore men winding slowly over the country roads, men chewing stolidly on the comfort of the tobacco quid, drummer lads stealing rides on baggage wagons, the song begun by the vanguard trailing down the line and finished by the rear as a new one is started at the front. "We are coming, Father Abraham, thirty thousand strong," sang the resolute tired lips of the enlisted farmers and mechanics, or they swung along to the pathetic strains of "Tenting To-night," or the quaint encouragement of "John Brown's Body." It takes a noble war to make a noble song, and the Civil War made many having some spark of immortality.

In that grim time of the country's agony when half the nation laid its hands in a deathgrip on the throat of the other half, when it passed the baptism of blood which only a civil war brings in its full entirety of horror, how hopeless seemed the dream of a united nation, how irrecon-

cilable the embattled ideals. To the North the war tc free the slaves offered in its most unquestionable form, a crusade; as he marched, self-consecrated to death, to the solemn music of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the soldier knew hardly which of his two objects were the dearer, the delivery of the land from slavery, or the saving of the Union. And the South fought with not less conviction of the divine rightness of her cause, fought with the intensity of a proud and haughty spirit resenting oppression, fought with the desperation born of the instinct of self-preservation, fought as did the old Romans, "for the safety of their hearthstones, and the altars of their gods."

The old order, the old feudalism, which died elsewhere with many slow pangs, nay, which died not, but which still lives in the old lands, scotched but not killed, crippled but still dominating unseen behind the walls of its proper Vatican, that feudalism was swept away, done to death as a recognised power in the space of four short years on the soil of America. No wonder when the South awoke from the agony of conflict to see her whole social order swept away, her people reduced from a proud suzerainship, from the life of the early Plantaganet, the early Stuart period, to the condition of pioneers, of the old Puritan settlers of the new world, and they all unequipped, all unready for self-help, for unsupported existence, no wonder that the iron entered their souls, that they looked around on their ruined homes, their crippled ranks, their deserted fields, their humbled pride, and said in bitterness of spirit, "Our house is left unto us desolate."

Why, indeed, should they have contemplated a state not built on the foundations of slavery which philosophers such as Plato and Marcus Aurelius had been unable to imagine?

And still, though over forty years have passed away, there remain unhealed scars of that red reign of death in the heart and on the flesh of the old Confederate States. Still the North is cursed for Southern poverty, blamed for Southern limitations, and those who know best say that another whole generation must grow up and pass away before the people south of Mason and Dixon's line will feel first that they are Americans and not first that they are Southerners.

And meanwhile the circling feet of history working through her unconscious puppets, the old slave-traders, have brought to America perhaps the most difficult and acute race problem which any nation has had to face since our first Aryan forefathers came down to live among "the black-skinned," "the vile Dasyu race," "the hated of the gods." The most difficult because the methods by which in old times men

solved such problems are out of date, impossible now, doubly impossible in America by reason of her temperament and her constitution, no less than by the slow universal march of progress. No longer do tribal gods issue large commands of massacre and extermination of the enemies of "the people of the Lord," no longer can leaders and lawgivers bind the hands and feet and soul and brain of a people with the rigid mould of caste, no longer can alien tribes be driven to wilds and fastnesses by hopeless oppression, at least in America. Oppression may, indeed, still rear its hideous head, but furtively as the Judas of civilisation, instead of blatantly as the Nero of autocracy.

And so the Republic, the child of destiny, between the old and the new, looks from the aftermath of one national tragedy onwards to the great coming struggle, not too far away in the misty future to be dimly discerned in its huge bulk, nor too vague to be apprehended by the student of history. Feudalism, the right of the strong to live at the expense of the weak, the Protean giant, scotched but not killed in the older civilisations, has sounded its unmistakable slogan in America; no careful thinker mistook its characteristic sound when three years ago in the midst of the great coal strike, President Baer proclaimed the capitalists to be "the men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country." "Divine right," the sanction of an almighty Power assumed by Stuart or Bourbon, by Baer or Rockefeller, means always the one thing, a call to the spirit of the race to arm itself against fratricidal tyranny, to prepare to engage in such a struggle for national freedom as inspired Cromwell and his Roundheads, or as levelled the Bastille.

Once again in the national life is enacted the old story of the temptation of mankind. Throughout the length and breadth of America arise men, iron-masked, who, like the Ell-women of old Norse legend, are but empty shells, automatons of Mammon, subtle machinery worked by the power of greed. Men who long ago, how long none may guess, in the evolving life of the soul, have made the great denial, have accepted Place and Power instead of Human Life. So there is treason in the Senate, blatant corruption in the cities, a people everywhere betrayed and defrauded, the honour of the country sold and mortgaged in a thousand shameful "deals" and "steals," "grabs" and "trusts" and "mergers." To read of the proceedings of State governments and of municipalities and corporations is to be transported to the old days of the feudal barons, of absolute monarchs, men who in their time also believed that "God in his infinite wisdom had given them control of the property interests of the country."

Yet the conscience of the nation is awake, and slowly, slowly asserting itself, the land of Washington and of Lincoln will not fail of her Davids to encounter her Goliaths, the heart of the Republic still trusts her people.

America is a gift to the soul of man for its better proving, its great heritage is not abundant material wealth, but free Opportunity; like the province of old India it should be called Mala-bhumi, the Land of the Wrestlers.

So the old struggle of the ages is renewed under new forms and we fall into error when we blindly condemn, for the condition of evolution is struggle, a struggle whose purpose is the survival of the fittest, not in a material but in a finer sense, a struggle in which the spiritual will is tested and developed in a combat with evil which merely fulfils itself to self-destruction, and falls off like rotten fruit having no principle of self-perpetuation.

A modern sculptor of a mystic idealism has exhibited to us man half-evolved, struggling to form himself into human shape from his rugged clayey matrix, but before Rodin the brain of American Emerson conceived the same thought, and he wrote, "We call the millions men, but they are not men. Half-engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him. If Love with tears and joy; if Want with his scourge; if War with his cannonades; if Christianity with its charity; if Trade with its money; if Art with its portfolios; if Science with her telegraph through the deeps of Time and Space, can set his dull nerves throbbing and by loud taps on the tough chrysalis can break its walls, and let the new creature emerge, erect and free—make way and sing pæan! The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and the heart is to come in!"

KATHERINE WELLER.

Canada.

THE LADY THAT I LOVED.

I.

It cannot be that she is dead!
The Sun sings triumphantly and the Earth is musical with light.
For it is Spring.
The whole World seems Voice—Voice joyful and sweet.
Did I say the whole Earth? Ah! Little Mound, did you hear that phrase?
Little silent Mound! Forgive me. For you (Marvel of the World) are the one silent Thing in all this choir of song.

2.

I looked into the soft eyes of a young and lovely Day.
And I said: "You are mine." And she smiled.
And I said: "I shall sing a new song for you. And I shall bring captives of love to you, O Lovely Day."
And I did all these.

But the Day grew pale and cold and death-like grey.
Oh! My Day, my Love, you are not really mine. God made you and owns you—not I. He has permitted me to look at you and to love you, but not to own and keep you.
Oh White Page bound in the Book of His Eternity!
His Hand has turned it.

3.

Since you are gone, my Lady, I am out of touch with things.
To-day I visited the violets.
They received me with their gracious perfume and their exquisite colour and form—excellent speech—
But to their sweet interrogations I could answer nothing.
I could only look and wonder.

Suddenly, a white butterfly floated down from the sky, and straightway approached this purple people, He exchanged gentle courtesies, kissed each tender soul, entered each waiting heart, conversed—then lightly departed.

I felt humiliated, envious, foolish.

4.

And in the Evening of the same day I thought I was in a foss.

It was dark.

Above brooded tall cone-bearing pines—emblems of Life and Death.

And before me stood a fair white Flower, a pure white Flower.

Its perfume was very sweet and its shape comely.

I spoke to the Flower, but it answered me not. It could not speak.

Though it lay within the sphere of my sense, it lay without the sphere of my soul. It heard me not. It answered me not.

Then I said :—"How will the Mighty One hear me when I may not converse even with a simple Flower ?"

And yet I felt the air was warm and I said again :—" I am not in a foss. I am in a Valley. This Flower is a Lily—a Lily of the Valley—The Dark Valley men call it. (You know the Valley I mean.)

No ! It was not a foss. It was a valley, for about me and about the white Lily floated the warm air—Fire of Angelic Cries !—and I knew that it was *She—plena gratia*—full of Grace and that the Lord was with her.

F. W. GROVES CAMPBELL.

Bournemouth.

SERVICE TO THE COUNTRY.

OWING to the influence of Western civilisation, there has been one radical change in ancient Indian ideals. Whether for good or for bad, even conservative India has given up faith in the importance of the quiet and absolutely religious life advocated by the *Rishi Munis* and other philosophers of old. *Nivritti* has gone and *Pravritti* has come: India, the land of philosophers, will shortly become the land of scientists. Events are marching at a rapid pace. Progress and Utility, the watch-words of the positivist philosophy, press hard on our indigenous ideal of a life of ease, satisfaction, and fatalism. Social activity, political activity, religious activity, scientific activity, in short, activity in all that concerns mankind, is what now attracts us. But it is an open secret that beneath all the outward influences of materialism, an undercurrent of spiritualism will never cease to flow in India. There is a thesis and an antithesis, as a Hegelian might put it: the question is, how to arrive at a synthesis? The necessity is being felt of rejecting the materialistic influences of the West, and retaining what is good in ancient Indian ideals. On the principle of selection the two must unite on a higher plane. The questions for our consideration are, Who serves the country best? Wherein lies the good of India, and how can this be achieved?

As believers in a providential government would have it, the land of the *Aryans* was a God-favoured one at a time when civilised nations of modern times were groping in the dark. *Manu* and *Yajnyavalkya* in law, *Charaka* and *Sushruta* in medicine, *Bhaskaracharya* in astronomy, *Lilavati* in mathematics, *Shri Shankaracharya* and *Buddhadeva* in their own spheres of religious and philosophic meditation and instruction, with various others whose names it would be needless to recall, did solid and substantial service of such a kind to the country that it is with the greatest reverence that the memorials of their work are preserved and cherished as a rich heritage. That was all in an age of comparatively far less struggle for life, in days of *Nivritti* one may style it. Contrasted with that, modern times require higher activities. The

greater the difficulties, the greater the responsibility of removing them. In the busy, work-a-day life of the present, many people will be found complaining either that they have no time or no opportunities of serving the country. But unless these difficulties are tided over, and unless and until conscious exertions for the good of the country be made, the contact of the new civilisation will prove baneful. Towards the onward progress of India, every lover of the land is bound to give a push. He should start with the principle of retaining the good, and adopting only such innovaitons as are healthy and beneficial to society. Starting with this, every Indian *can* serve his country if he only thinks in the Kantian way that he *ought* to exert himself, whatever may be his profession, and whatever the status he may possess.

An effort will be made to show here that the above is possible. There is very often a charm in certain words. They at times mislead us, and often hypnotise us, but if properly understood, also guide us. "Freedom," "Patriotism," "Service to the country," "Reform"—these would suffice to illustrate our remark. Young men are after ideals, and catching hold of the expression "Service to the country," many of them might be tempted to think that the best method of serving the country would be by adopting such an end as a separate and an independent profession. But a *mere* idealist can hardly be of much good to his motherland. There is no real service but can be done by solid work of some kind. In every profession and every walk of life, some opportunities may be found for the performance of work towards the betterment of one's fellow-beings. Only there must be conscious effort to do this. Mere *talk* will not do. These efforts will only be of use if they be accompanied with self-sacrifice. A few concrete instances from some leading professions will bear out the truth of these remarks.

A doctor, so long as he sits in his dispensary, and gives consultation and medicine to patients in return for his fees, is certainly doing nothing more than serving his own interests. There is no self-sacrifice and no consciousness of doing anything for the good of the country. But, as health is wealth, nay, more than wealth, the doctor can serve his country in more ways than one; only, he should be self-sacrificing and conscious of his duty towards his countrymen. He may, during his leisure hours, give free instruction on medical matters of every-day importance, *e.g.*, the principle of the preservation of health, the causes of disease and how they can be prevented, and many others. But it may be argued, that this would be a simple waste of energy, for people do not like to attend such lectures. In this, however, there is no cause for despair. If the lectures

be really good, people will begin to perceive their advantages and the aspect will soon change. Then again, the well-to-do men of this profession might distribute medicine free of charge to the poor and indigent. A doctor, in the next place, can study, point out, and convince people of the real causes and remedies of disastrous endemics and epidemics. By persuading people to know the real causes, as far as they can be discovered, of plague, for instance, and pointing out how they can be avoided, he might render real service to the country. This is what many in this profession do, and no doubt their work is very important. Moreover, there is the question of studying and utilising Indian drugs and medicines. The science of medicine and the art of surgery have, no doubt, far advanced in Europe in modern times. But there can be no question that medical drugs prepared from Indian plants and products might prove more agreeable to Indian constitutions than other medicines. Many well-known Indians are working in this line, and the above will show how the field for serving the country is quite an open one to all those who choose or are already working in this noble profession.

What, however, about the profession of those whom the masses at times derisively address as "liars" instead of lawyers? It may be argued that men in such a line can render no service to the country. They err who think so. Far be it from us to think that a lawyer is a depraved being, and that for his own interests he glorifies in, and encourages an increase of litigation. Undoubtedly, an undue enhancement in civil suits and criminal prosecutions in a country at any time are an index to so much moral degradation. At such a time the duties and responsibilities of lawyers are as great as those of medical practitioners in times of increased mortality. They alone can prescribe the proper remedies who can diagnose the disease. Who, then, can cure this litigious disease of society but the lawyers themselves, who have a practical knowledge of the causes of ordinary disputes? If in the formation and drawing up of contracts, wills, leases, and mortgages, best legal advice be taken at first, as it generally is in the Presidency towns, is it not possible that much future litigation might be put a stop to? How many poor people might be losing their rights and privileges simply because of their poverty, and, it may be, ignorance? Does it not behove a good lawyer to do such work for charity, and if it be done, would it not be real service? Then, again, a lawyer may point out to the parties concerned how imprudent it would be to throw away unnecessarily large sums of money after needless litigation. In such a case, he might advise the parties to settle matters on something like the *Panchayat* system of old. This might appear a

Utopian and suicidal scheme. But it is not so; for the lawyer may himself in such cases act as an arbiter, charging fees for his work and labour, and if his decisions be found just and honest, this may open a new source of income to him. This is, however, a scheme of doubtful utility, but it is at least worth trying. Moreover, the rule is *Ignorantia facti excusat, Ignorantia juris non excusat.* Academically, this sounds very well, but practically large numbers of men know neither their rights and liabilities, nor the definitions, with exceptions, of the ordinary criminal acts as explained in the Indian Penal Code. A cheap series of legal books, devoid of technicalities, somewhat on the plan of the Rationalist Press Association series on a different subject in England, might be a boon to the country, and he who undertakes such work would be doing good service. Lawyers are already plunging deep into politics, and to say anything on this point would be mere waste of words. Independently of politics, there is for the majority of them much scope for useful service in their own profession itself.

Then comes the lot of the teacher. He, it may be argued, has nothing to do but to mind the A, B, C of his pupils. Quiet and unassuming in his work, what outside sphere of activity for the good of his country has he got? The answer to this is amazingly simple. The teacher is not barred from bettering the condition of his countrymen by speech and writing just as any other man can do. But more than that, his very profession is the noblest of professions, and he would be already serving his country best if he ably and conscientiously discharged his legitimate duties. Prospects in the teacher's line are poor, and if he, therefore, acquits himself well, he in fact does something for which he gets no proportional pecuniary reward, in other words, to a certain extent, he possesses the virtue of self-sacrifice. His character, his example, his words of advice, greatly influence his pupils, and since every one, however great he may in his mature age turn out to be, must in his infancy have been a pupil. The teacher has the best opportunity of moulding a nation's character and guiding the destinies of the next generation.

Journalism has of late been receiving undue attention. Over-enthusiastic people think that the only vehicles of progress are newspapers and monthlies. Now, no doubt, editors of papers and journals do not find their work very remunerative, and have to do it in the face of the heavy responsibilities of their position, and therefore it is that in supplying cheap literature on everyday topics, their work is highly commendable and serviceable, yet being often under the necessity of rapid writing, they are liable to circulate hazy and vague criticisms. Service of very high

order, however, can be rendered to the country by good dailies, weeklies, and monthly journals.

The capitalists have, of course, much scope for doing good to the country. Material comfort alone does not mean happiness for a man, and so for a nation also merely this will not count for much. But certainly money is the means of many necessary things, and without it much of the happiness of a nation may be marred. This being so, those that give material help to the progress of a nation do good service to their country. But the pity of it is that if this class of capitalists look to self-interest only, the lives of the labourers, *e. g.* of the mill-hands and factory-workers, become wretched. The growth of *Swadeshism* and the progress of indigenous industries would mean nothing without the helping hand of the moneyed classes. But how much more real service would the capitalists be rendering, if they were to look to the comforts of their poor labourers, make arrangements for better residences for them, and help the education and prospects of their children? The evils of the factory-system would only then be reduced by compensatory good of some such sort.

Every profession, then, is capable of doing some good to the country, as can be judged from the examples given above. The special boon that a study of practical science can confer on the country, and the elevation to which preachers on social, religious, and philosophic subjects can raise it, are within the ken and experience of every educated person in modern times. Science is the backbone of modern industries, and to it we owe all our comforts and conveniences. Many are the names of enlightened Indians who have for the cause of the country worked as social reformers, as religious preachers, or as philosophic thinkers. But not all that these men advocate can be of use unless action corresponds to speech. Reform in social and religious matters is a very delicate question and hardly can a man succeed in realising it unless he thoroughly appreciates the truth of the short but significant proverb, *Example is better than precept.* No doubt, in putting thought into action the method of least resistance has often to be had recourse to, but it is equally true that without the courage of one's convictions and the help and support that can be given to our cherished ideals by realising them, stagnation or but little progress will be the consequence. Society progresses by anti-social tendencies. This, however, does not mean that service to the country can be performed by at once running to extreme reforms. Probably there is no more foolish being than the one who, disregarding all history, and overlooking the fundamental distinctions between the East

and the West, at once tries to put in action Western ideals in an Eastern soil. Human nature,no doubt, is the same almost all over the world, but what is good and beneficial to one state of society might be poisonous and hurtful to another which is situated in a different state and under different circumstances. The principle to be observed is, to think carefully before coming to a conclusion, but after arriving at it, to act up to it. This is the only straight and direct road to salvation. For, in making exceptions, there is a gain on the wrong side and that undoes the effects of many conquests on the right one. "Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up ; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again."

Disinterested work for one's country to a greater or less extent is possible to any one, be he rich or poor, young or old, literate or illiterate, in one profession or another, single or married, and with friends and families. This last is specially mentioned because it is sometimes argued that the solitary man with no family is less inclined to take an interest in and render service to his country, than the one with friends and family. But "Pope's celebrated lines comparing the progressive enlargement of the affections, from self as a centre, through the narrow compass of family love into the sweep of universal benevolence, with the ever-widening circles made by a stone falling on smooth water, present, I believe, quite a false image of the real experience of human nature ; for neither has self-love the least tendency to create closer attachments, nor have they again any provision within them for expanding into social disinterestedness Were there any truth in this comparison, we should be no less authorised to conclude, from the intensity of a man's self-love, that he would make a most affectionate member of a family, than from the force of a stone's throw that its secondary undulations must be considerable ; and we might reason from the citizen's fondness for his children to the intensity of his public spirit, as we should commute from the distant commotion of water the force of the wave which would strike the shore. Into what variance with fact such modes of inference would lead us, it is needless to point out." *

The next question for consideration would be, is it better to work with ideals or without them ? Is there possibility of more being done if a conscious aim of serving the country were to be kept in view from the first ? To this question the answer in simple language is, that the most useful and the greatest works of life can never be done without concentration of efforts and attention from the beginning. There will be easy

* Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory." Vol. II., page 148.

conviction on this point if the matter be viewed from its opposite side. "*Contrariorum eadem est scientia.*": we never really know what a thing is unless we are also able to give a sufficient account of its opposite. Without idealism man would simply be a cultured animal. It is only a remarkable difference in this point that can help us in understanding the strange diversity in the achievements of man and man, and of nation and nation. Nothing great can be done without forming conceptions for the future and directing means towards the fulfilment of our ends. The easy criticism of worldly-wise men on such a view would be that idealists are dreamers. But this is a partial view, for who would deny that there is the false and the baneful Idealism as well as the true and the healthy one? The best way is to carve out a *via media* between false idealism and want of idealism. The poet rightly sings:

> "We have not wings, we cannot soar—
> But we have feet to scale and climb
> By slow degrees—by more and more,
> The cloudy summits of our time."

One point more. It is about the necessity of organization. What might not be perceptible on a small scale may at once become so on a grand scale. Secondly, the fruits of organised labour are exemplary. Others would like to do what those who become successful do. Thirdly, in the eye of the public, organised work has a greater significance. And finally, in organised schemes, the geniuses as well as men of ordinary intelligence can find appropriate work. It was this point that was emphasised by Prof. Wodehouse of the Deccan College some time back, when he gave a lecture on the Prospects and Ideals of Students: different sort of work for different men, on a different level and with different abilities. The *Seva Sadan* has of late been attracting the minds of many people and it is hoped, with well-directed plans, it may attain success. Then there is the work of Orphanages on a small scale in different parts of the country. But the necessity is being felt of organising all these and by a combined effort feed the starving children of the soil and save them from conversion to a different religion. English missionaries work through organisations of their own and their success is significant to all those who wish to check this sort of conversion. Their example is, in fact, a call to duty, and sufficiently brings to our notice the importance of organisation, not only in this but in all spheres of work. Let this be always supported by consciousness of duty and earnestness of work. And let it never be forgotten, that what is useful is always solid work and

not, as Hamlet says, " words, words, words." Finally, let the lines of the English poet Wordsworth be never forgotten :

" Oh let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live."

A. K. TRIVEDI.

Bombay.

WHAT THE WEST END READS.

FROM ten till six—on Saturdays from ten till two—he stands upon the workers' side of the narrow, well-worn counter ; hard by a signboard flaunts two giant capitals—the cryptic letters A—M, or perhaps, S—Z. From ten till six—on Saturdays from ten till two —he listens, patient, polite, acquiescent, to a ringing of the changes on one unvarying demand, responds a hundred times to the same queries and turns complyingly to where, in the dim background, step-ladders lean against tall shelves. And, the young and the old, the brisk and the bored, eager, interested, palpably, cheerfully indifferent, from ten till six, the human tide flows in.

It is a stream of women for the most part ; an influx of the obviously comfortably off: "smart" women, women innocent of claim to fashion, women well, but quietly arrayed ; matrons, school-girls, spinsters. Here and there appears the liveried form of some-one's lacquey, a minuscule boy-messenger, the discreet visage of my lady's maid ; here and there also (this especially in the morning and just before the closing hour) you see a sprinkling of men, men whose days are probably given to the City, but whose home address is some quiet square, or pleasant Terrace of the West End. All are carrying the same—light or heavy—burden ; all, or very nearly all, as they approach the mystic sign-boards take out a little list.

He knows that list, the man who stands all day behind the narrow counter. It is safe to say that nine times out of ten he knows without perusal what will be the leading names upon it. He is— ? One of the courteous assistants at Messrs. Mudie's West End libraries; vary slightly the surroundings, one of the courteous assistants of Messrs. Boots, or Messrs. Smith. The source, the cause of this ordered invasion is found in one unanimous requirement, the little lists are motived by one sole desire—a desire for something to read.

Books. . . . . books . . . . . . books! If a visitor from other spheres, if, say, a denizen of Mars should find himself all unawares at large upon our pavements, he would be profoundly struck by London's literary hunger, and what must be his roseate notion of our intellectual needs! With cheap and ever cheapening editions of the works of writers, past and present, and an endless multiplication of the classical reprint; with magazines innumerable —journals, gazettes, reviews; with weekly, daily—ay, with morning and evening—papers, with a flood of literature, in fine, whose range is virtually limitless and whose volume (happily, perhaps) is unparalleled elsewhere, the West End householder yet subscribes to a lending library, and subscribes as naturally as he pays his rent. Furthermore—our hypothetic visitor must surely be impressed to note it—the said subscribing householder makes lavish use of his subscription. Or, when he does not, his womenkind do. Plainly, if residential London plumes itself upon the fact that it is "fond of reading," it does not do so without show of reason. If quantity were the test, if love of letters could be measured by the pages read, Mayfair must rank as an abode of light and learning and Bayswater would put an undergraduate to shame. Follows, however, the pertinent inquiry what, with all this wealth of printed matter, does leisured London read? What do the people who have time for reading read? What, in other words, does the West-End read?

The question is not altogether an easy one to answer. Taken in a precise and rigid sense, I do not imagine that it can be answered. For, supposing we could count the volumes purchased—and even with the aids at hand an exact estimation is obviously impossible—supposing, I say, we could assert that *belles-lettres* or biographies were in the ascendant, knew whether history or travels were the more preferred, and could reckon to a nicety what proportion of the volumes sold were novels, we should still, as far as our inquiry is concerned, be largely in the dark. Books, unfortunately, are bought for a variety of reasons; not all of them relevant. They are bought "to keep," to give away, to furnish the shelves; they are bought to be dipped into, even—though with the book as a permanent possession that day is sometimes long in dawning—to be one day read. A book borrowed, on the other hand, is presumably borrowed with intention of perusal. As a matter of fact, the borrowed book is

usually perused. A surer and a more significant guide, then, than the bookseller in the matter of actual, current reading is his successful rival, the librarian. *Bien entendu*, the *lending* librarian.

From time to time the enterprising persons who control our public libraries issue interesting statistics. We learn that in such and such a suburb, or in such and such an East End district five, or possibly, ten per cent. of the books "taken out" last year were actually not works of fiction. We learn that where a hundred readers ask for physics one asks for philosophy; that zoology, for instance, comes before theology, and that poetry is—nowhere. But, informative as these details are, they leave our query where they found it, since Suburbia or the submerged are not now our concern. What we wish to find out is what the West End* reads.

The West End, then, being practically independent of the public libraries, is an untabulated region. For obvious reasons Messrs. Mudie—and Boots—and Smith do not take the newspapers into their confidence; nor can we even look for revelations to those outspoken gentlemen, the management of "The Times" Book Club. The tastes of "those cream of up-to-date persons who live where Knightsbridge merges insensibly into Chelsea," as Mr. Wedmore has it, are pilloried by no ingenious reporter; those tireless pleasure-seekers whose doings and defections inspire the diatribes of Father Bernard Vaughan, those unobtrusive citizens, the residents of Kensington, Earl's Court or Campden Hill, are not called upon to furnish lists of the books read.

At the same time, though exact assignment is out of the question, though to place the different departments of literature in the order in which they rank in West End favour would be, on the face of it, impossible, we cannot say that we are altogether without knowledge as to social London's choice of mental food. There are not wanting indications, leading, significant—I had almost said incriminating—indications. It is not for nothing that the man who stands behind the narrow counter awaits the repetition of a foreseen demand; not for nothing that he observes daily that that which each fresh client wants is, oftenest, what the last one asked for. Nobody who keeps his eyes about him can have helped observing one portentous

* I ought to say I use the name "West End "in the sense in which that design tion is employed *outside* the radius. Londoners know Knightsbridge, or Kensingto or Chelsea: they do not recognise the more exhaustive definition.

fact: an overwhelming number of the volumes seen at any given moment upon our London tables bear the same names upon their covers ; the talk in Tubes, in Clubs, at any social gathering relates to the same, say, half-a-dozen books. We come perforce to the conclusion that the answer to the question we set out to answer is logically, no answer. It is that question, put affirmatively. What the West End reads is—what is being read. The work the library client wants is the work in vogue.

It may be a novel; a biography with shiny, generously margined pages and an obtrusive air of being well got-up ; it may be a book of travels (this must be profusely illustrated), a critical essay (which is unlikely), an historic memoir. It may be—far more probably it is—some famous person's Reminiscences. Reminiscences, provided the soliloquiser looms sufficiently largely in the public eye, are always "in demand at Mudie's." In any case, fact, fiction, or *soi-disant* fact, it is a work that is being "talked of," it is the book in vogue. How it came to be in vogue is another question. The causes of this happy consummation, of this first (and often last) desideratum of the typical subscriber are not seldom far to seek. The moving springs of popularity are disconcertingly elusive, and in the case of novels—and the Mudie book is apt to be a novel—it is not too much to say that oftener than not the reasons for a "boom" are quite inscrutable. As well enquire why billowing sleeves, or "bull-dog" boots are suddenly worn, why any other vagary of dress, any custom, any idiotic trick of speech or manner "catches on," becomes the fashion. Somebody, an interested somebody, sets the ball rolling, we know ; but it is the public, and the public only, which determines the length of its course.

In the case of the book, however, there's a difference to be noted: the ball is started on an assured race the day an author makes his mark. With the issue of succeeding volumes pace increases, and, once his favour is established, the author's "ball" will keep on rolling, irrespective of augmenting or of lessening merit intrinsic to the works themselves. It is an old reproach, but he would be a bold man who affirmed that it had ceased to be a just one, that in matters of art—music, literature, the graphic, the dramatic arts—the British nation bows the knee before a name. We are too idle, or too ignorant, or is it merely too indifferent?—to form our own opinions,

to affix our labels for ourselves. A reputation saves a world of trouble. It is so much easier, and so much safer, just to fall into line. And an opinion formed, a decision somehow come at, we are, accordingly, reluctant to revise it. Writer, painter, playwright knows that he may count upon our suffrage.

The truth is, of course, that at the bottom of our hearts we (most of us) regard the Arts as pleasant accessories to civilised life; not by any means as vital to healthful spiritual existence. We like books and pictures. Yes ! But (there's no denying it) we like them ordinately, in reason, in season; and—we prefer them "hall-marked." It would be straining veracity to say that our æsthetic needs were clamorous, importunate. Take only the pictures. Is it seriously suggested that the cheerful hosts, armed with the familiar little books in blue, who each succeeding May descend on busy Piccadilly, are the outward and visible expression of an imperious artistic impulse? Does love of art really explain the crowds that throng the Royal Academy? If so, we must suppose that the phenomenon is annually recurrent, that a wild wish to look on pictures is, like the apple-blossom, a feature of the English spring.

No Academy of Letters tells the Mudie reader what he should admire. Instead, he lets himself be guided by the no less arbitrary decrees of that inscrutable jade, the ruling fashion. And he is not, as we have seen, in search of masterpieces, or of what pass for masterpieces. His main demand is for something to read. Something to read ! It seems a laudable enough ambition. We hear it often—and how glibly!—voiced. Yet there is a deal of difference, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton points out, "between the eager man who wants to read a book, and the tired man who wants a book to read," between, we will say, the woman who reads for the sake of reading and the woman who reads to pass the time. In the "monde où l'on s'amuse" one reads to pass the time. For the average lending-library subscriber, literature, emphatically, is a means, not an end. At its best a refreshment—recreation—reading, at its worst, is for the hardened Mudieite a substitute for taking drugs, a ready and convenient way of stifling, eluding thought. If he—or she—had "nothing to read," he might—imagine it!—discover he had time to think.

I shall be accused, I know, of making facile and unfair assertions. I shelter myself behind the definition "average." We are speaking

now of the majority, not of the cultured few to whom the printed page is as meat and drink, not of your true book-lovers—of whom London boasts, no doubt, at least as large a number as any other city. We are speaking, moreover, of readers of the West End, which means, largely, leisured women. For these, I repeat, literature is a means; and increase of knowledge, of wisdom, of virtue, is not invariably the end in mind. How should it be when a book's primary use is to pass the time? I say "primary use," but consciously, or unconsciously, the least intelligent of readers, devouring the most foolish pages put between two covers, is in search of something more. A book, if it have any title to the name, is not merely an opiate, a stimulant, a pastime as occasion demands; it is not even (though with the feminine reader, this is an important function) a fount of romance, perennial, vicariously enjoyed romance; the book offers a way of escape. It responds, or should respond, to the first passionate craving of weary human nature: it takes a man out of himself. For a brief space we "lose our sempiternal memory," are lifted—and how gratefully!—into other, alien spheres. To lose ourselves! A curious boon. Yet sage, and saint and sinner have desired the peace of that release.

But the weakness of our library subscriber lies in the fact that he expects the metamorphosis to be effected without effort of his own. His ingrained and insuperable aversion to taking thought imposes iron limits on his literary range. He wishes, not to think, but to feel. The sure appeal is made not to his intellect, but to his emotions. Hence the popularity of the book with a personal note; and hence also, I venture to think, the sovereign sway of the mediocre novel.

EDITH ETHEL TOWGOOD.

London.

NOWKA CHARITRA

OR

THE "WATER-MUSIC" OF TIAGAYYAR.

THE great name of Tiagayyar is associated with all that is best in the music of Southern India. As a versatile composer he stands unrivalled. It is as a pioneer who has enlarged the possibilities of the art that he is entitled to our greatest admiration. There can be no doubt that his music marks a unique stage in the musical history of this country. The music of his predecessors was characterised by limitations in all directions. Although there was ample scope in the innumerable facilities afforded by theoretical speculations in music, still they were not availed of by them, till Tiagayyar with his fertility of imagination turned them to practical use. Inheriting nothing from those that immediately preceded him, he yet left a vast legacy to his successors by showing the potent possibilities of the art which lay dormant till his magic wand produced forms and images and "a perfectly varying assortment of music" which, for "taste, facility and invention" surpassed all that had preceded The high order of inspiration which characterises them singles him out as a genius.

Nowka Charitra, which is embellished in prose and song by Tiagay yar, is the story of an imaginary excursion on a pleasure boat of the Gopis of Brindavan in the company of Sri Krishna, the Lord of the Universe. In a moment of amorous delight, the fair young damsels of Brindavan resolve upon a boat-excursion in the waters of the Yamuna. On the banks of the "black" river, they find a boat with white sails which suits their fancies for hilarious enjoyment. Though Sri Krishna, who was just then amusing himself and the silent world around him with the rapturous music of his bamboo flute, offered to accompany them, they declined the proffered services on the ground of his tender age and

inexperience in aquatic sports. But his mellifluous persuasions at last prevailing, they all stepped into the barge, and took their seats with Sri Krishna by their side. Singing songs in the height of their ecstasy, they even challenged him to imitate them in the dexterous use of the oar. Enjoying the humour of the situation, but at the same time realising the necessity of teaching them a lesson in humility, Sri Krishna caused a torrential downpour of rain, which stirred the waters of the Yamuna to its very depths, and tossed the boat in all directions. The Gopis were dumbfounded at the sudden and mysterious downpour, but their one idea, even at this critical juncture, was as to how to save, not themselves, but Sri Krishna from the watery grave which threatened to engulf them. The esoteric significance of this will be seen to consist in the steadfast devotion of the faithful even in times of sore trial.

Their supplications to Sri Krishna proved fruitless. But with the view of humiliating them still further, he suggested in all seriousness that the holes in the boat might be temporarily closed by their bodices tied up in a bundle, which they readily carried out by stripping themselves of the same. But the fury of the gale washed them away in a trice, while they stood helpless once more, appealing to him for help. But he too pretended to have reached the end of his resources, and could only suggest their further stripping themselves of the rest of their garments, with a view to close the ever-widening holes in the boat, with those clothes. With great hesitation, they placed themselves in his hands in a state of abject contrition which moved the Lord of the Universe. During one brief moment that he asked them to close their eyes, the whole aspect of nature changed and they safely landed on the bank of the Yamuna once more.

Thus ends the excursion, and the story too, full of deep and abiding lessons. Though the music of the songs is not very remarkable, yet they have a peculiarity of their own. The *Nowka Charitra* will be ever remembered as the Song of the Boat, composed in *Purivagavarali Raza* (C, D, E, F, G, A, B), a derivative scale of *Hanuma Todi*, whose simple rhythm and flowing cadence have secured for it an enduring popularity among all classes of people.

I may here refer to what is known as the "Water Music" of Handel (which name has been adopted here) which has a similar origin. Curiously enough, both consist of twenty-one pieces each, with the difference that Handel's music is a series of instrumental movements, whereas Tiagayyar's is the same number of melodies. In the former, the flute plays as important a part as the flute of Sri Krishna which kept the Gopis and all creation spell-bound. The origin of this music is this:

Handel having been presented to the Elector of Hanover, he was appointed "Capellmeister" at his court, with leave of absence for a visit to England, on condition that he returned within a reasonable time. But in the meanwhile, the Elector succeeded to the throne of England and arrived there as George I. Handel having delayed too long to be presented at court, his friends suggested that the best way to appease the wrath of the new King was to compose some music for the occasion of an aquatic fete given by the King. Handel composed the "Water-Music," according to Hogarth, "for wind instruments" and "calculated to produce a very pleasing effect when performed on the water. These performed under Handel's direction by an orchestra in a barge which followed the King's boat, had the effect of softening the royal resentment." Thus it will be seen that the Water-Music of Handel and that of Tiagayyar have many points of resemblance in their origin and conception, which cannot but strike the reader.

Treplicante, Madras.

C. TIRUMALAYA NAIDU.

ABSENCE.

When shall thy beaming presence chase the cloud
That overhangs the dreary hours of day
And night and drive this gloom from out my way,
Thy sparkling smiles again behold me proud
And happy, raised by Love above the crowd ?
Will all these slow-drawn moments pass away
And ever span this chasm of dull dismay ?
Absent thou art—my world is but a shroud,
A narrow, sullen chamber void of light
That keeps the mind and heart enslaved in pain ;
But winged messengers, unknown to view,
Shall see our raptures ever glow anew,
And in their sweet and long-remembered train
Wilt thou not stand revealed to touch and sight ?

P. SESHADRI

THE MEDICAL ASPECT OF VIVISECTION.

A Rejoinder.

VIVISECTORS change their front. Once they boldly avowed total disregard for animal suffering. Now many of them, though in rather contradictory terms, lay claim to great humanity and consideration. Some of them, oddly enough, are ready to caution anti-vivisectors "lest by their zeal, they do actual injury to their cause." But their favourite standpoint at present is to claim that all science and experience are on their side, and that anti-vivisectors must be talked down as amiable but ignorant faddists! This is rather an awkward position to take up towards such men as Drs. Bell Taylor, Herbert Snow, Lawson Tait, Sir W. Blunden and Sir James Thornton,—and among the humbler opponents of the evil are men who are not only graduates of universities, but who are even among the few to whom those Universities have granted their highest honours, and that for original medical work, but not for work done on vivisection lines. Still the general public do not know much of these things, so that the perpetual cry that all "science" is on the side of vivisection—that the vivisecting "Codlin," and not the anti-vivisecting "Short" is the true friend of humanity—produces a certain effect on the uninformed —till they are informed! Only a few weeks ago, a very intelligent and progressive clergyman was under the impression that "all doctors believe in vivisection." He knows better now and is now an anti-vivisector! Not only are many medical men—peers of all their brethren in scientific training—active anti-vivisectors, while many more are in silent sympathy with them, but there is actually an organisation known as the International Medical Anti-Vivisection Association.

The subject of bacteriology, brought forward by Mr. Morgan in his recent reply to my paper in *East & West*, is too large to be threshed out in any popular journal. But if Mr. Morgan reflects on the history of bacteriology, he will probably begin to ask himself if it has much to do with vivisection at all. As regards diagnosis, it is still in an experimental stage. I may, however, be permitted to say that the bacilli of diseases are often to be found in persons in whom the disease does not exist, and

that being the case, if anybody were indisposed, and the "prick of a needle" revealed a certain bacillus, the sufferer might possibly be diagnosed as suffering from a disease which he had not got—and be "treated" accordingly! I denounced "the prick of the needle" only when it is used to impart painful disease to a healthy subject, and when the phrase is hypocritically used by vivisectors, as if this momentary pain were all that is involved. Will Mr. Morgan dare to say that present-day diagnosis is nearer infallibility than in the past? I could point him to some startling blunders which have been lately made, within my knowledge—and the diagnosing physicians were not anti-vivisectors. But these are "professional secrets," and while one school claims something very like infallibility for its methods, they hold it "disloyal" if their opponents indicate their failures—even if those failures end in premature graves or unnecessary life-long disability.

Though Mr. Morgan unfortunately neglected to take up many of the points I urged in my paper, I desire to confine myself here only to those which he raises, as he thinks, on his own side.

He says that "Statistics from a partisan are very impressive at first reading, but they are absolutely worthless." Exactly so. I cordially agree with him. That is why vivisectionist statistics are so worthless. They are produced not only by partisans, but by partisans with great personal and professional interests at stake.

Mr. Morgan asserts that "objection to the use of animals for scientific purposes should logically involve vegetarianism both in diet and clothing, and the exclusive use of motor-traction." Here I must disagree with Mr. Morgan. There is no cruelty *inevitable* to the slaughter of animals or their use for draught purposes. That much cruelty does exist in these directions, despite law, humanitarian effort and self-interest, only shows how little "humanity" is to be trusted. But we do not find humane slaughtermen or drivers objecting to checks on their erring brethren, or regarding such checks as a slur upon themselves. That "class consciousness" seems reserved for vivisectors and their advocates.

What does Mr. Morgan mean when he says that anti-vivisectors have "gone beyond their principles"? Our principle is that it is wrong to inflict torture on animals—merely as torture—whether by the application of instruments or by the injection of some lingering malady, perhaps a malady engendered by human ignorance and filth, if not by actual human sin. In this connection, Mr. Morgan will probably recall some recent horrible experiments on monkeys.

Death in itself is not an evil, cannot be an evil, because, as Schiller expresses it, it is a fact of universal experience. Torture, wilfully inflicted, is an undoubted evil, which nobody but vivisectors, blinded by their partisanship, will attempt to deny. It is rare for anybody arrested for cruelty to attempt justification, though one man recently pleaded a desire to "know" a certain fact, as the reason for his diabolic deed. The judge did not allow the plea. The culprit was not a licensed vivisector! He was outside the privileged caste.

But when Mr. Morgan writes of the logical outcome of anti-vivisection being vegetarianism and motor-traction, one must remind him that the world is actually moving in these directions. Vegetarianism, regarded fifty years ago as only a "fad," is now almost a fashion, and has its influence on the diet even of those who repudiate it. Motor-traction is increasing and will increase. Doctors are ceasing "to drive horseflesh," especially when in a hurry! If Mr. Morgan considers these things as part of a consistent humanitarianism, let us hope that anti-vivisection will grow along with them. Shall the medical profession be the last stronghold of cruelty?

As for the alleged success of certain "sera," Mr. Morgan must remember that any remedy will attain a certain "success," if it be impartially administered all round, both because many cases would have been cured without it, and because, while it is a new thing, it will be accompanied by the utmost watchfulness and care in all directions by the physician who administers it. There were many "plague-cures" in Europe and each of them had its vogue, and could display its trophies. It is very hard to say how and why plague finally vanished from Britain. Certainly, vivisection had nothing to do with its departure. It had been a constant visitor till 1665, which was the very worst visitation. It never came again. Its disappearance has been popularly attributed to the Great Fire of London which happened the following year. But then the plague had been rampant all over the country, while the fire had a strict metropolitan limitation, and did not even destroy the houses in which the preceding great epidemic had begun! Besides, within a very few years later, plague vanished also from all other European countries where there had been no sensational fires.

It is a fact that the houses in St. Giles, London, where the great and last plague originated, were still standing within the memory of friends of mine. They may be there yet. When they were seen (about 1860), they formed part of a close narrow yard, where scarcely a ray of sunshine could ever have penetrated. My friend says it is safe to say they were

rat-haunted. At that time the whole neighbourhood was very ancient and much dilapidated and very filthy. One might readily assume that local rats had lived there in lineal succession ever since the days of the Great Plague. Yet after 1664-5 there had been no plague!

Another disease which has vanished from Great Britain is leprosy. It was once so prevalent that the country is dotted over with names which indicate leper-settlements or hospitals. It is believed that the last British lepers died segregated on a Shetland isle, about the beginning of last century. It persists in Southern Europe, and also, oddly enough, in Norway! Its disappearance from Great Britain was not sudden, like that of plague, but gradual—the decline commencing somewhere about 1,400. All the contributory agents which one can recognise are segregation of the sufferers and the greater opening up of the country, the latter by going against close and constant intermarriage. Again, vivisection had certainly nothing to do with it.

Yet if these things happened to-day, vivisection would assert its claim, —and that although other diseases are visibly diminishing in virulence, without any intervention of "anti-toxins," etc. Take, for instance, scarlet fever. I have seen a recent epidemic of this in which there were scarcely any cases even moderately severe. Indeed, so slight were they that more than one patient was sent "on suspicion" to the fever-hospital and proved to have no malady at all!

"Anti-toxins" as a cure for plague have been so discredited that I did not think it necessary to mention them. But as Mr. Morgan has referred to Lustig's serum and to the recent labours of Dr. Choksy, I must quote the following conclusion about them from the *British Medical Journal* of 26th December, 1908 :—

"At a recent meeting of the Medical Profession of Bombay, held under the auspices of the Bombay Medical Union, Dr. H. N. Choksy read a paper on the serum treatment of plague. We read that observations on a series of 400 cases were conducted in such a way that, after rejecting the unfit, every alternate case was treated with Yersin-Roux's serum, so that 200 cases received the serum and 200 served as controls. Of the former 127 died and 73 recovered: of the latter 148 died and 52 recovered, giving a case mortality per cent. of 63·5 and 74, respectively, a difference in favour of the serum cases of 10·5 per cent. Such a difference seems of little importance, and it is manifest that if this serum cannot produce a lower mortality than 65 per cent. it is not of great value Lustig's, Brazil's, and other serums gave still less favourable results, so they must be classed as useless."

How difficult it must be to secure perfectly fair conditions for such cut-and-dry administration need hardly be pointed out.

Mr. Morgan's non-inclination "to rend the heavens because a rabbit dies of dumb rabies at Kasauli," reveals the true inwardness of vivisection. It does not trouble itself about the infliction of suffering on the insignificant! Note that it is not against the mere "suffering" that the anti-vivisector revolts. It is against *the wilful infliction of suffering*.

Is this to form part of the education of a great body of young men, little above the age when the average boy is too often hard and selfish, some of whom may have even shown tendencies to that inborn love of cruelty and deceit, which, alas! facts prove, persists even in the present day in a certain percentage of less developed human beings and occasionally ends in criminal lunacy? Are we to allow them by their practices to rend the hearts of more sensitive men and women? Are we to encourage them in laying up a store of bitter memories for their older and wiser years—for does not Rolleston tell us that Haller, the famous physiologist, "in his old age fell into a permanent anguish of conscience, reproaching himself for his vivisections?" Have we not heard whispers that the death-bed of another and more famous vivisector was haunted by the faces of the animals he had tormented? Has not yet another scientist (continental) regretfully written that nothing would induce him to do again as he had done?

The vivisecting spirit is identical with the spirit of all oppression and cruelty. Let a few peasants perish so a Czar and his bureaucracy be safe! Or on the other hand, let a few of those we regard as our tyrants be dispatched by bomb or pistol, so that we may hope to gain our liberties! Crowd the streets with hapless women driven down to physical and spiritual doom, so that the peace of one's own household may be secure! One could multiply instances indefinitely.

Then, lo! by-and-by, the alleged "good" to be gained by evil means is proved to be a fraud. The Czar and his bureaucracy are still unsafe. The "liberties" won by crime turn into new chains. The "social evil" is sapping the purity of every home. An alleged "good" end will never justify evil means. Good work must be done in good ways.

Mr. Morgan has avoided coming to close quarters with most of my points. He has not attempted to explain the flat contradictions which arise between distinguished vivisectors. He has not told us where and upon whom the supposed finally instructive and successful experiments of vivisectors are made, since most of the greatest of them frankly admit that their researches among animals are generally dubious and untrust-

worthy, if not absolutely misleading. He has insinuated that we anti-vivisectors are inclined to trust too much to "drugs"—while the very opposite is the case, and our main reliance is on the truly "preventive" methods of hygiene and sanitation—and common sense!—and the encouragement of whatever promotes that spirit of

> Joy and temperance and repose
> Which slam the door on the doctor's nose.

Yet, despite all the confusion caused by his wavering and uncertain sounds, Mr. Morgan can be forgiven a great deal for the outspokenness of his closing sentences, wherein he says that the anti-vivisection party "have hastened the imposition of legal restraints on experiments on animals—a course highly desirable in view of the fact that many medical students and practitioners took with unholy zest to this kind of study, inflicting much pain and seldom finding out anything worth knowing, while they not infrequently acquired a morbid taste for observations on the effects of pain on living creatures and of their capacity for endurance—departments of research in which the Inquisitors of the Holy Office were their worthy forerunners."

Anti-vivisectors themselves would scarcely claim more for their success so far. And they will persevere in their endeavours till their opponents are not only convinced but converted, when medical "fashions" will gradually change—not for the first time.

GEORGE FERDINANDS.

Scotland.

THE VIVISECTOR.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XII.

IT was the day of the Gymkhana in the Camp, and the old town of Councester wore an air of unwonted gaiety and bustle. The streets were crowded with vehicles, and motor cars abounded. The Swell Dog, who crossed roads very slowly and deliberately, had nearly been the cause of many accidents. He always managed to see something of intense interest just on the opposite pavement to the one on which he was perambulating at the precise moment when a motor car was proceeding down the street. One chauffeur who had been obliged to stop his car with a most unpleasant jerk, had been forcible in his language on dogs in general, and "that cursed brown spaniel" in particular. Anne, who was waiting on the pavement fully expecting to see the dead body of her pet emerge from beneath the car, was positively astonished when he waggled up to her, pleased with the slight excitement he had caused, and felt obliged to make apologies. "He is a very old dog," she said sweetly, putting up her sunshade to hide her discomfiture, "and cannot hurry. You must please excuse him. I will lead him so that he cannot do it again."

A gentleman sitting beside the chauffeur raised his hat as she spoke.

"You must pardon my chauffeur, Madam. I had no idea the dog was yours, neither had he, and he has been very annoyed all the morning by stray dogs and fowls that seemed bent upon destroying themselves."

Anne blushed, then a puzzled look came over her face. She felt sure she was not mistaken. The man in the car was Captain Holford, a very old friend of Percival's, whom she had not seen for three years owing to his absence in Egypt. Recognition was difficult as she stood on the pavement, and the motor car was on the point of going on, but she hazarded it.

"Captain Holford, you do not remember me?"

The man in the car turned and looked at her, "Why, Miss Langridge,"

he said, astonishment depicted in his startled expression, "I had no idea to whom I was speaking. This is a great pleasure. But we cannot talk here," he added, then speaking to the chauffeur "Take the car to the 'Ram.' I will join you shortly."

The man touched his cap in assent. Holford leapt to the ground and the car moved on. He joined Anne on the pavement and they shook hands warmly, and walked on together.

"Fancy your not knowing the Swell Dog!" said Anne opening the conversation, for the silence was awkward. "He used to be such a friend of yours."

Holford glanced at the broad back of Swell with an amused smile. "Well, to tell the honest truth, Miss Langridge, he's decidedly fatter than of old. Slightly elderly by now, I'm afraid, eh?"

Anne stooped and patted the beloved brown back which waggled responsively. "I fear so," she said.

Holford looked her in the face. "But how are you yourself? You don't look well by any means. What have you been doing? You used to look so fit." His voice was cheery and jovial. Anne felt instinctively that he had not heard anything of her loss. If he had only just come back to England, that would account for it. Holford's eye fell on her black dress. He felt discomfited. He wondered whether her mother were dead. He scarcely knew what to say, but Anne mercifully helped him.

"You have not heard from Percival lately, have you?" she asked. Her voice was steady, and the sunshade shielded her face. She felt now she must go through with her painful task.

"No, by Jove, I haven't. He's a terror for writing, and to tell the truth, I'm not much better, and I've had confoundedly hard work lately. No time for anything till now I've just got a few weeks' leave and thought I'd come down here."

Anne determined to struggle on. She did not look at the man beside her.

"He is dead," she said calmly. "He died of cholera six weeks ago."

The man beside her started as if shot. "You don't mean it," he said, and all the colour went from his bronzed face, leaving it almost terror-stricken.

Anne looked at him; her lips trembled, otherwise she was calm. "It is quite true," she said. "Colonel Lane wrote to me. He sent me Percival's things too, and his letters——" She paused. The memory of those precious letters seemed to nerve her. She felt strong at the

thought of that great undying love that was her own possession. But Captain Holford was aghast.

"Good God!" he said, "how awful. I feel as if I couldn't stand it somehow. I was his great friend, you know. We were little chaps at school together, and then we both entered Sandhurst the same term. It was only when we got our commissions into different regiments that we really parted, and even then we understood each other, though we didn't write often. We knew each was there, you understand the sort of thing? But what a brute I am," he went on almost without a pause. "Of course it's much worse for you. No wonder you look ill. I remember what he thought of you. Only last time he wrote he said——"

He paused, and Anne looked at him. They had walked till they were almost out of the town, and in his agitation Holford stopped and gazed full in his companion's face.

"Tell me what he said," she asked. "I like to hear every word of his." A slight colour rose in her face. She felt she could not wait an instant to hear these words.

"He said, 'I thank God every day of my life that I have the best woman in the world to love.'"

Anne turned her head away. The colour deepened in her cheeks, her eyes swam. She felt she could not trust herself much longer. He saw her agitation and pitied her. His own heart smarted too under the blow. "I think he was about right too," he murmured awkwardly. "He was the best man I ever met, and he always said what he meant."

They were nearly at Anne's door. She held out her hand to him, and as she did so, she saw a tear fall down his handsome sunburnt face.

"Good-bye, Captain Holford," she said shaking his hand. "Come in and see us before you leave Councester. My mother will be so pleased to welcome you again. Of course you are going to the sports this afternoon?" she added, turning as she stood before her own gate.

He looked dubious. "I am afraid I shall have to," he replied "I have promised to be umpire for the polo, but I feel scarcely in the mood now——after——" He stopped. "Good-bye, Miss Langridge. I will look in to-morrow if I may. It has been a great pleasure to see you again." He raised his hat and before Anne could speak again he was gone.

She paused a moment before entering the house. This meeting had upset her more than anything since Percival's death. Captain Holford seemed so entirely a part of the old happy life which had been so ruthlessly snatched away from her, that she could hardly bear to meet him again now. He looked so well and cheery too, just as Percival [illegible] to look, so full of life and go. She almost wished he had not

hurried away so, but he had promised to come in again before leaving the neighbourhood, which was something. Having arrived at this, and feeling slightly calmer, she turned the gate handle, walked up the small front garden, and through the open door into the house. Lunch was nearly ready, Jane, the housemaid, told her, and Mrs. Langridge was in the garden. Anne joined her there. The old lady was busy training a somewhat straggling "Gloire de Dijon" rose bush that adorned an arch near the drawing-room window. It had blossomed so heavily as to overbalance itself, and fall helplessly into the path beneath. She did not see her daughter as she approached, and Anne watched her for a moment quietly before speaking. She had on the red and chrysanthemum apron—always a sign of hard work—and seemed very busy and happy. A smile came to Anne's lips. "Dear old soul," she murmured. "I have her to love and that is much."

"Mother," she said aloud "I have come back, you see, and done all the shopping you asked me to. I have seen some one too that you know and like, and haven't seen for years. Guess who?" she asked almost playfully.

Mrs. Langridge turned and slipped the scissors and bast she had be musing into the capacious pocket on the apron.

"Oh, there you are my darling," she said, coming towards her. "I wondered why you were so long. Who was it you saw? Some one I haven't seen for years? I can't think; don't tease me, but tell me quickly."

Anne laughed. "Very well, dear," she said, taking her mother's arm as they walked towards the house. "I will be kind. It was Captain Holford. He was driving in a motor down Roman Street, and nearly killed Swell. Then he stopped and I recognised him, so he got out, and walked all the way home with me. He has a few weeks' leave and is spending it somewhere in this neighbourhood. He has promised to come and see you one day before he goes."

"Really, Anne, how surprising. Why, I thought he was in Egypt? But I shall be delighted to see him," she added quickly. "I always liked him. I sometimes almost wished——"

She broke off suddenly, but Anne had guessed her thoughts. "Don't, mother," she said hastily, and Mrs. Langridge felt she had hurt her daughter's feelings more than she could understand. She changed the conversation quickly.

"Did you see anything of the preparations for the sports, dear? I saw such a lot of carriages, and motors going by from my window, and in the Camp there seems such a bustle."

"I only saw crowds of people in the town, that is all. You know I didn't go up the Foss Way."

They were in the dining room now, and lunch was ready. Mrs. Langridge took off her apron and sat down to carve.

"Why don't you go to the sports, dear?" she said, cutting the cold fowl before her vigorously. "You had an invitation and I see no reason why you should give up all your gaieties."

Anne blushed. "Mother dear," she said, "I couldn't. What would people say? Besides, I shouldn't feel a bit happy there. Just think!"

The old lady rose, and leaving her place, kissed Anne on both cheeks. "Dear child," she said. "You are not looking well, and it troubles me sadly. Do you think he would have wished you to give yourself unnecessary suffering, and to have no relaxation? You will be ill if you do not rouse yourself and take an interest in things again. It does not matter what the people say. I will go with you," she continued. "You shall not go alone; I wish you to go particularly. You must not refuse."

Anne stroked her mother's hand tenderly. She did not look up.

"Do you really wish it?" she asked.

"I do, very much. I wish you to put on your best dress and take your old mother to the sports."

For one instant Anne meditated, then she looked her mother full in the face.

"I will do as you wish," she said. "We will go together to the sports."

CHAPTER XIII.

A crowd of conflicting emotions filled Anne's mind as she dressed to accompany her mother to the Sports. Although she dreaded doing anything to really lessen the sense of her loss, yet she felt that, as her mother had said, it was perfectly true that her health was suffering, and would suffer even more if she secluded herself entirely from outsiders, and thus left herself nothing to do but brood over her troubles. She noticed by looking in the glass that she had grown much thinner lately; her clothes told her the same tale. They were singularly loose upon her. Even the new black dresses she had been fitted for only three weeks before seemed to have grown larger.

"This won't do," she said to herself. "An illness would be a terrible thing. It must be avoided even at the risk of appearing hard-hearted. Percival would not wish me to suffer needlessly." Strains of

music from the military band playing in Camp came to her ears through the open windows of her bedroom, as she put on her most becoming black hat, and gave a last touch to a bow of white chiffon at her neck which relieved the sombreness of her black "mousseleine de soie" dress. The music made her feel almost cheerful. She felt at that moment really glad that she was going. An instant later she remembered Captain Holford. She would see him. What would he think of her for being there? He would be astonished. He had said he wished he had not to go himself, and now she was going. She felt almost horrified at her audacity. She wanted to rush into her mother's room and tell her she could not go. Then she became calmer again. It would never do to back out of things now. Besides, her mother would never be made to understand. No, she must resign herself and go.

Mrs. Langridge called, "Anne, are you ready?" and Anne descended to the hall to find her mother dressed with, for her, unusual magnificence, and very pleased and smiling. She handed her her sunshade. "You're a darling," she said, "and you look lovely."

The old lady beamed with pleasure. "I have a handsome daughter to take out, you see," she said. "I must look my best."

Outside the door a victoria awaited them at the sight of which Anne looked surprised.

"My dear, it is much nicer than walking," said Mrs. Langridge complacently. "Besides, you have been out once; you must be tired. You have not driven as much as usual lately, either," she added, for driving was one of Anne's favourite pursuits. They got in, the coachman whipped up the horse, and almost before Anne had time for more reflections they arrived at the Camp, and drove through the gates on to the soft, green sward.

The Sports had just begun, and already crowds of people had assembled, stylishly dressed women, smart officers in uniform, young men in flannels and sedate old gentlemen in frock coats and top hats, filled the enclosure, and without were congregated a vast selection of the people from the town who had not been invited, and were yet not too proud to be among the outsiders. On the far side of the course set aside for the display, a few carriages and motor cars were drawn up, and some few of the spectators were in them. Most of their former occupants, however, had left them, preferring to walk about the camp. Anne and Mrs. Langridge alighted, and dismissed the carriage, then they found their way to the enclosure and sat down on two chairs rather near the edge, to be able, as Mrs. Langridge put it "to see everyone

who came, and what they did." Just as they entered a "Polo Scurry" was in full force, and Anne felt a thrill of wholesome excitement go through her as she watched the beautiful ponies galloping at full speed towards the winning post, and striving frantically to pass each other. The crowd of the unclassed outside the enclosure yelled and shrieked its loudest, some backing one pony and its rider, and some another. The feminine element within the enclosure waved its parasols and clapped its hands which, being for the most part immaculately gloved, produced the smallest sound, not beyond a faint thud, audible only to the fair owners. Nevertheless, the clapping increased the ladies' sense of excitement and gave a zest to the proceedings, besides producing blushes of exertion on the fair faces.

Anne and her mother were sitting immediately opposite the winning post; and had a splendid view of the course. The old lady clapped vigorously, and as Mr. Leverett's horse finally succeeded in beating that of Percy Valdenforde by about the length of his own head, she gave a faint scream of pleasure.

Anne smiled at her. "You'll never get old, will you, dear?" she said.

The old lady's reply was characteristic. "My dear, I never intend to," she said gaily, and proceeded to wave her hand to attract the attention of a boy with programmes who was struggling to attend to the wants of at least twenty people at once.

"We meet again," said a quiet, deep voice at Anne's elbow. She turned to encounter the gaze of Captain Holford.

Anne blushed. "You must be very surprised to see me here," she said. "Mother particularly wished me to come, though it does seem strange and"—she paused and turned her head away an instant—"heartless," she added hurriedly.

"I don't think so," he said kindly, and she felt grateful to him. "It will do you good. You look better now than when I met you in the morning."

At this point Mrs. Langridge, having succeeded in getting a programme, became aware of his presence. She greeted him with very evident pleasure, and begged him to lunch at her house on the following day.

"I shall be delighted," he said. "It is so nice to see you again after so long. I only wish my stay in Councester were to be longer. I love the old place very much," but he added quickly glancing at his watch, "I must be off; another heat of the Scurry is due and I am umpire, you know. I shall see you again shortly."

He disappeared in the crowd, and an instant later his tall well-made figure was visible close to the winning post.

"That is a most charming man," said Mrs. Langridge briefly, and Anne nodded.

A few moments after, Mrs. Dayford clad in her gala attire, with the orange feather bobbing gaily, and the opera glasses in their silk bag clutched firmly in her hand, took possession of the chair on the other side of Mrs. Langridge, and began a voluble conversation in that particular whisper which carries further than anything save the loudest of screams. She had been induced to look at one of the races through her opera glasses, much against her will, and had discovered to her horror that the greater number of the officers riding wore shirts that fastened behind; that in the violent exertion of racing several of the buttons had come undone, and she could see their vests inside. She was sure, moreover, that all the people who were using opera-glasses, and all the keen-sighted ones who were not, could see the same. It was terrible, disgraceful! She felt almost inclined to leave the Camp. She wished she had not been persuaded to use her opera glasses. She had always felt it was prying, but even if she hadn't used them, the facts of the case would have remained the same. Was it not so?

Mrs. Langridge reassured her. All the men in Camp knew that all men wore vests, she argued, and if the women didn't, it was time they did. Therefore no harm was done. Anyway, vests were harmless things, and the sight of them injured nobody.

The contrast between the points of view of the two ladies amused Anne immensely. She was laughing quietly to herself all the time as she watched the final heat of the Scurry. She found herself wondering what kind of an old lady she would grow into. An old maid, anyway, she thought, and a pang almost of bitterness shot through her. She seemed so unaccustomed to thinking of herself in that light. Ah well! She must get accustomed to it, and the sooner the better now. She turned round and began to watch for friends among the crowd around her. She saw plenty of people she knew, and they gave her what she considered to be almost surprised bows. She felt they evidently had not expected to find her there.

Near at hand she noticed Lavinia, radiantly clothed in a new gown of pale heliotrope chiffon taffetas, but with an air of petulant boredom on her pretty face due to the immediate vicinity of her three devoted chaperones who, owing to mutual enmity, also looked intensely bored. Miss Davenant, the youngest of the trio, was a pretty, bright American

girl who, being possessed of a few thousands and wishing to captivate some scion of the British aristocracy, had volunteered her services as chaperone to Lavinia for the sake of the introduction into society that the latter's mother could give her. Lavinia liked her, but was undeniably jealous of her charms, especially as her chaperoning took the form of attracting to her own fair person all the desirable gentlemen at hand who had hitherto fluttered round Lavinia's candle.

A contrast to her was old Fraulein Hilderschein, small, wizened, unattractive and shabbily dressed. Lavinia in her own way adored her, for it was possible by dint of coaxing and kisses to get anything out of her on any occasion. She was, from a girl's point of view, a chaperone par-excellence. In reality she was entirely undeserving of the title. The third of the party was Mrs. Cotterill, an inhabitant of Councester, and an old friend of Mrs. Fitzhardinge's, to whom the latter had confided the care of her daughter during her stay in the town. Middle-aged, smart, entirely absorbed in her own concerns, she was as ignorant of Lavinia's doings as it was possible to be, but on a state occasion such as this, she deemed it suitable to put in an appearance somewhere near her charge. Between them all Lavinia flirted happily with whom she would and distracted the heart of the devoted William, so that he took to reasoning with her on his own account, and even threatened to procure yet another escort, the three already provided having proved themselves—from his interested point of view—entirely inadequate. And yet, from Mrs. Fitzhardinge's own point of view, it was on his account that Lavinia needed chaperoning, and on no one else's!

Having thoroughly taken in every feature in the group round Lavinia, Anne again turned her attention to the races. The final heat of the Polo Scurry was just over, and Mr. Leverett, to his delight, was the victor. His gallant little pony was standing near the winning post, with panting sides, bright eyes and distended nostrils. She seemed fully aware of the glory of the occasion, and condescendingly allowed her nose to be rubbed, or her neck patted by her numerous admirers before she was led off the ground for a rest previous to future contests. The next item on the programme was the curious trial of skill known as "Slicing the Ham," and some twenty of the soldiers entered for it. Blindfolded, they stood one by one at a certain distance from a suspended ham, and having been duly turned round by a good natured officer, were allowed to try, with a huge knife, to cut the ham. Shrieks of delighted derision greeted the endless efforts of the red-coats as they brandished the knife in the air in almost every direction except towards the coveted prize.

Anne got tired of watching long before any of them had touched it, and rising from her chair began to walk about the enclosure and chat with her numerous friends and acquaintances. As she stood talking to Lavinia, Captain Holford caught sight of her, and came towards her. At the sight of his handsome face Lavinia became instantly on the alert; sparkling before, she now positively scintillated, so radiant were her smiles, so brilliant her conversation. Anne introduced her, and Lavinia's delight was complete. Anything fresh in the shape of a man, especially of an officer, was particularly attractive, for she was beginning to tire of Lord Avesham. He bored her, she explained to Mr. Leverett, and he delightedly acquiesced. "Without doubt he is a bore," he had said. Any lie was just, he felt sure, if by its aid even one of Lavinia's satellites could be removed. Unfortunately, as in the heavens, new ones were always being discovered. Anne wondered how Captain Holford would take Lavinia's advances. She little knew the latter's versatility. She, it appeared, could adapt herself to anything. At a glance she took in Captain Holford; he was not a flirt, and moreover, to-day at any rate, he was in a solemn mood. Lavinia decided to be solemn too. She searched her mind for suitable topics of conversation and found them.

"I am sure you have been abroad a great deal, Captain Holford. You have the air of a man who has travelled. Now tell me, haven't you?"

A more demure and childlike looking mortal than the one before him Holford had never seen. She was very pretty too. He took a seat between her and Anne, and involuntarily turned slightly away from the latter. Anne did not feel in the least hurt. She wanted to hear the end of this conversation.

"I have just returned on leave from Egypt. I have been there about three years. You know there are rather more troops kept there now since the Mahdi's last insurrection, and the bother with the French."

"Oh yes, I know." Lavinia looked thoughtful. She had never heard of the Mahdi. She wondered whether he had anything to do with the Boer War, yet she did not think the Transvaal was near Egypt. Even her hazy geography seemed to tell her they were some distance apart. By a stupendous effort, the result of thinking of a composition she had once written (copied I should say since she took it almost word for word from a book called "The Great Pyramid") she hazarded another question. "Have you seen the Pyramids?"

"Yes, rather." Holford folded his arms with the air of a man deep in thought. "They are very wonderful; seen from Cairo with the glow of a sunset upon them they are truly glorious. That was my last

impression of them before I came away. I left Cairo in the evening." Involuntarily his voice took a note of sadness, and he supplied the cue to Lavinia's next interrogation.

"You must know the Sahara, too," she said. "Tell me, are those beautiful descriptions given of it in 'The Garden of Allah,' absolutely real and true to life? I should so like to know."

Holford looked puzzled. "The Garden of Allah," he said. "What is that? I do not know it. Is it a book?" he added quickly.

Anne leaned forward. Her eyes shone. "It is the most wonderful novel that has ever been written," she said tremulously. "It is perfect from the first page to the last. The man who wrote it is a genius. It is a masterpiece."

Holford turned and looked at her. "I must read it," he said. "Who is the author? About the Sahara; it must be strange."

Lavinia answered for her. She did not like for one instant to be left out of a conversation.

"Robert Hichens," she said triumphantly, glad to be able to show her knowledge. "It is such a weird book," she added. "I read it because everyone else had, and they all talked about it. It is really too deep and stiff for me. I liked 'God's Good Man' better, Marie Corelli's last novel, you know?"

Anne found herself laughing. The idea of contrasting the two novels seemed positively grotesque, if not sacrilegious. It was as if some one had preferred the iridescent but evanescent glories of a soap bubble to the lasting beauties of one of Turner's skies.

"You can't quite compare them," she said, kindly smiling at Lavinia's excitement.

"Oh, but 'The Garden of Allah' really is too weird, you know, and Domini is so unearthly in her goodness. Fancy marrying a monk and then taking him back to his monastery and making him stay there, and living alone all the rest of your life! I prefer Maryllia. Now she was so human; just remember how she sent away the peacock's feathers!"

But this time Anne did not even smile. She was watching the face of the man beside her. It had grown in an instant white and drawn, and agonised, while he strove in vain to control some sudden emotion. Lavinia too noticed it. "Are you ill, Captain Holford?" she said quite anxiously. This new aspect of the handsome soldier alarmed her. But in a moment, he had regained control at any rate over his expression. He even smiled reassuringly.

"Nothing, thank you. Only an extra sharp twinge of rheumatism which I always get in England."

To Lavinia this sufficed, but to Anne no plea of rheumatism could account for that look of agony. She wondered what had caused it, but it was not till weeks after that she knew, and then her surprise was only that he had not looked more drawn, more ghastly. Lavinia continued the conversation rapidly. She was an ardent champion of Marie Corelli, and she did not like to feel her favourite had been slighted.

"Robert Hichens writes awful rubbish sometimes," she asserted, vehemently digging the point of her white chiffon sunshade into the back of the chair in front, which was occupied by Miss Davenant, until that lady, exasperated, turned round and took it from her.

"How horrid of you; give it me back!" this to her chaperone, then in the same breath she continued, "'The Green Carnation,' now, did you ever read anything quite so foolish as that? Contrast that with such a work as 'Barrabas.'"

At this point Miss Davenant whirled round on her chair and joined in the conversation. Lavinia's attempts at literary criticism fairly overcame her.

"My dear child," she said, with all the superiority of her twenty-five years, "what are you going to contrast next? Possibly Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Jerome's 'Three Men in a Boat'; that seems to me to be equally suitable as 'Barabbas' and 'The Green Carnation'."

Anne laughed. She rather liked Miss Davenant. Her conversation was apt to be piquant. Captain Holford rose. "I must go," he said. "The Ham Slicing is over and there will be another Polo Scurry. I didn't have to umpire the Ham affair, but I must be there for the other items of this great programme." He smiled, and raising his hat, left the little group, and made his way once more to the course.

As soon as he was gone Lavinia launched forth in his praise. He was charming, clever, brilliant, etc., etc. As far as Anne could remember he was not particularly brilliant. Where this conversation was concerned, he had scarcely volunteered a word; he had merely submitted to Lavinia's cross-questioning in a good-natured manner. However, she did not gainsay the girl's remarks, but after a few moments left her, and continued her walk round the enclosure. Another race was about to commence. Anne could see the ponies gathering in the distance. She pressed nearer to the cordon, so as to have a good view. As she reached the front of the enclosure, she stumbled slightly against the foot of a man who was sitting on one of the chairs. She apologised hastily, and he did the same, raising his

hat and quickly moving his feet which had been rather obtrusive. As he did so, Anne recognised him. It was Keynsham, the man who, since the episode of the yellow-hammer, she so cordially detested. She bowed slightly, and coloured as she tried to move a few feet away from him; further, she could not, if she wished to see the race which was just starting. She had no time to seek another opening. The man recognised her in an instant. Again he had been the cause of annoying her. He cursed the fates that had been so unkind to him. He wondered whether he would ever meet her under favourable circumstances. He sat still and watched her tall, lithe, black-robed form, with keen penetrating eyes. One thing did not escape his notice. When he had seen her first in the Church, he had fancied she had worn a wedding ring. Now—for her hands were again ungloved—he saw that what he had imagined to be a wedding ring was merely the under-side of a heavy black Egyptian scarab ring. It was much too large for her slender finger, and as she leaned forward and touched the cord that separated her from the race course, he noticed that it slipped round often as she moved her hand, showing now the face, now the back. This fact gave him a curious satisfaction. Though he did not even know her name, she interested him. He was pleased to think that she was unmarried. Yet the ring was on the engagement finger. Perhaps she was engaged? She must be! Only a very few girls wore a ring on that finger unless they were. He began to feel annoyed again.

Anne fidgeted uneasily. Something told her that the man was watching her from behind. She felt that the centre of her neck contained another eye through which she could see him, so curiously sensitive did it become as she stood there. Her reflections were cut short by a pistol shot, and the simultaneous sound of tramping hoofs. This was the first heat of another Polo Scurry. She leaned forward anxiously to see whose pony was leading. As she did so, something snapped. The portion of the cord, on which she was leaning gave way, and in one second she was almost on her face just in the course of the nearest pony. She struggled to rise, and as she did so she felt herself seized from behind in a pair of strong arms, and lifted bodily into safety. Not a second too soon, for the near side pony, on which Lord Avesham was seated, galloped madly over the spot where she had fallen, just as she was drawn back. There would have been no time for the pony to have been drawn aside. It was even doubtful whether his rider had seen the incident, so firmly were his eyes fixed on the goal. Anne knew in one flash of consciousness that she had been saved from death, or at any rate from hopeless disablement. She sank with trembling limbs into the chair that some one placed for her.

She was not hurt, only shocked and shaken, so shocked that for a few seconds she was incapable of answering the numerous enquiries of the friends that crowded round her.

"I am not hurt," she managed to falter at last, then in an instant "Who was it that picked me up, that saved my life? For I could not have moved in time myself."

One or two people fell back, and she saw standing before her Keynsham. Anne's dislike of the man vanished in the face of this great indebtedness. She gave him one of her warmest smiles and held out her hand, her left hand, for she suddenly became aware that there was something strangely wrong with her right arm. She had fallen on it, and it felt painful in the extreme. He took her hand, and shook it gently. "Are you quite sure you are not hurt?" he asked kindly. "I am a doctor, you know, and if you are suffering any pain you must tell me."

Anne looked up into his face. "I can't thank you enough," she said simply. "I should have been killed, or else horribly injured." She shuddered at the thought. The idea of a maimed body had always been singularly terrible to her. She had gloried in the perfect health of her strong young form. The man saw the shudder and with the penetrating glance of a doctor he saw also that something was wrong with her right arm.

"Permit me," he said, gently touching the disabled member with his strong thin fingers. "You have hurt your arm. You must let me see to it; it may be serious you know; at any rate it is causing you pain."

He had scarcely uttered the words, and Anne had had no time to reply when Mrs. Langridge hurried up. She had heard of the accident only a few minutes before, and had come through the crowd with all possible speed. True, she had seen some one fall on the course, and dragged back, but being shortsighted, had not found out who it was for quite two minutes after. She had been absorbed in watching the race, and the knowledge of Anne's recent danger came as a great shock to her. In fact, her face was infinitely whiter than her daughter's when she made her appearance.

"My darling child, are you hurt?" She knelt down on the grass beside her, and took hold of one of her hands. It was the right one and Anne winced with pain.

"My right arm is a little hurt, I think, mother," she said, smilingly, "but that is all."

Mrs. Langridge withdrew her touch and glanced at the arm; the wrist was already slightly swollen. As she did so, Keynsham, who had

stood aside for a moment, advanced and raised his hat. "I am a doctor," he said. "I was just asking your daughter to allow me to examine her arm when you came. May I do so now?"

Mrs. Langridge rose to her feet. "You are Dr. Keynsham, I feel sure," she said. "Dr. Martin is our doctor, but as he is not here, I should be thankful if you would look at Anne's arm: I am Mrs. Langridge," she added hastily, "and live not very far from you."

Keynsham could scarcely repress a smile. The old lady was so very gracious to him. He hastened to examine the arm which Anne with some difficulty held out to him. He turned up her sleeve to the elbow and gently fingered the firm white flesh.

"No bones broken," he said cheerfully, "but I fear a tendon is very much wrenched, and that is a trying business."

Anne smiled but her mother looked distracted. "Is it very serious?" she asked anxiously. "What will you have to do?"

He gave her a reassuring look. "Merely a question of rest," he said, "and of course the arm must not be used for some time. If your daughter can walk now, it would be well to go home and then I will bandage it for her."

"I am sure I can walk," said Anne, rising with some show of alacrity, but her limbs trembled horribly, and the pain in her arm was worse than she liked to own. She took a few steps and then was suddenly confronted by Lord Avesham. He had noticed the figure falling in his path and had been unutterably thankful to see it snatched aside just in time, otherwise he felt that nothing short of a miracle would have prevented his horse from stumbling over it. When he reached the goal he had enquired about the matter, and had found out shortly after that it was Miss Langridge who had fallen, and that her arm was hurt. Alarmed, he hurried to find Anne just leaving the enclosure. He was a young, clean-looking, pink-faced man, and the action of racing, together with his subsequent hurrying and distress, had made his visage scarlet. He stood before Anne the picture of misery and anxiety and she, feeling sorry for him, declared there was nothing the matter. "Besides," she said, "it was not your fault the rope gave way, and it might have been anyone else's pony that was nearest to me." But in spite of her protests, he seemed to consider that it was his fault the accident had occurred, and he ended by begging her to drive home in his mother's carriage which was all ready and waiting. The feeling that she really could not walk the mile from the Camp to her own house, and the knowledge that the victoria had been

dismissed, made Anne willingly accept his offer, and Mrs. Långdrige was warm in her thanks to the young lord whom she had known from boyhood. The carriage was brought, and they got in. Then the old lady turned to Keynsham. "Of course you must come too," she said. "We want you to bandage the arm." He assented and quickly seated himself opposite the ladies in the splendid two-horse landau. Avesham waved good-bye to them as they drove off, then stood watching the carriage, as it passed slowly over the grass towards the gate.

"She is a jolly nice girl," he soliloquised as he saw it finally disappear into the road. "What a pity poor old Sykes died. She seems to be picking up a bit now, however."

As he turned to walk back to the race-course he met an anxious, panting form.

"I say, Holford, what's the matter?"

"Has Miss Langridge gone?" asked Captain Holford ignoring the question.

"Yes, she wasn't badly hurt, at least she said not. She's a plucky girl Keynsham has gone with her to see to the arm, so that'll be all right."

The other looked at him anxiously. "Is her arm hurt then?"

"Yes, don't know how much. She didn't tell me, only as they got into the carriage her mother said to him, 'We want you to bandage the arm,' and they drove off in a hurry so I couldn't make any more enquiries."

"Who is Keynsham?" asked Captain Holford. "I don't know the name."

"He's old Martin's new partner, a jolly clever chap, I hear; he'll look after Miss Langridge all right."

The other kicked the gravel somewhat moodily. "I'm glad he's clever," was all he said.

Then they walked on to the course and in another minute were busy discussing the next race.

The carriage meanwhile had nearly reached Mrs. Langridge's house. As it entered the town, Anne spoke for the first time since leaving the camp.

"I feel quite the centre of excitement," she said, and in spite of her white face her expression was happy. Mrs. Langridge was thankful she had taken her to the sports, even though the accident had occurred. In her mind she planned more gaieties as a tonic for her daughter.

An instant more and they drew up at their own door, and Keynsham was out and helping them to alight.

"Thank you so much," said Anne sweetly, as he took her hand. Then Mrs. Langridge led the way into the house.

(To be continued.)

MARGARITA YATES.

London.

"THE INDIAN UPON GOD."

(Suggested by W. B. Yeats' Poem of that Name.)

In Western climes, ' neath Western skies, another seer trod
A lonely and a troubled path, the way of thought to God;
His learning ranged through time and space, discerned 'twixt
soul and form,
His skill could weigh the rolling earth, and track the trackless
storm.

Man's agelong story opened clear before his vision wide,
The evanescent things that pass, the things that still abide,
The tangled growth of good and ill, the never-ending strife,
The glory and the shame that mark the wond'rous course of life.

And then at last the seer spake : " Man knows his brother man
And all the changing universe his curious eye may scan,
Yea, star on star to him reveal the secret of its light
That pulseth to his vision through a thousand years of night.

"But that which doth condition all, which is the Source, the
Spring,
The Reason of the mighty Whole, is past his fathoming,
It is not in the lotus-flower, the peacock's jewelled fan,
The splendour of the starry skies, *nor in thy heart, O man!*

"It dwells alone, inscrutable, It hath nor name, nor place,
Nor symbol that our thought can grasp; and we unceasing
chase
Upon the dial-plate of Time a shadow that intrudes
Our known on That Unknowable, and evermore deludes."

And when the prophet's utterance stayed, a silence fell around,
His wisdom robbed the heavens of light and reft the air of sound,
Until a still, small voice arose, so still that each one heard,
Nor doubted that to him there came the soul-reviving word :

" I dwell alone, inscrutable, yet have I name and place,
And whoso will may lift his eyes and look upon my face,
For I Who do condition all, Who am the Source, the Spring,
The Reason of the mighty Whole and past your fathoming,

" Am not a stranger to the tongue that ye have learned to speak,
Nor straitened if I will to show That which you vainly seek.
The Finite may not raise itself, the Infinite may bend,
Yea, even to thy heart and brain, O Man, it may descend.

" There are no barriers to Me, no limits that withstand,
No mists that wall the way about close-set on either hand ;
Mine is the form and Mine the soul, the living Thought is Mine
That manifold expression takes and yet is still Divine.

" The whiteness of the lotus-flower, the peacock's feathers gay,
The starry splendours of the night, the glory of the day,
And that which still eludes thy grasp, the universal plan,
In each and all of these I speak, *and in thy heart, O man* ! "

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

London.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Voice of the People.

Statesmen who apply abstract theories and lessons from history to the problems of government, and are not content to devise a cure for a demonstrated evil, are spoken of disparagingly as doctrinaires. In the opinion of many Anglo-Indian writers Lord Morley is one of them. The Conservative temperament is, as a rule, averse to the making of any concessions and the bestowal of any privileges upon the people until the people clamour for them. Hence, when a concession is made, the credit goes more to the spokesmen of the people than to His Majesty's representatives who have enlarged their hearts and extended their bounteous hands. The Liberal statesman starts with the theory that political contentment is best secured by a devolution of responsibility upon the people and by associating the people with the officers of Government. Though India is outside the sphere of the party politics of England, the history of Indian administration bears ample testimony to the distinguishing features of the two temperaments. Both Conservatives and Liberals have made concessions, both have contributed to the improvement of the position of Indians in the public service, and there have been as many rulers "passionately devoted to the welfare of the people" in the one party as in the other. Yet their temperaments are different, and hence they yield or originate under different circumstances. A Conservative Viceroy's statesmanship initiated that inquiry into the grievances urged by educated Indians, which has resulted in solid and generous concessions. The inquiry did not profess to carry into effect any theories: it was undertaken frankly to meet a certain situation, which was threatening to grow worse and worse, if not attended to. A Liberal Secretary of State's statesmanship took a different direction. He was not

content to devise a cure for clamour: he had a theory that clamour is prevented by taking the silent into confidence, if it is cured by making concessions to loud demands. He thought that people must grow dissatisfied and are bound to murmur when the officers of Government are not in touch with them and have no responsibility but to criticise. Civilians have resented Lord Morley's assertion that the gulf between the races has been widening, and that European officers are not in sufficiently close contact with the people. But he has held on to that theory of discontent in India. It was in accordance with that theory that he issued a Royal Commission upon Decentralisation. The main object of the Commission was to inquire and report whether the existing system of Government may not be so simplified and improved, and adapted to the requirements of the different provinces, that the executive power might be brought into closer touch with local conditions.

Those who were not quite in sympathy with the so-called doctrinaire at the India Office, and those who were unwilling to admit that the gulf between the rulers and the people was widening, have spoken somewhat lightly of the labours of the Decentralisation Commission. But among officials themselves a considerable body of opinion had grown up in favour of relieving district officers of a portion of their duties, transferring these to the people, and of leaving them more leisure to come into contact with Indians. Two of the members of the Commission—Sir F. S. P. Lely, and Sir S. W. Edgerley, both of them Bombay officers—had expressed decided views on the subject, the one in a book on the "Better Government of India," and the other in a speech in the Viceregal Council. There are paragraphs in the Commission's Report which, to those who have read Sir Frederic's book, seem to show his hand as clearly as internal evidence in such cases can show. The Commissioners' conclusions, however, are based mainly on evidence, and if they are in conformity with the previously expressed opinions of individual Commissioners it is because the officers concerned were not eccentric theorists, but knew what people thought around them. Most Indians feel little interest in the relations between the Government of India and the Provincial Governments. Where the latter do not enjoy sufficient freedom, they are expected to fight for it and obtain it, and not to plead the excessive interference of the central Government. More in-

terest is felt in the relations between the Provincial Governments and their officers, but most of all in the powers of the district officers, and the relations between them and the self-governing institutions and the people. Even the Viceroy is not exempt from the necessity of coming into touch with the people, but the head of a province is the first high official, beginning from the top, who must closely study human documents. The Commissioners have come to the conclusion that the Council form of Government is the best suited for this purpose, and that the Provincial Councils would also permit of the strengthening of the administration by the inclusion of specially qualified Natives of India." Among the advantages of the system established in Madras and Bombay, the Commissioners mention that it would provide relief to the head of the province, and would conduce to increased public confidence and "efficiency of the Provincial Governments in relation to their Legislative Councils." How is this confidence secured and how is the efficiency attained? The public confidence depends generally upon the effect given to the voice of the people, where the people feel that they are competent to judge of the requirements of their own welfare. Sometimes, indeed, the people may not be competent to understand their best and ultimate interests: they may be lacking in experience, knowledge, and foresight, Yet, in so far as the confidence of the public is necessary to a ruler he can gain it only by reading the minds of the people.

Descending a step lower than the heads of provinces, we come to the Secretariats, which were subjected to severe criticism by Sir F. S. P. Lely in his book. The Decentralisation Commission find that the Secretariats are not generally in touch with the difficulties of district officers and the needs of the districts, and that the growth of a "Secretariat caste" has been most marked in Bombay. As an instance of the "doctrinaire uniformity" which grows up under the present system, it is mentioned that the Bombay Land Revenue Code, which was drawn up for a province of small raiyatwari proprietors, has been applied to Sind, where the tenures are materially different. Other instances of a similar nature are adduced for other provinces. The Council form of Government introduces variety into the composition of Government and minimises the tendency towards rigid uniformity. But Bombay is already under a Governor in Council. Obviously, therefore, some other remedy is necessary.

The Commission recommend that no officer should be appointed an Under-Secretary who has not spent at least four years in district work, and no one is to be made a Secretary unless his actual district service amounts to eight years. Coming down to Commissioners, it is found that their powers have gradually been much reduced, owing to various causes, especially the growth of special departments. Sir F. S. P. Lely maintained stoutly in his book that the independence of the special departments was a menace to the contentment of the people, and they should be more or less subject to the co-ordinating authority of the Commissioners. The Decentralisation Commission also find that "in a country like India it is specially important to prevent any system of Government by professional experts. Measures, for instance, which would commend themselves from a scientific standpoint to a forest expert, might cause grave discontent among hill tribes or the agricultural population of the plains. It is a distinct weakness in an oriental country that there should be no local officer to whom the people can go with general grievances, and that they should come to regard the Government as a mere collection of scattered and independent departments." But the expert is indispensable where scientific knowledge, or a vast organisation for a large area, is necessary for the welfare of the people and for efficiency and cheapness. Public works, police, forests, education, and excise cannot be separately organised for different Commissionerships. It is accordingly recommended that, though the local officers of such departments may not be regarded as the subordinates of the Commissioner, "he should have the right to call for any information from them which he thinks fit, and to have information given to him spontaneously" when any departure of importance is contemplated. What is more, he should have the power to stop any action of a department, which he considers undesirable, until the local Government decides the dispute. Some time must elapse before recommendations of this kind are worked out in detail. It must, therefore, be difficult to say how long the present system will prevail, and the Commissioners will continue to grumble. The recommendation that is of special importance at the present time, from a political standpoint, is that Commissioners and district officers ought, in their tours, to visit educational institutions, and become acquainted with their tone and influence. In the case of other special depart-

ments, discontent would ordinarily arise from the excessive zeal of experts, and the Commissioner or the Collector would interfere on behalf of the people. The influence of an ednoational institution, on the other hand, would depend upon forces outside the control of the Government department, and the Commissioner's duty would be to stir up the zeal of the Education Department, instead of restraining it.

Special departments have encroached upon the powers of the Collectors, as of the Commissioners, and the Decentralisation Commission would see the head of the district also rehabilitated. But the most important recommendation with regard to the means of extending the personal influence of the Collector, and of bringing him into touch with the people, is that he should not be frequently transferred from one district to another. There are obvious difficulties in keeping a Collector long in the same district, and there are certain obvious disadvantages also. The people would not like a bad Collector to remain long among them. Moreover, when he rises to the position of a Councillor of the head of the province, the district in which he has remained longest might receive more attention at his hands than other parts of the presidency. But these are comparatively small evils. It is not desirable to keep a bad Collector in the service at all, and the Decentralisation Commission are very strict in their recommendations on this subject. Before a Collector rises to the position of a Councillor, he would have passed through the stage of Divisional Commissioner, and the tendency to unconscious partiality to a district would be minimised. In practice it must be difficult to lay down a hard and fast rule stating how long a Collector should remain in a district. The majority of the Commission have not ventured to suggest any measure more drastic than that "every effort should be made to keep an officer in the same district for three years at the very least." Sir F. S. P. Lely would raise this minimum to five years. Even in the case of the head of a province, who is generally responsible for large measures of policy, rather than for details of administration, a period of five years is sometimes considered too short, though, from a personal standpoint, it may be injurious to men coming to India late in life to work in a tropical climate for a longer period. When the object is that the head of a district should carve for himself a place in the hearts of the

people, non-official opinion would perhaps generally incline to the view that even five years are not long enough to attain the desired object. Mr. Hichens is of opinion that when once an officer attains the full rank of Collector, and is placed in charge of a district, he should remain there, subject to leave requirements, for the rest of his service or until he is promoted. It is doubtful whether the Civil Service will cheerfully accept such a rule To come into contact with the people, the head of a district ought to be able to speak the principal vernacular of the district fluently, and he must tour in his charge as frequently as he can. The knowledge of the vernaculars at present possessed by district officers is found to be often insufficient, and the Commission recommend that inability to speak the language of the area in which an officer has principally served should be regarded as a disqualification for promotion to a Collectorship, and that the confidential reports which it is customary to submit on Civilians should lay special stress on their ability to speak the vernacular, and a record of practical language proficiency should be maintained at the Secretariat. As regards tours, it would be difficult to say that at present they are liked by the people very much. The exactions to which villagers are submitted, when officers are on tour, constitute a necessary blot on any administration that can be set up in India, until the people learn how to resist oppression. The Commission recommend that tours should be carefully planned, so as to afford a reasonable length of stay at selected centres, and that daily rides from such centres should enable an officer to gain sufficient knowledge of the adjacent country. With all these precautions, the butler and the peons will not respect the rights of ignorant, and the exactions can disappear only with the spread of education.

By far the most interesting suggestion made to the Commission in respect of the means of bringing district officers into closer touch with non-official opinion was that Commissioners as well as Collectors ought to be provided with Advisory Councils. Mr. R. C. Dutt maintains that an Advisory Council, with some provision for its giving help to the Collector in his executive work, would make district administration more efficient and popular. He believes that the real cause of discontent in India is the isolation of the district administration, and inasmuch as the Commission have recommended that

larger powers should be vested in the Collectors, he apprehends that if the one-man rule continues as heretofore without popular control of some sort, the discontent and dissatisfaction will increase. The majority of the Commission, however, have come to the conclusion that it would be mischievous to hamper the Collector in the work of administration, which is mainly of a detailed character, "by making his actions depend largely on the votes of an irresponsible body." In principle this objection applies also to the Legislative Councils. They are no more responsible than the Councils of Collectors in the recommendations which they will be empowered to make hereafter in the form of resolutions. They may not be called "advisory," but in the exercise of the new powers to be conferred upon them, they will be nothing more. Indeed, some critics of the new constitutional reforms do apprehend "mischief" from the enlarged Councils with fresh powers. The majority of the Commission might have said that it is not possible, in the present state of education, to find a sufficient number of competent advisers in the districts to form properly constituted Councils. The Legislative Councils will draw men from large areas, and they are more exposed to public criticism. District Councillors would be drawn from smaller areas, and the Press is not sufficiently developed in India to create a public opinon which may act as a check on "irresponsible bodies." The majority of the Commission, however, do not seem to adopt this line of argument. If they have rejected the scheme of Advisory Councils, they have adopted another suggestion, the object of which is also to bring district officers into living touch with non-official opinion. In Bengal Sir Andrew Fraser introduced the system of annual Conferences, attended not merely by Commissioners of Divisions, but also by the members of the Board of Revenue, the Secretaries to Government, and heads of provincial departments, but also by non-officials of standing. These Conferences of Commissioners are preceded by Conferences of the Collectors of each Division under the presidency of the Commissioner. The Decentralisation Commission suggest that this system should be introduced into all provinces, and the Conferences should bring officials and non-officials together. There will be no voting or hampering, perhaps; but there will be an exchange of views between leading non-officials and the district officers, from which a great deal of good may be expected.

In the Conferences held by the Commissioners and the Collectors the officials would have an opportunity of knowing only the non-official view of official measures. For successful government, especially government by aliens, it is further considered necessary by many that the officers should be conversant with "the customs, method of life, habits, and prejudices of their fellow-subjects." Much evidence was given before the Commission on this subject, and though any recommendations that may be made upon it must necessarily be very vague, and not directly connected with decentralisation, the Commission have thought it necessary to deal with the suggestions placed before them seriously, if not at great length. It is recommended that young Civilians, at the outset of their career, should receive special instruction in the characteristics of Indian sentiment and social life, and they should be made to realise that their prospects as Government officers will depend not merely on their efficient discharge of official duties, but also on their cultivating good and friendly relations with the people among whom they move. A very unpopular officer has perhaps even now not much chance of rising to the highest rungs of the ladder, but popularity is also sometimes suspected as a sign of weakness, if not something shady. The means of acquiring popularity are not always ethically the noblest, and a popular officer does not in all cases enhance the respect cherished by the people for the British Government. Yet with the spread of education and with the growing appreciation of the highest standards of rectitude and probity, it will be found easy to insist upon the right kind of popularity, consistently with the interests of efficiency and just administration. It may seem a small matter—too small to deserve mention in the report of a Royal Commission—that officials and non-officials should meet at friendly private gatherings. The Decentralisation Commission, however, have not neglected to notice it, and they have recommended that "district officers should, as far as possible, have regular times set apart for the reception of visitors, for whom suitable waiting rooms should be provided."

While the several means of bringing the officers into closer contact with the people will enable them to understand what the "voice of the people" is, that voice can be independently exercised only in self-governing bodies, like village panchayats, taluka and district boards,

and municipalities. One of the most important results of the labours of the Decentralisation Commission will be that, in accordance with its recommendations, a serious attempt, it may be hoped, will be made to rehabilitate village autonomy. The village community has practically disappeared from the greater part of India, but there can be little doubt that local self-government, which the British Government has introduced into towns, districts, and talukas, may also be extended to the villages. The functions of the village panchayats would vary according to the structure of the community, its general intelligence, and public spirit. But an efficient and homogeneous village community may be invested with autonomous powers in respect of the disposal of petty civil and criminal cases; the expenditure for the construction and repair of local minor works, such as wells and drinking water tanks; the sanitation of the village; the up-keep of village roads, and of buldings, such as rest-houses for travellers; the construction and maintenance of village school houses; the management of small fuel and fodder reserves; the control of village pounds and markets; the distribution of lump remissions of revenue or loans to agriculturists; the distribution of irrigation water; the location of the sites of liquor shops; and local administration of famine relief or of measures to combat epidemic disease. The Decentralisation Commission insist on two important conditions of the success and popularity of local self-government: one is that village autonomy should not be accompanied by fresh taxation and the other, that the village panchayats, the taluka boards and the district boards should all be independent of one another. In the time of Lord Ripon it was proposed to authorise rural boards to elect their own presidents. It was thought that without such independence of official presidents the boards would not be really autonomous. Lord Ripon said to an interviewer some time ago that it was this proposal that made him odious to a large section of Anglo-Indians, rather than the Criminal Jurisdiction Bill. He hoped that Lord Morley would be able to carry out what he had to abandon. The majority of the Decentralisation Commission, however, consider the retention of official presidents necessary, Mr. Dutt dissenting. But they recommend that the boards should contain a substantial [illegible] of elected members. For the present it will perhaps be a [illegible]ently forward step.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Indian Councils Bill has at last been passed. The political discussion in this country, during last month in the newspapers, in the annual conferences, and in other public meetings, centred round two important features of the proposed reforms—the creation of Executive Councils for Lieutenant-Governors, and the separate representation of of Muhammadans. There was not much of real discussion on the former measure in public. It is alleged that some leaders of Muhammadan opinion are privately opposed to the multiplication of Executive Councils, with Native members on them, for these Indian members would be more often Hindus than Muhammadans. But few would venture to advance such a plea openly, and the Executive Councils have been asked for by Hindus and Muhammadans alike in their public meetings. The Anglo-Indian Press has generally regarded the establishment of such Councils as inevitable. The fact is that the tendency in such matters is bound to be in the direction of uniformity. If one province has a Council Government, another naturally covets the privilege and objects to one-man rule. Whether the head of a province be drawn from the Civil Service or be imported from England, the Decentralisation Commission has given very good reasons why he should be aided by a Council, where the political conditions, the growth of public opinion, and the development of the Press, expose the Government to close scrutiny and sometimes acrimonious criticism. It is better to relieve the head of a province

of the necessity of bearing the brunt of a battle, than to expect him by personal contact with people to obviate the battle. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon expect too much from the personal influence of the head of a Government in an oriental country. With due respect, it may be doubted whether in their own per sons they succeeded in exerting such influence. The consequences of introducing Council Governments may be more or less undesirable from the standpoint of the Civil Service. But as there will be no military member in the Provincial Councils, even the experience of Lord Curzon's Govern ment need not fill one with apprehensions regarding the future of the innovation, which will be introduced first in Bengal, and almost of a certainty be extended to other provinces, though Parliament will be given an opport unity to veto the proposals.

The question of Muhammadan representation has been fully discussed. So far as the Legislative Councils are concerned, the Government of India's original proposals have been accepted by the Secretary of State, and in most provinces they are likely to be acceptable to all parties on second thoughts. A certain number of seats are set apart for Muhammadans, and the members of this community will also be at liberty to compete for seats thrown open to general election. There are two ways of interpreting this concession. The Hindus might satisfy themselves with the view that a substantial number of seats are made available to all communities, and it is only to rectify the probable inequity of the general competition that a certain fixed number of seats are reserved for Muhammadans. The Muhammadans, on the other hand, may derive satisfaction from the fact that special seats are reserved for them, and thus the pledge given by the Viceroy has been fulfilled. They, however, argue that the pledge is not kept, inasmuch as the seats reserved for them do not bear an equal proportion even to the numerical strength of the community in all provinces, much less to its political importance. The fact is that besides numerical proportion and political importance, the Government has had also to consider the number of Muhammadans likely to be available to fill up the seats that may be reserved for them. In the provinces where the community has made sufficient educational progress, the percentage of the reserved seats exceeds the percentage of the population—the excess representing, perhaps, the

special political importance. When it is remembered that, in addition to these seats, the seats intended for general election will also be open to Muhammadans, it seems clear that in the advanced provinces the Viceroy's pledges have been faithfully kept. If in the backward provinces this does not seem to be the case, the reason obviously is that the Viceroy did not pledge himself to ignore all other qualifications of Muhammadan members besides their religion.

At a time when so many have been aiming at Colonial Self-Government as their political goal, the Hindu-Muhammadan controversy has served the purpose of reminding the country of the "skeleton in the cupboard." Some have angrily charged Anglo-Indians with wire-pulling and setting community against community. But the assumed possibility of sowing discord is not complimentary to the intelligence of the communities concerned. However much one may regret the gulf between the various races and creeds in India, the fact cannot be ignored. The remedy for the evil lies in working towards another goal—not where the colonial form of Government may be set up, but where communities will learn to forget their religious differences. The Congress of Religions held in Calcutta was a step in this highly desirable direction. The goal of that Congress is very far away. But it is a vision which poets and prophets have seen in all civilised countries, and in realising it lies the salvation of a land divided as India is at present.

The conclusion of the Alipore trial has at last judicially established that there was a seditious conspiracy of a dangerous character in Bengal. Apart from the guilt of individual persons, who may prove their innocence to the satisfaction of the Appellate Court, the fact of a movement to weaken the foundations of peace in Bengal may be taken as sufficiently proved. How far and deep the movement has sent its roots, remains even now a mystery. It may be too much to expect that the anarchical sentiment has either disappeared, or is likely to disappear in the near future, altogether. The general feeling of satisfaction diffused by the Morley-Minto reforms has removed the shade under which the plant was growing. Signs of its vitality even now manifest themselves. When the law

against unlawful Samitis is worked for a sufficiently long time, it will perhaps be found that the anarchists have had no fresh accessions to their ranks. That which does not grow is bound to decay and disappear.

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The deposition of Sultan Hamid presents one more feature of contrast between Turkey and Persia. The constitutional party in Persia is comparatively weak : in Turkey it has carried almost everything before it. We are too near the events to see them in proper perspective, and to judge whether the introduction of reform in Persia was premature, or whether there is something in the constitution and prejudices of the people which is less favourable to democratic government than in the corresponding conditions in Turkey. The proximity of Turkey to the free countries of Europe may have exposed it to influences which cannot penetrate with equal rapidity into Persia. If so, the example of Turkey would be the more instructive of the two, for those who might speculate upon the probable future effects of Western ideas among the Muslims of India. The supposed imperviousness of Islam to change is being rapidly disproved in this country.

EAST & WEST.

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HAVE WE FREE WILL ?

"IT is certainly not the least charm of a Theory that it is refutable ; it is precisely thereby that it attracts the more subtle minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of Free Will, owes its persistence to this charm alone ; someone is always appearing who feels himself strong enough to refute it." Thus, Nietzsche, in "Beyond Good and Evil." There lies before me a little book by M. George Renard, Professor of the College of France, in which the refutation is undertaken for the hundredth or the thousandth time. Its title is "Man, is he Free ?" The author is a militant Determinist, or thinks he is. The book is in the sixth edition. I believe it is widely read and admired by large sections of the French people. M. Renard feels himself strong enough to refute Free Will, and proceeds to do so in an elegant, vivacious, popular style, which no doubt carries conviction to innumerable young gentlemen and ladies of the Academies, as well as half educated operatives and the bourgeois of the middle classes generally. If little that is new remains to be said, the perennial interest of the problem is attested by the persistent manner in which leaders of every school, and of every shade of thought, are attracted to it. And it may be useful, in the interests of exact reasoning, to examine in some detail the demonstration, given by this last French Determinist champion of the scientific Truth, and unanswerable logic of Determinism. Avoiding any appearance of dogmatism, I shall take the liberty of doubting, and offering one or two reasons for the doubt, whether, in spite of having been refuted any number of times, the theory of Free Will rightly understood does not still stand, and what is more important, ought not to, and will not for ever remain valid against all the dialectical attacks and quasi-scientific assaults to which it is exposed.

M. Renard, in common with most "sentimental" determinists, emphatically and repeatedly disclaims all advocacy of "fatalism." His Determinism does not imply (so he says), much less is identical with Fatalism. I entirely agree with M. Renard that in the search for Truth we ought not to be deterred by consequences, real or imaginary, which may or may not follow upon its discovery. If Determinism is true, we ought not to refuse to adopt it, even though it should turn out to be as truly fatalistic as M. Renard passionately declares that it is not. Just as in the converse case, if Free Will is true no one ought to refuse to adopt it because it is difficult, to say no more, to reconcile it with an Omniscient God. But I entertain some doubt whether, notwithstanding his vehement affirmations, M. Renard succeeds in distinguishing true Determinism from true Fatalism. If a house is burning, says M. Renard, we, the enlightened Determinists do not sit down in front of it with folded hands, and say, "It is written that the house should be burnt, and all within it perish." We try to put out the fire and help the inmates. Again, if there comes a plague, and we are attacked, we do not fold our hands and say, "It is written that we shall die." We call in the physician, and adopt every measure prescribed by Science to limit the spread of the disease. This is plausible, but excessively shallow. If M. Renard had had any practical experience of Mussulmans, the popular type of Fatalists, he would find them quite as eagerly energetic, when their houses are on fire, in attempting to put the fire out, as the good Determinists of M. Renard's school. In face of such a visitation as the plague, oriental peoples do, no doubt, display a remarkable apathy. And when they are urged to support the authorities in making inoculation, segregation, etc., effective, a great number might be found to plead that the plague was sent by Allah, and that it is no use trying to postpone the appointed day. But at the root of this lies a profound distrust of the bustling methods of Western science. Events have certainly seemed to warrant that distrust. All our efforts to "stamp out" the plague in India have failed. With the usual cocksureness of Western science, we began by talking very loudly and confidently of "stamping out," our doctors believing, doubtless, that they would easily make good their boastful professions and give to the lazy ignorant East a fine object lesson in the grand

omnipotence of Science. Now had the professors of medicine succeeded as conspicuously, as at first they failed, no one doubts that the "fatalists" of India would have been just as eager, as the good Determinists of France, to avert the death that stalked over the land.

Here we have to deal with degrees of enlightenment, nothing else. The Indian "fatalists" may have been, probably were, wrong. But if, in like circumstances M. Renard honestly believed that going to a physician would not profit him in the least, while it most certainly would involve a great deal of expense and discomfort, he would let the plague run its course through his organism, as "fatalistically" as any devout follower of the prophet. He would not run to the physician, or lend himself to preventive measures, if he believed that neither the one nor the other would arrest the disease. The illustration, in short, does not really touch the question. It is altogether irrelevant. The most convinced fatalist I have met, and I have met thousands, is no more anxious to die, than the most convinced Libertarian, or Determinist. But when death, or any other calamity is inevitable, he accepts the fact. So does every one else, willy nilly. A fact is a fact, what has happened has happened, and we cannot put back the clock. The fallacy of bringing forward illustrations of this kind to distinguish between Fatalism and M. Renard's Determinism, lies obviously enough in the illustrations being of events, about the happening of which we do not feel called upon to pronounce moral judgments. If we really want to test this alleged distinction, we must apply a true test. Here is the simplest. A, a grown man, murders B, a child of six years, for the sake of ten rupees' worth of ornaments which the child was wearing. The logical fatalist (though, as a matter of fact, logic is not the strong point of the fatalistic peoples, and I very much doubt whether in practice it wou'd be allowed this victory over average humane instincts) would say, and so would the logical Determinist, as distinguished from the sentimental illogical Determinist, "It was written that A should kill, that B should be killed." Or in Determinist language, A could not help killing B (and of course, B could not help being killed), there is nothing more to be said. Neither the Fatalist nor the Determinist is called upon to pronounce any moral judgment on A. The sentimental Determinist says that he is

called upon to condemn A's act, but not A. And this singular sophistry suffices to tide M. Renard over the ugliness of the case. But we should certainly never condemn, by a moral judgment, a mere occurrence (which as soon as we subtract the moral culpability of the Actor, this becomes). We are, therefore, here face to face with a common everyday question, and we are to answer it honestly, not sophistically. Do we or do we not pass moral judgment on such a murderer? I am not now concerned so much with what, in the opinion of M. Renard (however illogical that opinion may be) we *ought* to do, as with what, as a fact of experience, we *do* do. There can be little doubt but that the mass of (professing) fatalists, regardless of logic, condemn the murderer. They may say, "It was written from the beginning." But they would also feel, if they had not the wit to say it, that it was similarly written from the beginning that A was a wicked man. They would feel that thrill of moral repulsion, which every crime of the kind sends through all normal and unsophisticated minds. But why? If the thing was written from the beginning, the man who did it could not be evil or wicked because he did it. And yet it is just because his wickedness is revealed in this act, that they pass moral judgment upon him. Up to that time he may have lived an average life among them, doing no more apparent wrong than his neighbour; in no marked degree more wicked than his fellows. Yet as soon as he does, what, ex-hypothesi, he could not help doing (and in fact had done years before he was born) he is *felt* to be wicked, morally culpable. So far of the fatalist. Now let us ask the good Determinist what he really feels on first hearing of such a crime? And let us, to add poignancy, suppose that it is his own and only child who has thus been cruelly murdered. According to M. Renard, he would detest the crime but pity the criminal. That is all very fine in words. But I venture to think that it is not true; and I believe that the universal affirmation of mankind (or almost universal, we must, I suppose, except a few highly sophisticated aberrants) would support me. If M. Renard now tries to shift the ground by saying that the added conditions have introduced the strongest of all personal influences, and thereby set up a bias which makes it impossible for any human being to be a fair judge in it, I reply that there is again quite a simple test, which will show that the moral

judgment does not depend upon, is not called forth by the sense of irreparable personal injury, but is inseparable from the Actor, the Doer of the wrong. You say you cannot help feeling the strongest moral indignation against the Murderer, because he has killed your only child, has inflicted on you a terrible loss. Now if that were true, the root of the perverted (as M. Renard would call it) moral condemnation, lies in the sense of personal injury. But if instead of A having murdered your child for the sake of its poor ornaments, it had been killed by a flash of lightning? The loss is the same, the injury done to you is precisely the same. But neither you, nor anyone else would dream of passing a moral judgment of condemnation upon the lightning. Here again we see the link with fatalism. The Libertarian, as well as the logical Determinist, and Fatalist, would bow to the inevitable; he would say in effect, if not in so many words, "It was decreed." But none of the three would deliver any moral judgment upon the accident, or if you please calamity. By thus separating the act from the actor, it is easy to see what really calls forth moral judgments of condemnation; and it is equally easy to see that while the act, dissociated from the actor, may be *deplored*, it cannot be condemned. To talk of condemning the act, while absolving the actor, is in the sphere of morals, to talk shallow, sentimental, and mischievous nonsense. But since we do with practical unanimity, thus condemn the moral turpitude of the murderer, we do it (whether we have taught ourselves by the most convincing logic that we ought not to, or whether we only give play to our natural sentiment, we do it all the same) because we feel that he need not have committed the murder, and that he ought not to have committed the murder. M. Renard devotes pages and pages to a desperate attempt to escape from this dreadful *impasse*. He persuades himself that it is consistent with the highest and most progressive morality, the Ideal, which (by some deterministic process not very clearly explained) is forced upon the better class of wills, to hate deeds while loving the doers. But I pin him down to this elementary proposition, that apart from what we feel we have in common, as morally responsible agents, with the doers, deeds, or facts, in themselves never do, or could excite moral approbation or reprobation. And I refer again for proof to earthquakes, lightning, landslips, sea storms. We have

nothing morally in common with these destructive agencies, and we therefore pass no moral judgments upon the innumerable murders they commit. If M. Renard's basic position were psychologically sound (I submit that it is incurably unsound), we should feel the same moral shock when an earthquake kills a hundred people, as when a murderer kills in cold blood and for a base reason, one innocent child. But surely we do not. And if we do not, is it not worth while enquiring, before using a number of specious but misleading analogies to illustrate a bad argument, why not?

Let me, however, be careful not to do M. Renard an injustice on this point. Summarized from his vivid pages, his contention amounts to this. Determinism is not Fatalism, because Fatalism postulates a God who has ordained every event from the beginning to the end. Determinism, on the other hand, says no effect without a cause, remove the cause, and the effect will disappear. How that is to apply to accomplished facts, I confess I do not understand, still less how it is to affect moral judgments. You may say that the "cause" of A murdering the child B, was his avarice. The Fatalist might say God ordained that he should. The Determinist, according to M. Renard, has now to remove avarice. But we shall soon be entangled in the usual sophistries about "motive" and "cause." Adopting for a moment M. Renard's distinction, let us ask ourselves how far back we are to trace the "causation"? Unless the chain is a circle, it must end somewhere. Where? And what is the difference between that end (supposing we can ever reach it) and the "God" of the Fatalist? Surely, M. Renard is not so childish as to be satisfied with merely proximate "causes"? Everyone is *liable* to avarice. But everyone does not murder a child to gratify his avarice. We must go back and search for remoter, and ever remoter causes, until we have such an accumulation, and yet so far from the beginning, that the boldest mind might well shrink from trying to apply a method of this kind practically. If a man at any given moment cannot help acting in a certain way, doing a certain thing, because of the pressure upon him at that moment of the accumulated causes of the whole world's history, which when stripped of rhetoric and sentiment, is what M. Renard seems to mean, I confess that I find it very difficult to distinguish

this in any practical way from pure Fatalism, or M. Renard's chain of causation, from the Mahommedan's Allah. The only real difference is in the form of the expression; and here I think the Mussulman has distinctly the best of it. He does not mean any more than M. Renard means, that Allah is always interfering; he means that each man's fortune has been allotted to him, that he must meet his fate good or bad, and like all Orientals he clothes these ideas in the simplest words; he personifies. His "God" is M. Renard's "chain of causes," that is all. But while M. Renard is the most illogical of Determinists, I have always understood that logical, or "hard" Determinists, as Professor James calls them, borrowing an entirely false analogy from the "uniformity" and "continuity" of the physical universe, have accepted the like cast-iron scheme for man's conduct; that, in a word, they do believe that no man, under any conceivable circumstances, could have acted otherwise than he has acted, and that were we not time-limited beings, we might see that every act in the longest life was actually done before the actor was (in our phrase) born. M. Renard is not that kind of Determinist. Indeed, had he not professed himself a Determinist, and renounced all intercourse with the pernicious doctrine of Free Will, I should have been inclined to conclude that there was little, if any, appreciable difference (none at all when he comes to practical applications) between his idea of Determinism, and my idea of Free Will. But his idea of Free Will is altogether different from mine.

He enters the arena with this War Cry, "Resignez vous a cette verite, qui est la meme sous deux formes differentes; Tout fait a une cause; tout acte a un motif."

It is plain that if we amplify this a little, only one step further, we shall make M. Renard a present of his coveted dialectical victory. I have observed on more than one occasion, while conducting controversies with partially informed "determinists" that they set a high price on this merely verbal triumph. You admit, they say, that we have the best of the "argument," and you offer us no proof of the Freedom of the Will. Why don't you resign? I go much further; I say that as they state their premisses, there is no room for argument. Their conclusion is contained in their major premiss. Thus no effect without a cause. The will is an effect.

Therefore it is caused, *i.e.*, determined. It is perfectly true that our minds are so constituted that, given the terms Cause and Effect, in their common connotations, we cannot think of the one without the other; an uncaused effect is unthinkable, and so, perhaps, is a "first" cause; but that is merely a verbal tangle, arising out of the meaning of the terms we are using. The same difficulty presents itself when we talk of an "unmotived" "will," though here I doubt whether it is so ineradicably rooted in our processes of thought. "Will" ordinarily connotes motive. In morals, motive means that which influences the Will, and Will that which receives influence from motives. I am using these terms in the most ordinary colloquial sense. As long as that is so, it is plain that using those words to express related meanings, we cannot think away the only meaning they commonly have. And we are therefore easily victimized in this kind of superficial dialectic. But if we want to get near the truth, we must guard against being netted in word-snares. I have an almost instinctive distrust of the word "cause" just as I have of the word "law." Both are shamefully abused in every discussion of this particular problem; and no better illustration of the truth of what I have just asserted could be found than in a critical perusal of M. Renard's pages. This I shall have no difficulty in proving. But let me pause for a moment, to clear away one serious impediment to any rational discussion of what is the real issue between Free Will and Determinism. M. Renard has persuaded himself (I cannot help sometimes thinking because it is such an effective appeal to the gallery to stick up nine-pins, merely for the sake of bowling them over with the utmost ease) that those who believe in Free Will, believe that the Will never acts upon motives. That it wills, because it wills. He makes his opponent say, "Il vous faut dites vous, une cause pour chaque action. Eh bien, ne cherchez pas si loin. La veritable, la seule cause, c'est ma volunté. Les motifs qui precedent sa decision, sont pour elle des occasions de se determiner, et rien de plus; c'est elle en qualite de force indépendente, qui determine tout, loin d'etre determinéé." (Not a bad statement of the case either as far as it goes.) Then M. Renard replies, "Si je comprends comme il faut, voici ce que ces grand mots signifient;—quand je fais une chose, ce n'est pas parce que je la crois bonne, ou utile, c'est parce que je la veux. . . . . . . Je veux

parce que je veux, tout est dit, c'est le dernier mot du libre arbitre." And thenceforward, with wearisome iteration, M. Renard twits his adversaries with maintaining that the will *acts*, unmotived; acts without reason (as though the propositions were interchangeable, apparently wholly unconscious of the profoundly suggestive clue which what we call "unreasonable" or "irrational" acts, affords to a clearer comprehension of the truth). I do not think that any Libertarian contends that the Will is unmotived; in the extremest cases, he is willing to admit that there may have been a motive, however obscure and irrational; but I for one would submit that the Will is quite capable of willing (not of performing) the impossible achievements, and that it can both will and achieve acts for which no rational motive can be discovered. We shall have to go a little deeper into this question of "motive" which has been so fertile of misunderstanding and has flooded the subject with muddy thought. For the present, it is enough to say that M. Renard's quarrel with Free Will is almost entirely groundless, a figment of his own imagination.

Every effect has a cause; this triumphant generalization, with which Determinists are so ready to club all who venture to differ from them, requires very careful examination. It may be doubted whether it will be found to be nearly as effective as it is usually thought to be. First we need to be very clear what we mean by cause. It is an old story that Aristotle gives the word more than sixty and Plato more than forty meanings. And it is an older story still that ninety per cent. at least of the Determinists who rely on it so strongly, have never taken the trouble either to analyze the meaning of the word, or to satisfy themselves of its applicability to their special uses. I need only refer to that brilliant speculator, and great scientist, W. K. Clifford, as authority for the proposition that the generalization cannot be known to be true even of the whole physical Universe. I suppose it will be conceded that when we speak of cause and effect in the domains of Science we really mean no more than that in a routine of sense impressions, there is an observable series, antecedents and consequents. Just as "cause" and "effect" connote and imply each other, so do "antecedents" and "consequents." And we really mean that where we have observed a consequent, we may be able or ought in time to be able

to observe the antecedent. But even in a sequence of observed phenomena (unless it be circular) there must come a point at which we are unable to trace the antecedent of the last observed consequent, itself the antecedent of the following consequent. When we find an effect, if you choose to adhere to that term, the "cause" or "antecedent" of which altogether eludes us, we are apt to say, "the cause of so and so must for ever remain a mystery." Upon this Clifford very justly observes:—"The nervous system of my umbrella must for ever remain a mystery to me. But my umbrella has no nervous system. So that 'effect' has *no cause* in any sense in which you understand the word." The Determinists claim to have a monopoly of the scientific side of the argument. But Science will only attempt to answer "reasonable" questions; you may put it a hundred questions, involving the "why" of its formulæ, and it will turn away, as we often have to turn away from the babbling inquisitiveness of little children. The Determinists of M. Renard's way of thinking put the fundamental question in the way of a major premiss, which is carried over by an utterly unwarrantable process from the province of observable phenomena. to a province in which the phenomena being purely subjective are only phenomena to the introspective subject and then make it answer itself. We know that men act in certain ways; their acts are observable phenomena; we are all agreed that they act because they will to act (whether intelligently or unintelligently has no bearing on this part of the argument), in other words, that their acts are caused by their will. Now comes the Determinist with two questions which he appears to think are virtually identical: (1) What caused the Will to cause the act? To that no scientific answer in the sense in which science explains its own "causation" is possible. The operation of the Will is wholly screened from us. I do not say that it must ever remain so; I merely say that at present it is. (2) Why did the Will cause the act? This is one of those "whys?" with which science declines to have any commerce. You might as well ask a scientist why bodies fall as they do, or why gases behave as they do, or why the moon is or is not made of green cheese. The only information we can ever get (outside ourselves) as to what caused the will to act, or "why" it acted, we must get from the actor

himself, and however elaborately he tries to frame his explanation, it comes out in the last analysis, to this and no more (in the case of all uncontrolled acts) "I did it because I wanted to do it." Turning here to a much abler and profounder expositor of scientific Determinism (if it is fair to say that he does commit himself to any such theory at all), we find Mr. Pearson illustrating the absurdity of any theory that the Will is a first and arbitrary cause by some such reasoning as this. You will to throw a stone. But the moment the stone leaves your hand, it is subject to the "law" of gravitation; you might Will for ever to throw it a mile, it would fall to the earth at a calculable place and time. Your supposed Freedom looked at as an originating cause is quite illusory. It is surprising to find so profound and acute a reasoner as Mr. Carl Pearson availing himself of such an argument. No one supposes that the Will is capable of overturning the Universe about it. No one supposes that by Willing to remove Mt. Blanc (for as yet the most earnest exercises of faith have not removed mountains, in the literal sense) a man could remove it. But the point is quite different. Within the scope of a man's own activity and reach, he can effect changes (infinitely slight and unimportant changes, certainly) in the disposition of matter around him. He can effect definite results. If he is within a yard of a window, he can throw a stone against it, with the "intention" of breaking it, and if nothing intervenes, he will break that window. He uses the "laws" of nature to help him in effecting his purpose. If he tries to effect a purpose in violation of or excess of those "laws," he must of course fail. But I do not see that is any argument against the "freedom of the will" in the only rational sense in which libertarians use those words.

The theory of secondary "causation," in which Mr. Pearson has to take refuge against the conclusion, for some strange reason so hateful to scientifically trained minds, that the Will is free (within its own very small and circumscribed sphere) to do or to forbear doing acts, seems to me hardly distinguishable from the case scornfully put by Mr. Pearson's distinguished predecessor, "My umbrella's nervous system must for ever remain a mystery to me. Because it *has none*." I do not, therefore, admit the proposition, every effect has a cause, as applied to the problem of Free Will, any

more than I admit it to be exactly true (in any sense in which scientific men use the word "cause") for the whole Universe. M. Renard will, I am sure, be shocked at this summary upheaval of the foundation of his whole argument. For in good truth, the beginning and the end of the volume of nearly two hundred pages, lies in the announcement of the major premiss. It is impossible, he says, for the human reason to conceive of an undetermined Will; every such effort smashes itself against the inexorable. There is no effect without a cause. And there he might as well have stopped (p. 20). For nothing which follows adds to, while much greatly detracts from, the apparent strength of this position. But much the same (intellectual) difficulty attends the Kantian antinomies. Space must be finite or infinite, and yet it is impossible (perhaps) to conceive it as either. So with the divisibility of matter. What Kant probably meant was that either assertion was unwarranted by our knowledge, not that neither could be true. But the truth probably is that these antinomies which are so perplexing are so because of the connotations of the terms in which they are stated. A limit in ordinary parlance is that which separates space from space, and therefore ex-vi-termini, to talk of limiting *all* space, is absurd. On the other hand, space being only (it is submitted) in reality a mode of thought, making relations between bodies possible, there is no practical sense in the question. Is space infinite? As long as we go on discovering bodies, they will have to be in spatial relation to one another *for us*. There is just as little sense in the question. *Is* space finite? The illicit importation of the concepts "cause and effect" from the phenomenal world, to the sphere of subjectivity, must of course create precisely that kind of confusion of thought on which the Determinists rely for their easy dialectical victory. But because it may be generally true (in the sense in which we have learnt to use those words) that the mind cannot conceive an effect without a cause, it is utterly untrue to say that the mind cannot conceive of the will as determining itself to action (within its own limited sphere). Because this is precisely what every unsophisticated human being does conceive and has conceived since the world began. He may be wrong, but it is none the less certain that is what he does conceive. And therefore it is not legitimate to use the alleged impossibility of his conceiving (a faultily analogous concept) a similar undetermined effect (or cause) in the whole range

of sense impressions as a conclusive argument against the fact of the Will being self-determined. I am well aware that the superior modern philosopher despises the appeal to what their predecessors regarded as intuitive knowledge. If Dr. Johnson were to-day to reply, to M. Renard, "Sir, we know the Will is free and there's an end on't," he would have to encounter (to quote Nietzsche) " a smile and two notes of interrogation." But taking the risk cheerfully of being met by supercilious sneers of that kind, I shall venture to submit, that the best as well as the only "proof" available to us, as what we can obtain first from ourselves, and then from the testimony of others like ourselves, as to what they have observed in themselves, at the moment of action, in other words whether we and they are agreed in the "knowledge" that the will is free. We may, of course, all be mistaken; but regarded merely as proof, what better can we find? I shall have occasion to notice briefly the "proof" which M. Renard light-heartedly offers of the "non-freedom" of the Will; and I think the very slightest consideration will suffice to show, that except in the minds of those who have already pre-judged the cause, it is no proof at all, certainly not proof enough for the most Draconian tribunal to hang a dog on. It is noteworthy that in spite of the contempt which Nietzsche hints for all who profess "immediate" knowledge (in the metaphysical sense), his own analysis of the Will is the result of the most careful introspection. He has no language too strong for the condemnation of "free will" in the high metaphysical sense, by which, I think, he means the transcendental sense of Schopenhauer, (towards whom he was bitterly intolerant), but when he has ridiculed this conception, which involves nothing less than to be the *causa sui* "and with more than Munchausen daring, to pull oneself up into existence by the hair, out of the slough of nothingness," he goes on to enter a very useful caveat. "If anyone should find out in this manner the crass stupidity of the celebrated conception of Free Will, and put it out of his head altogether, I beg of him to carry his enlightenment a step further, and also put out of his head. . . . non-free will, which is tantamount to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly materialize cause and effect, as the natural philosophers do, who make the cause press and push till it effects its end. One should use cause and effect only as pure conceptions, that is to say, as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation and mutual

understanding—*not* for explanation." That is a very pregnant piece of advice, which may give M. Renard food for further reflection.

F. C. O. BEAMAN

Bombay.

(To be concluded.)

AT THE THEATRE.

Can all the radiant glory of the stage
  Or luring graces of the actor's art
  E'er quench my passion's thirst or calm my heart
That longs to reach the lover's golden age ?

Can sweetest bards in Drama's realms assuage
  The pain of wanton Cupid's cruel dart
  With healing balms, or else by magic art
Illume with glowing life youth's hopeful page ?

'Tis vain to seek for all that bliss, or birth
  Of youth's romance, by aid of stage or bard.
Thy hallowed presence has the gift ; thy voice
Enchanting power ; eyes, all sought for joys
  Of life ; thy ruby lips are Love's reward ;
Thy heart, the peerless Crown for man on earth.

P. SESHADRI

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, BART., K.C.S.I.

A PIONEER OF INDIAN LEGAL REFORM.

AMONGST the pioneers of legal reform in India who paved the way to a great extent for the work that is now being so vigorously carried on, special recognition is due to the late Sir James itzjames Stephen, the codifier of Indian criminal law, who, alike in his practice and writings, strenuously upheld the principle of equal justice for all, irrespective of race or creed. From early boyhood the future judge seems to have had a great predilection for everything connected with India, and when, late in life, occasion rose, he displayed a grasp of the complex political situation there rare even amongst those specially trained to deal with its problems. His clearness of vision and judicial insight enabled him to realize from the first the truth, too often lost sight of, that the permanency of British supremacy must depend not on military force alone but on an impartial system of law, representing a moral victory far more striking and durable than the physical orce which has rendered it possible. "Such a system of legislation consistently carried out with regard to Europeans and natives alike," he justly observes, "exercises over the minds of the people an influence in many ways comparable to that of a new religion," and he adds the pregnant remark that goes to the very root of the matter and suggests the real remedy for the present unrest in India, "Law is so to speak the Gospel of the English, a compulsory Gospel which admits of no dissent and of no disobedience."

James Fitzjames Stephen was born in London in 1829, and was the second son of James Stephen, a noted lawyer, who, for some years, held the important position of Colonial Under-Secretary. A man of high principles and keen intelligence, who exercised a

considerable influence over the colonial policy of his time, though owing to official etiquette his best work received no public recognition, the elder Stephen brought up his children with old-fashioned strictness holding up before them a high ideal of conduct. "He was," says his son, the distinguished author Leslie Stephen, "a living categorical imperative," who, in spite of his deep love for his boys, inspired them with no little awe, and he quotes as a proof of their intuitive recognition of his stern sense of duty the naive reply of one of them to their mother's question: "Did you ever know your father do a thing because it was pleasant?" "Yes, when he married you."

Though as is clearly brought out in the deeply interesting Biography * by his brother, the whole life of James Fitzjames Stephen—who generally used his second Christian name only to distinguish him from his father—was profoundly influenced by the teaching of the latter, he also owed much to his mother, who was the daughter of the Rev. John Venn, a member of the strict Clapham sect, but for all that a man of so loveable a disposition that he was looked upon as a saint even by his religious opponents. His daughter seems to have inherited much of his sweetness of character, combined with a sturdy common sense of her own that saved her from going to extremes either of indulgence or discipline in the treatment of her boys and girls [illegible]o found in her an ever ready sympathiser in their interests and [illegible]ities. In Fitzjames she appears to have had a somewhat d[illegible]ubject, for he very early developed a habit of intros[illegible] which, if it had been injudiciously treated, might have [illegible]ed morbid self-consciousness. It is recorded by Mrs. [illegible] in her Diary, which she kept without a break for over [illegible] years, that on one occasion when the boy was shut up in his room as a punishment, she overheard him indulging in a long soliloquy in which he admitted his error, contrasted his position with that of the happy little people who were even then enjoying toast and sugar and declaring himself to be like Pharaoh on the wicked king's last night. Yet when he was released from durance vile he said he had been naughty on purpose and some days afterwards he constantly asked to be punished.

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* The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., by his brother Leslie Stephen: Smith and Elder.

Later, he announced his belief that the best plan would be to be wicked all your life and repent at last, quoting the Emperor Constantine as a convincing case in point.

In 1836 Fitzjames was sent to school at Brighton where he appears to have done well on the whole, though he often got into disgrace for occupying himself, as his master said, with things too high for him. In 1842 his parents having by that time removed to Windsor, he and his brother Leslie became up-town boys at Eton, anything but an enviable position, day scholars being looked upon and treated as pariahs unfit to associate with the boarders whose insolent behaviour to them was connived at, if not actually encouraged by the masters. For all that, perhaps indeed because of it, Fitzjames often declared in after life that he owed a deep debt of gratitude to Eton, the discipline he there received having permanently steeled him against oppression, tyranny and unfairness of any kind. It quickly became known in the school that he was not to be bullied with impunity and his brother, who was three years younger than he, tells how he used to interfere on his behalf comparing himself to a willow that bent to the storm and Fitzjames to an oak that met all attacks with open defiance. With dauntless courage [illegible] would stand up against boys much bigger than himself [illegible] blows straight from the shoulder and dexterous backhanders [illegible] readed, and he rose steadily in the school, o[illegible] some respects though not as well as he might have [illegible] favourable auspices. As a matter of course he made [illegible] at Eton, but amongst those few were Thomas Chen[illegible] editor of the *Times*, and Chitty, later his colleague [illegible]

It was not until [illegible] been at Eton for three years, that his father discovered [illegible] wretched he was there, bu[illegible] ing once realized it [illegible] me in removing him. In 18[illegible] he was sent to King's Col[illegible] and he himself relates that when he finally severed his [illegible] with the place where he had spent the only unhappy years [illegible] life, that he gave vent to his joy at his release by tearing off the white tie which he looked upon as a symbol of degradation; and stamping upon it.

Lodgings having been found for him [illegible] Highgate, Fitzjames Stephen entered King's College on October 1st, 1845, walking the

four miles to town every morning and returning by omnibus in the evening. A new era now began for him and he felt that he was no longer a boy but a man with a definite purpose in life, no longer an outcast amongst his fellow-students but an equal of the best. His peculiar intellectual gifts and high moral character were recognized from the first; one of his earliest friends was the late Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Durham, with whom he used to have endless discussions on politics, literature, &c., and he was fortunate enough to come under the influence of the Rev. Frederick Maurice, then one of the Professors at the College, whose charming personality won all hearts and who for a time was looked up to by Fitzjames as an inspired prophet able to reconcile the conflicting claims of philosophy and religion.

In the King's College Debating Society, Stephen, whose straightforward physical blows had won him respect at Eton, soon distinguished himself by his forcible eloquence, winning the appropriate nickname of "Giant Grim" and giving proof of the acute reasoning powers that were to stand him in such good stead in his legal career. In 1846 he won a scholarship and the following year, after carrying off a prize for an Essay, he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, where though strange to say he won no academic distinction, he made a very decided mark of his own. In the eloquent words of his fellow-undergraduate and life-long friend, the Rev. H. [illegible] Watson quoted in the Biography already referred to, "his [illegible] ture, singular force of character, his powerful, but at the sa[illegible] unwieldly intellect, his . . . warmth of sympathy with an[illegible] to friends in trouble or anxiety, his steadiness in the [illegible] his opinions and the maintenance of his principles, [illegible] smallest concession for popularity's sake. . . a[illegible] combined in the formation of an individuality which [illegible] know intimately and fail to be convinced [illegible] only [illegible] wanting for the achievement of no ordinary distinc[illegible]

Early elected to the [illegible], and to the yet more exclusive and intellectual Cambridge Conversazione Society, familiarly known as the "Apostles," whose numbers rarely exceeded six, Fitzjames Stephen at once impressed all who heard him speak with his oratorical gifts. The "Giant Grim" of King's College, London,

became the "British Lion" of Cambridge, and many are the anecdotes told of the dread in which his pithy arguments and clever repartees were held by his opponents, who were indeed sometimes only with difficulty restrained from actual physical assaults upon the enemy.

At Cambridge Stephen formed friendships with some of the ablest men of the day, including Henry Sumner Maine, many years later his predecessor on the Council of India, whom he had already met in the summer vacation of 1845, E. H. Stanley afterwards Lord Derby, William (later Sir William) Harcourt, the future Canon Holland, Monkton Milnes, later Lord Houghton, James Spedding, the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, James Grant Duff and Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, all of whom expected great things of him and were both surprised and disappointed when after twice failing to secure a scholarship at Trinity, he suddenly threw up the game and left Cambridge. His greatest ambition, he himself had confessed, was to become a fellow of Trinity which could then only be secured by a scholar of the same college, and when in 1885, nearly forty years later, he was elected an honorary fellow in recognition of his high position as a lawyer, and the services he had rendered to legal literature, he declared he valued the distinction more than any of the many compliments he had received. He himself attributed his non-success to the discursive nature of his studies, his mind being over full [illegible] thoughts about religion, morals, politics and all sorts of subj[illegible] now resolved to choose a definite profession and conc[illegible] whole attention upon preparing for it. After hesitatin[illegible] between the church and the law he elected for the latter, [illegible] do so by the advice of Kenneth Macaulay with whom he was [illegible] late[illegible]sociated on circuit, and having gone through the usual [illegible] o[illegible]y he was called to the bar on January 26th, 18[illegible], passing [illegible] afterwards with distinction [illegible]ination for the Bachelor [illegible] degree at the University [illegible]on.

[illegible]n London Stephen met again [illegible] Cambridge friend, the Rev. Llewelyn Davies, then hard at w[illegible] amongst the London poor, and some of the young lawyer's le[illegible] time was spent in helping [illegible]im, that help occasionally taking t[illegible] form of guarding him from attacks of roughs in his open air preaching. Stephen also now

began to write articles for the *Christian Observer*, a fact that had vital consequences for him, for during his visits to the editor, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow, he fell in love with his daughter Mary, who became his wife in 1855.

For many years after his call to the bar Stephen, who with no interest to aid him, had to fight his way up step by step, was compelled to eke out his professional earnings by journalism, writing constantly for the *Saturday Review*, the *National Review*, and other papers, but he never for one moment regretted his choice of a career. As he himself often said, he was a lawyer by nature, and the chief ambition of his life was to win a position in which he could influence legal practice for good and speak with authority on legal subjects. That he also cherished dreams of literary success there is no doubt, but that success he desired only as auxiliary to the main purpose of his life, all his books dealing more or less directly with law and its moral basis. On his very first circuit, the Midland, his eager enthusiasm won golden opinions from his fellow-barristers amongst whom were his old friends Arthur Coleridge, who had been one of his very few intimates at Eton, James Grant Duff, Kenneth Macaulay then leader, and Franklin Lushington. Writing to his brother the last named says of Fitzjames, "No attorney looking at the rows of wigs in the back benches could fail to recognize in him a man who would give his whole mind to the task before him. It was natural to him to look the industrious apprentice he really was; always craving for work of all kinds and ready at a moment's notice to turn from one task to another. I used to notice him at one moment busy writing an article in complete abstraction, and at the next devouring at full speed the contents of a brief just put into his hand and ready directly to argue the case."

To his old schoolfellow Arthur Coleridge, Stephen owed the suggestion made to the judges that he should defend prisoners not provided with counsel, a ta k thoroughly congenial to him, for as proved by many allusions in his writings, criminal cases exercised a peculiar fascination over him, and his sympathies had been early aroused for the unfortunate creatures who, he says, "used to be called up into court from the vasty deep through a kind of meat-safe door by the attendant demon of a gaoler, to be sent back

again after sentence, to terms of from one week to six years' imprisonment according to circumstances."

Stephen's exertions on behalf of the prisoners won him a good deal of notice from men of high position in the legal profession including Lord Campbell, then Chief Justice, Chief Baron Pollock, Lord Bramwell and Mr. Justice Wills, and in the summer of 1857 he was, to his great delight, chosen to defend the notorious murderer, Bacon, who was tried at the Lincoln Assizes for the murder of his mother, and on whose terrible career of crime Fitzjames had already written a very powerful article in the *Saturday Review* in which he likened the sequence of events to one of the tragedies of Æschylus. The Bacon case was the first really important one on which Stephen was engaged and with youthfu hopefulness he felt that his fortune was already made, but he observes in a characteristic letter written in court "that he was never calmer in his life and has always in a way of his own truly and earnestly trusted in God to help him." The line of defence he took up was that the prisoner was not the guilty person, but that the poison had been administered by his wife who had been convicted in the spring of the murder of her two young children in a fit of insanity. The plea failed and Bacon was condemned to death, but the young counsel was very highly complimented by the judge on the speech he had made, so that in spite of having lost his case he felt that he had not laboured in vain.

Although even after this hopeful beginning remunerative work was still slow to come, Stephen had now a recognized position as an able barrister, and in June 1858 he received the high compliment of being made Secretary to the Royal Education Commission on the recommendation of the chairman, the Duke of Newcastle, who had been much struck by his skilful treatment of legal questions in the journalistic press. The appointment was no sinecure, for the work of the commission extended over three years, and in addition to attendance at all its sittings, Stephen had to draw up a report of its proceedings and the conclusions at which it arrived. In this report he displayed a keenness of insight into general principles and a grasp of the bearings of intricate details, that won him very high commendation from the commissioners, one of whom, the Rev. William Rogers, declares that "to him was due much of the

success with which he and his colleagues were able to lay down the future lines of popular education."

Meanwhile, in spite of his arduous duties in connection with the Commission, Stephen was working hard at his two professions, law and literature, attending circuits and sessions, writing in many different magazines and collecting materials for a history of Criminal Law that was to see the light a few years later. In 1859, through the recommendation of Mr. Bethell, then Attorney-General, who as Lord Westbury eventually became Lord Chancellor, Fitzjames was made Recorder of Newark, an appointment that, though its salary was only forty pounds a year, he greatly valued, for it gave him what he had long desired—an opportunity of gaining experience as a judge. To have been chosen by such a man as Bethell, to whom he was personally scarcely known, was, moreover, in itself a source of great gratification to him, and to the end of his life Stephen retained a strong admiration for the eminent lawyer, vigorously defending him against the attacks of his political opponents, and after his resignation publishing a most eloquent eulogy on his career, in which the important legal reforms inaugurated by him were dwelt upon with convincing force.

In the autumn of 1859, Stephen was greatly saddened by the death of his father, whose deep interest in his work and sympathy with his aims had had a most inspiring effect upon him, and in December of the same year two other men to whom he had been deeply attached, the profound jurist and eloquent Utilitarian John Austin, and the great historian Lord Macaulay, passed away, leaving their many friends and admirers with a sense of irreparable loss. Stephen's private sorrows were not, however, allowed to interfere with his work, though he found time to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of his father in a brief Biography published in 1860, and to write appreciative articles on Austin and Macaulay in the *Edinburgh* and *Saturday Reviews.* In 1861, he gained another step in the long uphill climb of legal progress, by receiving from Chief Baron Pollock a revising barristership in North Derbyshire, his old friend Kenneth Macaulay to whom he already owed so much presenting him with the red bag coveted by all young barristers as ma k of the appreciation of the leader of the bar. This was a turning point in nis career, for his

practice at once began to improve. He was soon afterwards employed on several important cases including those of a man who had killed a girl who had jilted him, and of Dr. Rowland Williams, who was accused of denying the inspiration of the Bible. In the former that was tried at Warwick, Kenneth Macaulay and Stephen were counsel for the defence, and the latter in his account of the scene in court describes the anguish he went through, feeling as if he were himself partly responsible for the death of the unfortunate victim as he tried, though in vain, to plead the cause of the murderer. "It was," he says, "the most dramatic affair I had so far been engaged in. The convict's family were respectable people and behaved admirably. The poor mother sat by me and said, 'I feel as if I could cling to anyone who could help him,' and she put her hand on my arm and held it so that I could feel every beat of her pulse. Her fingers clutched me every time her heart beat. The daughters too were dreadfully moved, but behaved with the greatest natural dignity and calmness." Though Macaulay and Stephen did their best to save him, much it must be owned against the grain, the murderer was convicted and sentenced to be hung, but in the end he was reprieved on the ground that he had gone out of his mind after the trial. Whether this was true or not he soon afterwards gave proof that his mind was unhinged or his remorse for his crime too great for him to care to live, for he managed to elude the vigilance of the gaolers and committed suicide.

The case of Dr. Williams which was tried in the Court of Arches at Canterbury differed essentially from that of the disappointed lover, and in it Stephen displayed a remarkable knowledge of the points at issue, taking a very original line in the defence of his client, boldly claiming for him and others the right to criticize the Bible freely. His case, it is true, was lost, the judge, Lord Westbury, overruling all his contentions, but later Dr. Williams appealed to the Committee of the Privy Council and obtained a reversal of the sentence. In the interval Stephen published a pamphlet on the subject of the trial that attracted a great deal of notice on account of its masterly reasoning, and during the following year appeared in Fraser's Magazine a number of able articles on religious questions including one on Newman's "Apologia" in which

the position of the famous divine is very clearly defined and the writer's own deepest convictions are betrayed.

In 1863 appeared Stephen's first important book, the "General View of the Criminal Law of England," on which he had been engaged at intervals for many years and in which, to quote his own description of his aim, "he attempted to give an account of the general scope, tendency and design of an important part of English Institutions of which," he added, "surely none can have a greater moral significance, or be more closely connected with broad principles of morality and politics, than those by which men rightfully, deliberately and in cold blood, kill, enslave or otherwise torment their fellow-creatures"—a sentence peculiarly significant of the writer's habit of looking facts straight in the face. In this remarkable publication is clearly revealed, not only the wide legal knowledge and critical acumen of its author, but also what is far rarer in men of his profession who are liable to become hardened by familiarity with crime, his intense sympathy with suffering, even that of the degraded, and his earnest desire for a reform of the Criminal Law that shall remove the disabilities and hardships endured by the accused even when innocent. "There is a scene," he says, "which most lawyers know by heart, but which I can never witness without pain... when the prisoner, confused by the unfamiliar surroundings and by the legal rules which he does not understand, tries to question the adverse witness, and muddles up the examination with what ought to be his speech for the defence, and not knowing how to examine, is at last reduced to utter perplexity and thinks it respectful to be silent." He eagerly advocated the interrogation of the prisoner under such restrictions as would prevent any unfair bullying but at the same time help a man falsely accused to bear testimony in his own behalf. It must, however, be added that in his opinion what was really needed was the reform only, not the alteration of the law as it now stands.

The book on Criminal Law, that brought the writer many laudatory reviews, but little substantial reward, was scarcely launched before Stephen embarked on another important enterprise, for he became a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the first number of which appeared early in 1865, and to which in the course of the next few years, in spite of the considerable increase

in his legal practice, he contributed several hundreds of articles. In them he often used India as an example of the political views he wished to enforce, revealing unconsciously as it were that his thoughts often turned to the East. *Apropos*, for instance, what he thought should be the ideal of Government at home, he says that "the whole fabric of Indian Empire is a monument of skill, courage and on the whole of justice and energy such as the world never saw before," and how to deal with that great inheritance bequeathed to us by the courage of heroes and the wisdom of statesmen seemed to him one of the most important questions of the day. He mourns over the weakness and want of permanency of the Government that seems incapable of carrying through any great measure and animadverts on the unsatisfactory construction of legal codes in India that he considered of a piece with the short-sighted policy that destroyed the value of the great work of legal reform begun by Lord Westbury that to some extent, though he knew it not, foreshadowed what he himself was to achieve on the Indian Council.

In 1866, Stephen was one of the barristers consulted by the members of the Jamaica Commission for enquiring into the conduct of Governor Eyre, who it will be remembered had caused Gordon, the supposed ringleader of the insurrection in the island, to be summarily tried by court-martial and hanged. Stephen took the view that the Governor had exceeded the proper limits of his power, for he had put the accused to death not because of his guilt, which was not fully proved, but because it had seemed to him expedient to get him out of the way for political reasons. Not content with a mere expression of opinion, Stephen was also instrumental in getting the holders of the court-martial, General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, committed for trial for murder, making a remarkable speech that won him high commendation from the Bench, but later he withdrew from the case, for he himse recognized the danger of the vindictive persecution of men who, after all, were under the impression that they were doing their duty.

In 1868 Stephen, who had been recently employed on several very important arbitration causes, at last took silk and at the Leeds Assizes he had the great satisfaction of acting as one of the judges

displaying in his new character the same courtesy and forbearance to prisoners as he had shown when he was acting as heir defender.

That same year, truly, an eventful one for Stephen, it was suggested by his old friend, Sir Henry Maine, who since 1862 had been Legal Member of the Council in India and wished to retire, that he should succeed him in that responsible post, which is to-day occupied, for the first time, by an Indian Barrister, Mr. S. P. Sinha. The idea of course appealed very forcibly to Fitzjames, not only on account of the congenial work he would have to do, but for several private reasons, especially the fact that his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Cunningham, was Public Prosecutor in the Punjab. For all that he doubted greatly whether he ought to yield to the fascinating proposal, and hesitated to take any definite steps in the matter. He had now many ties in England that made it difficult for him to leave it for any length of time. To begin with, he had now seven children, and it would be impossible to take them and his wife with him, and in addition to his work at the bar he had no less than five books in view, including, by the way, one on the relations of the mother-country to India and the Colonies, not to speak of a very important volume that should embody a complete history of morals and law that he hoped to achieve before he died. He writes to a friend, "It would be foolish when things are looking well on circuit, to leave a really flourishing business to gratify a taste, though I must own that my own views and Henry Cunningham's letters give me almost a missionary feeling about the country." All the time, however, there was really from the first little doubt of what the end would be, for though he said he must resist the temptation, the call of the East was too strong for him. He began to collect books on India, dwelt on the fact that the post, which had been first held by Lord Macaulay, had been offered to his father, and finally on May 11th he wrote to the India Office expressing his readiness to take up the appointment. It was finally given to him on July 2nd, and he had not yet started for India when the Chief Justiceship of Calcutta, that had suddenly become vacant, was offered to him, but with characteristic stedfastness of purpose he decided to decline it, because of a conviction that he could best serve the true interests of India as a member of the Council, with a voice in the making of her laws.

Though he felt the parting from his wife and family very keenly, Fitzjames Stephen set sail in good spirits and kept down useless regrets on the voyage by writing articles for various magazines. He used sometimes jokingly to declare that if he were sentenced to solitary confinement he would while away the time by scratching essays on the walls of his cell with a nail, and he could always find relief from painful thoughts by writing for the press even though, as sometimes happened, he saw cause to cancel the publication of his outpourings at the last moment. Letters written on board ship and soon after his arrival at Calcutta to his wife, who joined him for a time in 1870, his mother, Miss Thackeray now Lady Ritchie, Venables, Froude, Carlyle and other friends, are full of anecdotes showing how deep was his interest in everything connected with India, and how vivid were the first impressions made on him by that magic land which, great as were his expectations, did not disappoint him in the least, but in some respects surpassed his most sanguine imaginings. His own duties filled him with the greatest enthusiasm, for he had at last found a task that would test his powers to the uttermost. His brother-in-law, Sir Henry Cunningham, came from the Punjab to welcome him, and spent a few days with him, the two eagerly discussing questions connected with the work to be done by Stephen, who confided to his guest his great desire to aid in the much-needed reform of Indian criminal law. Left alone, he lost no time in taking up his duties, and in one of his letters home he gloats over the prospects before him, declaring that in his opinion "his functions are of more importance than those discharged by the Lord Chancellor of England," adding that "he feels like a schoolboy let loose in a pastry cook's shop with unlimited credit, for the dainties provided in the way of legislative business are attractive in kind and boundless in quantity."

What impressed the new legal member of the Council most during the early days of his tenure of office was the great numerical difference between the governors and the governed. "The little group of Englishmen who have to rule a country comparable in size to the whole of Europe without Russia," he says, "seemed to him to combine the attributes of a parish vestry and an Imperial Government, for the whole Civil Service of India has

fewer members than there are boys at one or two of our public schools. Imagine the Eton and Harrow boys grown to middle age; suppose them to be scattered over France, Spain, Italy, Germany and England, governing the whole population and yet knowing all about each other with the old school-boy intimacy. They will combine an interest in the largest problems of government with an interest in disputes as petty as those about the rules of Eton and Harrow football."

From first to last, as proved again and again by word and action, Fitzjames Stephen fully appreciated the sterling qualities of the greater number of the members of the Indian Civil and Military Services, speaking, for instance, of the latter in a letter to Lady Ritchie as being just the "right kind of metal to take India and keep it," and in his farewell speech to the Council before his return home he declared that he had "never seen anything to equal the general level of zeal, intelligence, public spirit and vigour maintained by the public service of the country." Yet in spite of this high praise he was not blind to the grave evils that often underlie Anglo-Indian Society. He held himself sternly aloof from the frivolous distractions in which so many of his fellow exiles found relief from hard work, and above all he set his face determinedly against the arrogant treatment of natives that is responsible for so much of the unrest and discontent that is now causing grave anxiety to the authorities, upholding vigorously on every possible occasion the vital truth that "strict justice, private as well as public, to all classes, races and creeds is the one principle that can give stability to British rule."

To understand the work done in India by Fitzjames Stephen it is necessary to be, to some extent, familiar with that of his predecessors on the Council, a very clear account of which is given by his brother in the biography which has been the chief authority consulted in the preparation of the present article. He explains, to begin with, that the demand for codification was one of the traditions of the Utilitarians, as the followers of the philosopher Jeremy Bentham were called, adding that in the beginning of the nineteenth century a little band of disciples had gathered about him, the foremost of whom was James Mill on whom his mantle fell when he died on the very eve of entering the land of promise. As early as 1827 Sir

Robert Peel had inaugurated the reform of the criminal law of England, "taking up the work," says Sir Leslie Stephen, "upon which Bentham's friend and disciple, the future master of the Rolls, Lord Romilly, had laboured for years with infinitesimal results."

It was not, however, until after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 that what the biographer aptly calls "the stubborn conservation of the great tacit corporation of lawyers" began to yield, rendering it possible in 1833, when the charter of the East India Company was renewed, to include in it a plan for codification. James Mill, who now held an important position in the India House, had already done much in his evidence before a recent Parliamentary Committee, to prove how great was the need for the proposed changes, and he was now allowed to take a considerable share in the working out of the new system. Most significant of its details was the decision that in future one of the four members of the Council of the Governor-General should be chosen from outside the Company and be permitted to attend only such meetings as would discuss the actual framing of laws. As already stated, Lord Macaulay was the first to hold the office, the importance of which it would be difficult to over-estimate, and the penal code drawn up by him in 1834, soon after his arrival in India, was in the opinion of Fitzjames Stephen, expressed in his "History of Criminal Law,"* "the most remarkable monument of its principal author," whose work he was himself to carry on and bring to practical completeness more than thirty years later. "Literary fashions," he adds, "may change, but Macaulay's penal code has triumphantly stood the ordeal of twenty-one years' experience; and though composed by a man who had scarcely held a brief, has been more successful than any other statute of comparable dimensions. . . it served as a model for all the later Indian codes, and free as it was from the endless verbiage, circumvention and technicalities of English statutes, it became a model of logical precision, and was even entertaining as a piece of literature." That in spite of all these exceptional qualities it should long have remained a dead letter was indeed surprising, but Fitzjames attributed its neglect

* "A History of the Criminal Law of England," by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., D.C.L., 3 vols, 1883. Macmillan & Co.

"not to the indifference of the English Government but to reluctance to interfere in any way with native institutions." "We rubbed on, it seems," he said, "with a sort of compromise between English and Mahomedan criminal law until 1860, when the code, after a careful revision by Sir Barnes Peacock, at that time Chief Justice of Calcutta, finally passed into law."

(*To be concluded.*)

NANCY BELL.

Richmond,
England.

STARRY DREAMS.

How sweet mid-May's delicious breath,
  The rose-pricked hedge—the Blue above,
Yet, sweeter April's sigh of death
  When Earth awakes from the dream of Love !

For though the songs of May are ours
  We miss the silver laugh of Spring,
The innocence of the first white flowers—
  The violet white—the daisy ring !

Then Oh ! for the touch of a faery wand
  To change the Eglantine of May
For those daisy chains that seem so fond,
  Because they cling to memory!

They fill my dream at this late hour
  With the whiteness of a Holy truth—
That April's bud and starry flower
  Are emblems of immortal youth !

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

GALIB, THE URDU POET.

GALIB stands pre-eminent among the Urdu poets of India. His position among the poets of India, though recognised as one of the most conspicuous, still remains to be determined. I am aware of no attempts having been made in that direction. It does not speak much in favour of the critical genius of the Indians that a poet like Galib should have been the object of so little intelligent criticism. I fear the outside world has heard very little of Galib, and this in spite of the fact that his admirers mostly belong to the educated section of the Indian public. That Galib was never a popular poet cannot be gainsaid. His poetry is of the nature not calculated to appeal to popular taste with which a strong imagination, tempered by philosophic insight when mated to a mode of expression, too grand or too sublimely simple for popular appreciation, seldom accords. Those features of his poetry which distinguish him from other poets, and which are responsible for the view which credits him with the highest perfection to which Indian poetry can lay claim, are exactly those which repel the unintelligent reader. The latter turns from the study of Galib, and with an aching head votes it insufferably dull. It is a remarkable fact that Galib is much better known now than he was in his own day. The above statement is easy to explain. He was very unfortunate in his rivals. One of his rivals was no less a person than the "*Ustad*" of Bahadur Shah. The aforesaid circumstance, *viz.*, that of "Zauq" being the "Ustad" of Bahadur Shah, placed Galib in a position of enormous disadvantage as compared to the former. Fortified by royal favours, which are seldom unaccompanied by popularity of the highest degree, "Zauq" relegated his rival to the background, whence he emerged only on the collapse of "Shahi." Moreover, the unhappy choice of style which is to be attributed to his taste for Persian literature, of which he was one of the profoundest scholars in his time, militated not a little against the popular recognition of his genius. These are only some of the difficulties which beset his

path and with which he had to grapple. His victory is posthumous but it is none the less a victory.

It is not compatible with the dignity of a poet to write down his people, though the consequence may be an indefinite postponement of the recognition to which his genius is entitled, and we have the satisfaction that Galib never offended against his literary and poetical conscience, if it be permissible to use that expression, to earn cheap applause. Apart from the fact that it would be presumptuous on my part to profess to write a criticism on Galib, the scope of this article which is very limited forbids any such attempt. I shall content myself with a brief comment on the peculiarities of Galib's poetry which, in my opinion, elevate him above the other Urdu poets and give him no inconspicuous position among the poets of the world. One thing more. The subject of this article is Galib as an Urdu poet, for it must be remembered that Galib wrote most of his poetry in Persian. It is a pity his Persian poetry, which possibly embodies loftier flights of Galib's imagination and more dazzling exhibitions of his genius and intellect, is not much read and admired.

Galib was remarkably original. If you compare his "Dewan" with the "Dewans" of the other Urdu poets, you will at once be convinced of the truth of the above statement. His poetry is thoughtful and philosophic. It is not devoted to the celebration of the beauty and accomplishments, wiles or virtues, faithlessness or devotion of an imaginary sexless entity with no "Dahan" or "*Kamar.*"

Of imagination which creates a prodigy and then endows it with all manner of incredible perfections and imperfections, whims or caprices, he had not happily a large share. His Mashuq was not, like that of latter day poets, Dagh and Amir, an ordinary wench who had got more lovers than she could manage, who would give a kiss to one lover and a dalliance to another simply for the fun of the thing or to tease a grovelling third.

An Ashiq who will bolt away as soon as the mistress begins to lose her seductive charms and select another to lavish the treasures of his affection upon, has not happily much place in his poetry. That explains why the admirers of Galib are not legions yet.

The poetry of Meer, the king of Urdu poets, abounds in sentiment. It affords a glimpse of the Oriental mind saturated with the passion of love. There you see the lover in the full fervour of his passion which is deathless and fathomless, unquenchable and unsuppressible.

But you also perceive the grotesque excesses to which the uncontrolled and ill-guided imagination of the poet leads him. Not seldom

is he unspeakably absurd and ridiculous. The stern realities of mundane life, the insoluble problems which they present to a thinking mind like Galib's, leave the poet unmoved. Not so with Galib. Galib is not only a poet. He is also a philosopher. For the materials of his poetry he does not exclusively rely on his imagination which is as creative as that of any other poets. He does not always live in dreamland and the dream stuff does not predominate in his poetry.

As I have observed above, he is a poet-philosopher. The "how and why" of things also obscures his mind. The Universe with its various manifestations impresses him with awe. The Sufistic explanation of the creation of the Universe appeals to him very strongly, and he explains with an intensity of feeling equalled only by the forcefulness of its expression—

"The Universe is nothing but a manifestation of the unity of God!
"Where could we be but for the Beauty being fond of self-exhibition!"

Galib believed in the world being subject to immutable laws, resistless and unintermittent in their operation. We may not know them but they are working out their ends in consonance with the will of an all-pervading intellect.

To Galib, everything in the world betrays a purposeful design. The numerous proofs of the existence of a guiding spirit or intelligence, are irresistible to him. The whole Universe bears the impress of design.

"The fool, in his delusion, prides himself upon his personal decorations. He does not know that even the blade of grass has got *Saba* (the breeze of the morning) to comb it."

There is an exquisite "gazal" which is a standing protest against the view which denies charm and felicity of expression to Galib. The pathetic simplicity characterizing it appeals strongly to our emotions. He asks:—

"O foolish heart! What has become of thee?
What is the remedy for thy malady?"

What can be more natural for a lover than to think his passion to be sheer madness in his cooler moments and to momentarily yield to reason counselling its renunciation. This gazal also illustrates the poet's sceptical Theism. The above finds expression in words most eloquent. Impressed by the splendours of the Universe suggesting an origin too grand for human comprehension, the Theist exclaims:—

When none is present but thee, what is all this fuss for?
What are these nymph-faced creatures for? What do their blandishments and coquetries signify?
Whence have the flowers and grass come? What is cloud and what is wind?

It reminds one of the well-known passages in Carlyle. "We emerge from the mane, haste stormfully across the astonished Universe and then return to the mane. O God whence? O Heavens whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is from mystery to mystery."

"Though thou pervadest everything, nothing is like thee.
What seems obvious to us is a mystery. Those who have awakened in dream are still sleeping."

The above couplets afford a further peep into the poet's sceptical theism. They suggest a mind deeply imbued with a sense of an all-pervading spirit, defiant and elusive of human comprehension and striving to solve eternal problems and then giving them up as inexplicable. Many more lines can be cited as indicative of this attitude of mind in Galib.

In punishments and rewards in a post-mundane life, or possibly in post-mundane life itself, Galib has no belief. Of Hell and Paradise he always speaks with bitter and unmistakable irony.

"We know the truth about "paradise." It is a good idea to amuse yourself with.
O Preacher, what a peculiar thing your "*sharab tahur*" is. You can neither drink it yourself; nor can you make others drink it."

The derision with which he speaks of these celestial institutions is apparently due to the orthodox interpretation of them in the light of crude human conception of bliss and happiness. Such an interpretation was an insult to his intelligence.

"Granting that what we hear in praise of paradise is all correct we wish, O God, if it were the place of Thy august presence."

The above couplet further indicates how revolting to Galib's intellect was the idea of supreme physical comfort and happiness associated in popular imagination with Paradise. To Galib, Paradise bore a spiritual signification at the most, and he could not conceive of a better and more fitting reward for terrestrial virtues than the sight of the Almighty.

Galib was a pessimist to the backbone. The unhappy vein of pessimism running through his poetry is not difficult to discover.

> " Nothing but death can cure the existence of its woes and sufferings. The candle has got to burn until the morning."
>
> " The shackles of life and the bondage of woes are the same. Why should a man be freed from his sorrows before his death ?"

These are only a few of the many couplets which indicate Galib's predilection for that view of life of which Omar Khayyam was the greatest exponent. With the former, as with the latter, sufferings are inseparably wedded to human existence, rather to suffer is the penalty we have got to pay for living. To snatch a momentary respite from these sufferings, the aid of wine alone can be resorted to with success. With them both, drinking is not productive of pleasure or pain. Its utility, according to them, lies in its power to induce self-obliviousness or imperviousness to pain or suffering. Our poet says :

> " Who the——wants pleasure from wine ? I want a sort of insensibility all the day and night."

Like Khayyam's, Galib's intolerance of simulated piety is inveterate. The " Zahid " with his never-failing rosary comes in for a good deal of satire, pungent but not scurrilious like Dag's or Ameer's. The instability of mundane life, the transitory character of human happiness, and the liability of the former to extinction have furnished a theme for some of his most splendid effusions. There is a well-known " Qata " which is a splendid production of Galib's poetical genius and illustrates much of what is inimitable in him. The " Qata " dwells on the pathetic ephemeralness of human enjoyments and pleasures and is one of the finest specimens of Urdu poetry. Apart from the lofty strain of pessimistic philosophy which it embodies, the " Qata " with the immediately preceding " Gazal " is from a literary point of view almost unapproachable in its perfection and challenges comparison with the best in any poet.

In the immediately preceding " Gazal " there occurs a couplet which alone elevates him above the ordinary run of poets.

> " The sight of the mistress is wine. Desire is the cup-bearer, the 'eyes' are a drunkard. The mind is a noiseless tavern. "

It is not possible to exaggerate the beauties of this couplet or to over-estimate the genius which it manifests. It is difficult to imagine an idea more happily expressed or a couplet more artistically worded. Those who have enjoyed the luxury of contemplation will appreciate the poet's imagination which likens mind to a noiseless tavern.

Iqbal, a modern Punjab poet, is alone capable of such lofty conceptions. Of his power to invest them with a verbal garbage equally charming, I am more than doubtful. Iqbal has the true germs of poetry in him. Even at the risk of provoking contradiction, I may say that he is a better poet than India has produced for some time.

By his notorious preference for Persian "Tarkibs," Galib richly deserves the indictment so often brought against him that his Urdu is much too Persian-ridden. It is that which makes most of his poetry unintelligible to the ordinary reader with only a smattering of Persian. But when Galib chooses to be simple, he compels our admiration and becomes inimitable.

As a specimen of his simple poetry, I give the following couplets :—

> "No hopes are realized. There seems to be no way out of the troubles I am in."
>
> "I know the spiritual benefits of piety and devotion but I feel no attraction towards them."
>
> „ I am full of desire and love and he is angry. O God! What is it due to?"

Galib is at his best when simple. Then he is unsurpassable. To express an idea in a few simple words, which any other poet will require as many more to express, is a knack which Galib possesses in full measure. In fact it is one of his happiest characteristics.

The word "Aisa" occurring in the above couplet is very suggestive. It obviates the need of a dozen words which a less-gifted poet would have felt to express the same meaning. When paraphrased it stands for a murderess who does not employ the usual methods of destruction, but effects her purpose by her charms.

Instances of this inimitable brevity in Galib can be multiplied.

Despite the imperfection of the Urdu language, he made it a vehicle for the expression of any idea he conceived. Iqbal, the Punjab poet, refuses to be hampered by the imperfections and limitations of Urdu, and draws upon Arabic and Persian words and idioms to supply the deficiences of the former. In one of his poems, the Punjab poet addresses the following couplet :—

> "Thy eyes have the perception of (underlying) *Unity* like those of mystics. My eyes are such as see all manner of distinctions in things."

That is a degression. To return to the subject. Galib sings elsewhere :—

> "'Desire' wants an unlimited duration of work and the pleasure it affords. Life would be extremely dull if there were no such thing as Death."

The above couplet is another illustration of Galib's brevity. It is not possible to express the idea embodied in the couplet in fewer words.

It is a philosophic defence of the institution of death which is apparently a curse to man and a taint on this glorious universe. The poet says that the sense of imperishability will preclude all possibility of action or endeavour on the part of man, and that it is just the contrary which gives a stimulus to all his actions and efforts.

> "My pain incurred no obligation to medicine. It is not to be regretted that I did not recover."
>
> "There is nothing remarkable about the desolation which reigns here. The wilderness reminds me of my house (because it is far more desolate)."

As I have observed above, Galib is sublime when simple. His simplicity has all the force which is generally associated with an elaborately worded expression of sentiment. It is spontaneous and owes itself to no conscious efforts on the part of the poet. In fact, when our poet is simple it appears that he cannot help being simple, his feelings and emotions negativing a different mode of expression.

To appreciate the above couplet which can make no pretence to originality, but which is nevertheless one of the most beautiful we come across in Galib, the economy of words and the studied avoidance of any superfluous word or expression are to be considered. There is not a single word in the above couplet which does not contribute to its beauty or which, if eliminated, will not impair it. The poet is here speaking of a stage of ill-requited love when the lover has lost all hope of winning his mistress, is sick of his passion, but feels powerless to shake off its cruel domination. All his resolutions and determinations fade before the mighty power of this passion. He refuses to believe that it is susceptible of cure. It is impossible not to be touched by the pathos pervading this couplet. It excites our sympathy and sends a vibration through us.

Galib's ideal of love is loftier than that attained by any other Urdu poet. It is more spiritual than earthly. It is free from the taint of sensuality which is attached to that of others. His love has none of the vehemence of a strong sensual attraction or the inevitable result of it. It is the unification of two distinct individualities, the identification of one soul with another. It has none of the coarse materialism of the evolutionist idea of love.

With Galib, Love is an overmastering passion which sweeps off the sordid egoism of everyday life, which makes a man oblivious of his surroundings, indifferent to the petty concerns of humanity and inaccessible to their petty ambitions or desires. It bridges the gulf between life and death. To the lover, both are the same. His life has all the insensibility to his surroundings which death alone confers.

In the above couplet, the poet says that love effaces the distinction between life and death, and that he lives through seeing whom he dies for.

There is something extravagant about Galib's ideal of love. The imagination of the poet carries him too far when he depicts a stage of love when the lover sometimes regards even himself in the light of a rival.

" I look at the irony of fate, I become envious of myself. I can't brook the idea of even my seeing here. I can't bear the rivalry of myself even. I die but never long for her."

That love ever reaches such a stage or such a stage of love is anything but the creation of the poet's imagination is simply inconceivable.

This sort of exaggeration is notoriously too much in vogue at present in India. The present day poets, following in the footsteps of Dagh and Amir, to whom Urdu poetry is largely indebted for much of its degradation and for the importation into it of a phraseology peculiar to dancing girls and their lovers, have improved upon it, so much so that most of their poetry is void of meaning. The two poets, referred to above, are mostly responsible for the tainted imagination, perverted taste and indecent phraseology of modern Urdu poets. They attained to the height of popularity in their time and are still the source of inspiration to many. As a specimen of Amir's poetry unaccompanied by the remotest semblance of meaning, the following two couplets will suffice :—

> " At the sight of me, the looking glass turns its back on me. My reflection glides away from before me."
>
> " If the Morning were to hear of the arrival of the Night of meeting at my house, she is so jealous that she would come before the evening."

Dagh and Amir have enormously degraded the conception of love. They identified love with sensuality of the grossest character and ascribed to it no higher origin than the materialist of the Darwinian school does.

The contemporaries of Galib cannot claim for their ideal of love immunity from the aforementioned taint. But it is an indisputable fact

that the ideal reached the nadir of degradation only in the hands of Dagh and Amir and their votaries. If only the incalculable injury wrought to Urdu poetry and the enormous disservice done to the Urdu language by the poets were rightly appreciated, the latter would fall into oblivion irreclaimably. Be it said to the credit of Galib that with the exception of two couplets whose presence in the "Diwan" is an unaccountable fact to the present writer, his pages are unsullied with the improprieties of language or ideas referred to above.

Galib was a profound student of human nature. He holds up a mirror to the inner workings of our minds and depicts our hopes and disappointments, feelings and emotions with an inimitable mastery. Not unoften does he say things with such a pathetic simplicity that they irresistibly penetrate our hearts.

Galib is entitled to a much higher position than even educated opinion accords him. Not only is he the best of the Urdu poets, but one of whom India should truly be proud. It is a very healthy sign of the times that we have begun to realise that the appreciation vouchsafed to Galib before the introduction of western education and the concomitant dawning of intelligence was hardly commensurate with his genius. Sufficiently read and appreciated, Galib will shine forth with an effulgence which will dazzle the literary vision of educated India.

SHEIK WILAYET ALLY QIDWAI.

Aligarh.

AN ENGLISH INDIAN POEM.

NEITHER in prose nor in poetry have great results been produced by the education of India in the languages and literatures of Europe. Much might have been expected from the pen of Toru Dutt if the blind fury with the abhorred shears had not slit her thin-spun life, at the early age of twenty-one. Certainly, taking into consideration that she was a foreigner and an Asiatic and that she died so young, her Ballads of Hindustan and her French poems give evidence of extraordinary talent, if not genius. But since her death no work of equal merit in English poetry has been produced by any of the educated natives of India. There are, however, one or two Indian English poets living at the present day whose works deserve more attention than they receive. One of them is Sarojini Naidu of Hyderabad, whose poems have had the advantage of being introduced to the English reading public under the auspices of Mr. Edmund Gosse in a volume published by Heinemann. The poet whom we wish especially to recommend to English readers is one whose work has been printed in Bombay with the usual crop of misprints that mar Indian publications and is not to be found in English bookshops or libraries.

Some ten years ago Mr. Nagesh Wishwanath Pai, a Madras Graduate now practisinng as a Pleader, brought out a little volume containing character sketches of street-sellers, priests, reciters and other typical Indian characters. It was a striking picture of Indian Life from within, revealing much that was beyond the ken of foreign observers. Although it was written in excellent prose style and gave with pathetic simplicity its story of the lives led by the Indian poor, the book was damned with faint praise in India and probably left entirely unnoticed by the literary papers of England. However, there were one or two critics who showed their appreciation of Mr. Pai's admirable study of Indian life and character. He was not so entirely discouraged as to give up all hope

of making himself a name as an English writer, and after the lapse of a few years ventured to appear before the world as a poet.

His poem was called "The Angel of Misfortune," and is described in its second title as "A Fairy Tale." In the preface, dated 1903, we are informed that "the story of the poem is founded on two popular Indian legends, but after selecting from the materials available such as suited his purpose, the author has felt himself at liberty to draw on his own imagination for the rest." The two legends must have been very skilfully put together, for the unity of the action of the poem is complete, and there are no signs of incoherence visible. The hero is the great Emperor, Vikram, the Arthur or Charlemagne of India, famous in legend and history as the deliverer of his country from foreign enemies and the patron of literature. The story opens with a powerful description of a tropical noonday, which has driven man, beast, bird and insect to seek refuge from the burning rays of the sun. Among those who have taken shelter from the heat is the mighty Vikram who has laid down his hot and dust-stained limbs under the ample shade of a banyan tree. He is a fugitive driven from his kingdom by the Angel of Misfortune, having voluntarily given up his kingdom and chosen to endure undeserved adversity as the only means of keeping his words pledged to some wretched suppliants to whom he had promised his protection. When the declining sun restores the world to life and activity,

> "A chariot drawn by bounding steeds,
> Veiled in a cloud of dust approaches fast
> The slow meandering streamlet's limpid tide.
> The thirsty coursers scenting from afar
> The cooling liquid toss their manes on high
> And straining at the yoke with heaving chests,
> Make the car fly along the heated plain."

Scarcely have they tasted the water, when a tiger, with a terrible roar, is seen ready to spring upon them. The heroic Vikram comes forward and in single combat slays the tiger. Thus he saves the life of the master of the chariot, a rich jeweller, who takes him to his home in the city of Champa and engages him to guard his treasures. But the Angel of Misfortune will not be balked of his prey. Presently the jeweller is commissioned to make a necklace of priceless pearls and other gems sent to him by the king of a neighbouring country. Every day, from dawn to sunset, he works at the necklace and accomplishes a perfect specimen of the jeweller's art. Then with an artist's pardonable pride in his own handiwork he must show it to somebody, first of all to his widowed mother.

"With eager eyes
She views the subtle blend of gem and pearl,
And as she looks, the woman struggles with
The mother in her eye. For whilst the one,
With keen delight in wealth and finery,
But sees a wondrous necklace rich and rare.
Such as the royal treasures of the world
May scarcely match, the other but admires
Her son's unequalled art. In tears of joy
Coursing adown her withered cheek she gives
To her good son, who meek before her stands,
Her approbation of his wondrous skill
And silent blessing rising from her heart."

Surely, the mutual love of mother and son in India and filial reverence could hardly be expressed more felicitously than in the above lines. The jeweller then shows the necklace to his young wife and smiling softly whispers in her ear:

"Say to me truly, love! are there indeed
In these fair gems and pearls by some good chance
A few that may dare rival thy bright eyes
And lovely teeth? Or think'st thou else, my soul,
Their aspiration vain, and e'en those bright
And fiery tinted rubies must perforce
Look pale before thy pouting ruddy lips?"

She begs to be allowed to wear the necklace for just one day and her husband, after a lively dialogue showing considerable dramatic power, reluctantly consents. Next morning, when she goes to the bath, she entrusts it to the charge of Vikram who stands with bow and arrow "prepared like loyal knight to guard it if need be at peril of his life." But he is no more fortunate in the performance of his duty than was Sir Kenneth of Scotland when he was entrusted with the defence of the royal standard of England. The Angel of Misfortune swoops down in the form of a black swan and carries off the priceless gems.

Vikram's true account of what had happened is disbelieved and he is led before the king's judgment seat. The king condemns him to be chained to the ground until he dies, and death is the penalty pronounced against any one who gives him food or water. But, in spite of maddening thirst and the molten fire of the Indian sun, he is resolved like a true knight to keep his plighted troth, serene and dauntless as the

"Generous Titan, who for ruth of man—
Of poor, unhappy, weak and suffering man—
Denied the cruel vengeful wrath of love,
Though deafening thunder rent the azure vault
And rushing fiercely through the azure air
Came hissing bolt on bolt, that tore the rocks
And shook the mountain to its solid base."

A hermit, whose life Vikram had saved at the risk of his own, offers him water, but he refuses to expose the old man to the wrath of the king by taking it. He is at the point of death when a poor widow revives him by pouring water over his temples and into his lips. She is pardoned by the king for transgressing his edict and is allowed to take Vikram still in chains into her hut.

In the fourth book love is introduced into the story. It is spring time and we have an elaborate description extending over a hundred lines telling us how all nature is restored to life and love. The passage is full of local colour. The flowers, birds and beasts best known in India are mentioned by their names and their characteristics are cunningly interwoven into the verse. This is how our poet describes the aerial courtship of the Indian butterflies:—

"Bearing the rainbow colours on his wings
And glorying in the warm and sunny air
The butterfly pursues his lovely mate
With his sweet tale of love. Not unimpressed
She yet flies coyly from him but to spur
His ardent fancy; darting swift away
If he doth press too closely, panting soft
If tired he 'gins to lag too far behind.
Like shining gems they cleave the fragrant air
In mazy curves, or flit from flower to flower
With new found joy, that with sweet transport fills
Their little hearts."

In spring time is celebrated the feast of Kamadeva, the Indian God of Love, and all the youth and beauty of Champa issue forth to worship at his shrine and make love to one another.

"For thus it was
Of yore in this rich sunny land of Ind
Not then as now was helpless little child
And half-grown youth together tied for life
With ancient words they scarce could understand.

For warriors bold and lovely women claimed
Freedom to give their hearts where'r they chose,"

from which lines we see that Mr. Pai is, like another Indian poet, a social reformer and opposed to child marriage. Among the worshippers at Kamadeva's shrine is the only daughter of the King of Champa. The Angel of Misfortune approaches her as she sleeps and sees "the sportive moonbeams play at hide and seek" among her wavy ringlets. Like Satan when he saw Adam and Eve "imparadised in one another's arms," he is moved at the sight of her tender beauty and murmurs to himself

"Must this poor child
Know sorrow too, the common mortal lot
Of ever suffering humanity?
So young! So fair! So good! Why may not she
Claim freedom from Earth's heritage of pain?
What triumph can be mine if with the fierce
Resistless force I wield, I haste to crush
A thing so fragile, yet so pure and sweet?"

He relents so far that he will let the shadow of misfortune fall upon her only for a short time, so as to make the sunshine that follows more sweet. So he makes her dream of a wounded swan whom she longs to help and comfort, but the other swans obstruct her path, when she would hurry to its assistance,

"And all united raise a loud uproar
In stormy protest which appears to her
Astonished ear so like the tuneful laugh
Of sportive nymphs, she starts and opes her eyes.
And lo! It is her maiden friends who come
To call her early from her silken bed,
And take her to the warm and fragrant bath
On Love's bright holiday."

The naturalness of the gradual transformation of the dream into waking reality will be recognised by all who have had their dreams disturbed by sounds from the external world.

Meantime, Vikram has recovered health and strength in the widow's cottage and to show his gratitude humbly drives the ox round her oil mill. He sings at his work and the beauty of his voice attracts the notice of the princess as she is proceeding to the shrine of Kamadeva. She bids her attendant summon the singer to her presence, and thus the King of Avanti and the Princess of Champa meet face to face. Needless to say it is a case of mutual love at first sight. After expressing her pity and

offering her assistance, the princess reluctantly leaves him and proceeds to the temple of Kamadeva, but the image of the patient sufferer remains in her soul.

> " She yet believes,
> Poor artless child! that all she feels for him
> Is naught but ruth for undeserved wrong
> Done to a blameless soul. 'Tis this alone
> That brings his youthful image to her mind
> Clad in its mournful livery of shame
> So ceaselessly. Thus thinks the beauteous maid
> Nor knows a subtler spell is o'er her heart
> And wonders why through all the tender pain
> There is a new-found note of exquisite joy
> Which thrills her to the soul."

The tide of fortune is now turning in favour of the prince. The Angel of Misfortune appears again and tempts him to give up his suppliants in order that he may regain his kingdom and so be in a position to win the lady whom he loves. After a momentary struggle virtue prevails and he refuses to yield. The Angel of Misfortune then clasps him to his breast and explains that in reality he also wields the power of Good Fortune. Henceforth Vikram will enjoy his smiles. So in the rest of the poem we read of his restoration to his kingdom and his successful wooing of the beautiful princess who had pitied him in his evil days.

When the King of Champa announces to his daughter that the mighty Vikram seeks her in marriage, the dramatic irony of the situation is skilfully managed by our poet. The princess does not know that the hapless prisoner who had won her heart was the great Emperor of Avanti. She therefore pleads with her father not to force her to marry a man whom she cannot love. The aged king suspects that "some mean wretch has stolen her heart." Her tell-tale blushes reveal her secret and he begins to curse her unknown lover.

> "Oh father, stay!" The shuddering princess thus
> Breaks in upon his speech. " Unsay thy words.
> Curse not a man who never did thee wrong,
> Though thou hast wronged him much—far more, alas!
> Than thou could'st ever repay with all thy wealth
> And royal power.—Ah me! put chains upon
> A poor and guiltless stranger! Doom him then
> To die ignobly like a felon wretch!
> Oh father! father! wilt thou crown the whole
> By cursing him?"

Then of course the mystery is cleared up and he explains that the victim of his injustice is "the king of kings, Avanti's mighty lord, at whose proud feet a hundred crowned heads bow to the ground in meek submission."

It will perhaps be evident from the above summary that Mr. Pai's poem has the most essential merit of a metrical romance. It is a good story so well told that the interest of the reader never flags from beginning to end. The principal characters are natural and lifelike, although being Indians, they differ from English men and women. Mr. Pai does not belong to any of the martial castes or races and is no doubt by hereditary temperament not well fitted to describe the shock of battle or the ardour of the chase. The hero of the poem is a great statesman and warrior, but he appears to us in the guise of patient sufferer so perfect in his virtue and submission to the will of heaven that he seems more fit to play the part of a prophet or martyr than to wear the crown of an earthly kingdom. Our author is decidedly more at home when he describes in soft flowing verse the beauty of external nature or the quie scenes of domestic life. The rich jeweller of Champa and his foolish wife are admirably drawn. We see his pride in his profession, his uxoriousness and his reverence for his old mother depicted to the life. Equally sympathetic and true is the picture of the old King of Champa who, owing to the loss of his wife, lavishes all his tenderness on his only daughter. The princess herself is a typical Indian girl, full of strong feeling and utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world. She is loving and generally submissive, but when her father suggests that she must marry the King of Avanti, because his great army surrounds the walls of Champa, there is a flash of the spirit of the warlike caste of Kshatrias in her soul and she is indignant that anyone should "seek with words like this to fright a maid who draws her blood from Kshatria kings."

The Indian local colour that pervades the poem may be well illustrated from the passages in which the princess appears. As Mr. Lockwood Kipling remarks in his "Beast and Man in India," one of the most impressive objects in the East is an elephant in its caparisons of state. The lordly beast that bore the princess of Champa to the shrine of Kamadeva is described as follows:—

> "On waving trunk and either temple high
> He bears the rainbow's colours glowing bright
> And curious figures wrought in pigments rare.
> The kinkhob cloth, that like a pliant sheet
> Of burnished silver, covers his mighty frame
> With dazzling brightness glances in the sun."

On the houdah "carved and framed in ruddy gold" sits the beautiful princess, the rich gem for which this magnificent setting is provided.

> "A rosy blush is on her beauteous face
> For on tihs day of love she may not hide
> Her peerless charms behind the silken veil
> By royal maidens worn. With youthful grace
> She soft reclines on crimson cushions covered
> With antique lace, and gold and silver thread
> Wrought into many a graceful pattern traced
> With orient skill, whilst deftly spread below
> A carpet soft supports her slender form."

The Indian love for pomp and magnificent robes and rich colours is well expressed in such passages as these. Anyone familiar with the pictures of indigenous Indian art will see at once how truly they are represented in Mr. Pai's verse. The horses in the train of the princess are easily pulled up before the hut in which Vikram is singing,

> "But anxious soon to leave
> The dusty streets behind, and breathe the pure
> And cooling air outside the city walls
> Upon some shady verdant river-bank,
> Where freed awhile from care, and unrestrained,
> He hopes to revel in the pasture green
> Or field of ripe and luscious sugar-cane
> The sable monster needs the iron hook
> To make him stand and silently await
> His royal mistress' pleasure. Fretfully
> He waves about his pliant trunk, and grunts
> Impatient for the signal to advance."

Thus we have added to the picture, what could not well be expressed by the painter's art, the image of the elephant in most characteristic pose of restlessness. In the final scene when the princess goes to meet her kingly wooer, there is a characteristic local touch not of colour but of sound, for as

> "She moves with youthful grace, the golden beads
> That line the shining jewelled zone around
> Her fairy waist, and costly anklets bright
> With tuneful tintinnabulation make
> The sweetest music to the raptured ear."

The whole poem is also very Indian in its general tone and sentiments. Western education does not allow Mr. Pai to run riot in the

hyperboles and extravagances that are found in the ancient epics of India. But still, even in his work, there may be detected a tendency to the want of moderation that is characteristic of Indian art. We see this in the diffuseness of the style and the rather monotonous perfection of the good characters in the poem, especially the truly blameless hero whose virtue is more godlike than human. Indeed, there are no bad characters in the story, that is to say, no individual bad characters, for among the common herd we are occasionally reminded of the existence of baser spirits who entertain malicious thoughts. The Indian sentiment of reverence for high birth and position, especially for kingly power, is frequently manifested in the course of the story. Here too as in his diffuseness and the smooth flow of his verse Mr. Pai reminds us of Spenser, whose admiration for royalty often carried him beyond the verge of flattery and who raised Courtesy to the level of Justice, Temperance and Chastity, defining it as the virtue that teaches men

> "To bear themselves aright
> To all of each degree as doth behove."

This is an all-important matter in Indian social functions and Mr. Pai is careful to tell us how the high officials of Champa, when summoned to the royal presence:

> "Come in due precedence, humbly bow
> Before their monarch, then in silence seek
> Their wonted seats in faultless order placed
> As rank and office claim."

In another passage we read how the king comes to court preceded by the golden mace studded with jewels. On either side of him

> "Brightly attired a gay attendant waves
> The yak-tailed *chowry* o'er the king. Behind
> Comes he who holds the *chhatra*, emblem chief
> Of regal rank and state.
> * * * All arise
> And standing due obeisance humbly make
> As ancient custom asks."

When the same king from a lofty terrace watches the procession going to Kamadeva's shrine, most of the merry-makers only venture to "cast a timid glance at their great chief." Some bolder than the rest venture to give a cheer,

> "Making the welkin ring with huzzas loud
> And shouts of victory to Champa's lord.
> Then all at once, as if they felt abashed

At their own boldness quietly they move
Along the crowded streets in silence awed
Till far behind they leave the palace gate
And freely breathe again."

From all which it appears pretty clear that the reading of Mill, Burke, Milton and many other Whig and Republican writers has done little to impair the innate reverence for kingly power and state in the mind of Mr. Pai, and we imagine that the same may be said of most other Indians who have been educated at our schools and colleges.

In Mr. Pai's poem the result of English education is shown rather in the command of the metre and the excellence of the English than in the style and matter of the poem. In the allusion to Prometheus that we have quoted from the poem the classical scholar may perhaps detect an imitation of the concluding lines of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. But elsewhere there is little to show that the author has borrowed the ideas of western writers. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of Mr. Pai's poetry in the limited space of an article. He is diffuse in his descriptions and produces an impression upon the reader by the cumulative effect of many touches, none of which is very effective apart from the context. Also the poetry and verse is very even in its excellence, never dull and never rising to the highest pitch of poetic excellence. Thus there are no short purple patches that can be extracted from the poem. The best idea of Mr. Pai's poetical capacity would be derived from his descriptions of the Indian noonday or the tropical spring, but these passages are far too long for quotation. No one would call " The Angel of Misfortune " a great work of genius. The English poem with which it may be best compared is Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. The likeness between these two works in tone and general impression gives evidence to the wonderful way in which Sir Edwin Arnold has absorbed and reproduced Indian sentiment. Mr. Pai cannot rival the brilliant style of the finest passages in the *Light of Asia*. But he has a charm of his own and even his diffuseness and almost cloying sweetness of style are attractive in their way as characteristic of the nationality of the writer and helping to produce the oriental atmosphere of the poem. It is impossible for a European writer, however keen may be his powers of observation, and however richly endowed he may be with imagination, to thoroughly understand Indian life and character and look upon Indian palaces, gardens, jungles, pageants and all the other richly coloured elements of Indian surroundings with the eye of a native of the soil. Thus it appears to us that neither Moore, nor Southey, nor Sir Edwin Arnold

nor Mr. Rudyard Kipling nor Sir Alfred Lyall, nor Professor Bain of Poona, in their most brilliant efforts to give poetic expression to the glamour of the gorgeous East, have succeeded in producing as true a picture of India as the less ambitious and more homely verses of the author of the *Angel of Misfortune.*

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Manchester.

ETHICS OF HINDU MARRIAGE.

IN ancient times, before the dawn of civilisation, there was no such thing as marriage among men. The human species, like the animal creation, paired and propagated itself. It is beyond doubt that in the absence of family ties the relations between the sexes were not above those of brutes. In such a state of society when sexual relations were undetermined, the desertion of men and women according to their individual caprice was inevitable. Promiscuity or communal marriage must then have prevailed.

Marriage, the idea of which is restraint on promiscuity, evolved along with the birth of civilisation. The mere living together of man and woman is not marriage. In this term are involved certain obligations by which man and woman are bound to remain loyal to each other for life. From the legends of ancient nations we know how originally the institution of marriage, which favours social survival, came into vogue. The institution no doubt tends more to social cohesion than promiscuous intercourse. Marriage after all is the basis of the family system and of ancestor worship which are the two causes of social strength and preservation. It will not be out of place here to observe that ancestor worship belongs to no one race or creed, for it is the link between the races and the common matrix of their creeds. But among all historical people marriage is represented as an expression of property. Certainly, the law gives to the husband absolute power over the wife, and we know that the husband at one time could pledge his wife, or sell or lend her.

There are restrictions among the Hindus prohibiting promiscuous marriage in different castes. Manu, however, gives the higher classes the privilege of marrying women of the lower order. Now such marriages are considered illegal; every caste restricts marriage to its own members. Religion regulates and enforces moral relations. A connexion between religion and marriage was soon established. The

intervention of a priest has, therefore, become indispensably necessary. An intricate marriage ritual is gone through, the performance of *Homa* and the seven steps forming the most obligatory part of it. The nuptial ceremonies, though accompanied by many absurdities, are on the whole very significant. A wedded life is deemed absolutely necessary for the males, because they may discharge the whole circle of duties incumbent upon a householder. Marriage in no respect is a social or a domestic convenience; it is a religious sacrament. Marriage is so regarded because it enables a man and a woman to perform certain religious ceremonies, which are prescribed as conducive to man's well-being hereafter. The beatitude of the manes in heaven being dependent on their descendants on earth, the latter are bound, above all things, to perform the religious duties that are imposed upon them. But the *Sraddha* on the face of it, is an egregious contradiction to caste, and is also palpably incompatible with transmigration.

In India a married state for man is considered essential—celebacy is almost unknown. As for women they *must* marry, in fact, they are born to marry. They are mated not by their own choice, but by the choice of their parents, who settle all the marriage preliminaries. The union of children has been deemed safer to leave to their parents. Before marriage the girls, as a matter of course, are quite ignorant of the antecedents of their future husbands whose very features are unknown to them. It is true that a practice called *Svayambara* prevailed in former ages whereby a daughter was allowed to select her own husband from a number of suitors invited for that purpose. This practice, from all accounts at our disposal, was restricted to the royal families only. But it was to all intents and purposes a mockery, as there could be little room for consideration in making such a choice. There could only be a hasty selection on the spot from a number of persons whom the daughter had never seen or known before.

In Europe the husband and wife are given the opportunity of studying each other's tempers and inclinations before they are bound by the ties of wedlock. The parties, therefore, have a freedom of choice. But lover's eyes are always blind. They marry, but the marriage soon dissipates the false brilliance that had once dazzled their discretion. The choice given to the lovers is after all a doubtful privilege; and to this may be attributed the extensive unhappiness resulting from European marriages. The parent has a right to direct his own daughter or son in the most sacred of all engagements—one on which his future happiness and welfare mainly depend. A girl must follow the counsel

of age and experience, tendered for her own happiness by one that had nourished and cherished her in the helpless state of infancy. It is certainly a mistake to expect the father to stand an unconcerned spectator of a ceremony which binds her for life to another individual, and makes her a sharer of his joys and sorrows.

Manu (iii. 21-34) legalises certain modes of marriage which are respectively called Bràhma, Daiva, Arsha, Pràjápatya, Asura, Gandharva, Rákshasa and Paisacha. In the *Brahma* nuptials the damsel is given by her father, when he has decked her as elegantly as he can, to the bridegroom, whom he has invited; in the *Daiva*, to the priest employed in performing the sacrifice; in the *Arsha*, to the bridegroom, from whom he receives, for religious purposes, a bull and a cow; when the father gives her to a suitor, saying "perform all duties together," the marriage is named *Caya* (or *Prâjapâtya*), and a son begotten of it confers purity on himself and on six descendants in a male line. An *Asura* marriage is contracted by receiving property from the bridegroom; a *Gândharva*, by reciprocal amorous agreement; a *Râkshasa*, by seizure in war; a *Paisacha*, by deceiving the damsel. In the Brahma marriages is involved the cermony of the Brahmanas, the first form of the nuptial rites; in what is called the *Daiva* is involved the ceremony of the *Devas*, the second form; the third form, the *Arsha* indicates the ceremony of *Rishis*, and the fourth is denominated *Prâjâpatya*, or the ceremony of *Prajâpatis*, another name for it being *Caya*. The fifth form *Asura* represents the ceremony of the *Asuras* which is the gift of a daughter to a bridegroom, taking from him wealth other than a pair of kine merely at his own choice, without any authority of law, and when there is a reciprocal connexion with mutual desire it is called *Gândharva*, or ceremony of *Gândharvas*, the sixth form; the seizure of a maiden after overcoming her father in battle, or the abduction of her by force from her house, is denominated *Râkshasa* or ceremony of *Râkshasas*, the seventh form; the seizure of a damsel by fraud, while sleeping or intoxicated, is termed *Paisâcha* or ceremony of *Pisâches*, the eighth form of nuptial rites. Of these modes, four, the *Brâhman*, *Daiva*, *Arsha* and *Prâjâpatya*, are legal for a Brahman, *Gândharva* and *Rakshasa* are peculiar to the Kshatryas, the *Asura* marriage is permitted to a Vaisya or a Sudra and the *Paisacha*, forbidden to them should be practised by no person whatsoever. These eight forms of the nuptial ceremony were prevalent at one and the same time. The *Gândharva* union was a desecration of holy matrimony, and the *Rakshasa* is another instance of the disregard shown to the happiness of the female sex. At present the *Brahma* mode is the only legal form of marriage that prevails in our country. Manu mentions hereditary trans-

mission of disease and founds upon it very reasonable directions as to the precautions to be taken in regard to marriage. On the other hand, no marriage can be celebrated within the prohibited *gotras* or degrees of relationship. It is, however, a lasting disgrace upon Hinduism that marriage should be considered a gift (v. 151) on the part of the father of the bride to the bridegroom.

Manu limits the minimum marriagable age of the male from 24 to 30 and of the female from 8 to 12. In another place he lays down that a girl must be disposed of by marriage before the close of her tenth year; while the eighth is pointed out as the most proper time for imposing a husband upon her. The disposal of females by marriage at the latter age s considered most meritorious. But the same legislator (ix. 89) has somewhat softened the rigour of this rule by sanctioning the postponement of a girl's marriage if a well-qualified husband is not found. Girls are thus given away in marriage before they attain reason and judgment. The custom of early marriage has not arisen so much from the fact of early pubescence; but rather early marriages have been the cause of early pubescence. The unphysiological custom of early marriage is the greatest evil of our country. If climate has any influence upon the menstrual function, it is trifling, not to stay infinitesmal. It is very strange that fond parents are anxious to see child-husbands and child-wives become fathers and mothers.

The Kulin Brahmins do not possess the same facilities for disposing of their daughters by marriage as the rest of the community. The Brahmans are divided into three sections, Kulins, Srotryas and Vansas, and marriages being regulated accordingly, the range of selection has become circumscribed. Hence the difficulty of getting suitable matches for girls without prejudice to the genealogy of their class. The fundametal law of Kulinism is that a Kulin should on no account form matrimonial alliance with an inferior family. But when an undignified marriage takes place, the *Kulinhood* is said to be dissolved. Every succeeding race after such a dissolution loses one step in rank in the tables of Kulinism and at last the fourth and fifth generations degenerate into non-Kulins. The body of unbroken or even of second and third grade Kulins has considerably diminished. The number of Kulins being few, it is not easy to make a good match for the girls. This has led to the introduction of polygamy among them. They make it a profession to multiply their wives without restraint. Indeed, they systematically keep up the practice as it is a source of gain to them. The sale of bridegrooms, now a source of great profit to the Kulins, is expressly prohibited by

Manu (iii. 51 and ix. 98—100). The institution of Kulinism has served to render the condition of a Hindu female as unhappy as it is degraded. To be a Kulin's daughter is considered a dire misfortune. Conjugal felicity there can be none when the husband goes on multiplying his wives without any intention of maintaining them. In ordinary cases it is the husband that provides his wife with food and raiment; but in these cases the rule is reversed. The Kulin Brahmins spend their long career of laziness in passing from one father-in-law's house to another. Strangely devoid of feeling, they do not scruple to multiply their wives almost to an unlimited extent. The Kulins have at present degenerated into a beggarly class of marriage-dealers. Large sums of money are presented to them at the time of their marriage; and they are always maintained with their wives for life. Again for each visit fees are levied. In such a case the partners are obliged to live as it were in a state of perpetual widowhood. The results may be easily magined.

The practice of polygamy is allowed by the Shastras, but it does not seem to have met with much encouragement then as it has in modern times. The re-marriage of widows is specially sanctioned by the Shastras (iv. 27). In the whole range of our sacred laws there is not one single text which establishes anything to the contrary. In the Vedic age the re-marriage of widows was not prohibited (Atharva Veda, ix. 5, 27). Widows are at present prohibited from being bound again by the ties of wedlock, because the death of their husbands does not sever the tie that bound them on this side of eternity. A husband's happiness in the hereafter is said to depend upon the strictness with which his widow performs the offerings to his manes. If she be married again, she must be incapacitated to practise the rites. The number of widows now is very great. Popular prejudice will not permit the idea of their being re-married, though infant widows might never have lived with their husbands. Our Government has legalized the marriage of Hindu widows. But the act has proved largely a dead letter, orthodox opinion being too strong for the law.

AKSHAYA K. GHOSE.

Calcutta.

LOVE, WISDOM AND POWER.

(Concluded from our last number.)

IN comfortable arm-chairs we denounce the outrages of anarchy; let us also study at a comfortable distance the cause that leads to these crimes. At bottom it is the same principle that is now actuating the Governments of Christian countries to squander millions of the people's money in the construction of Dreadnoughts. It is putting to the lowest use the expression of inherent power; it is controlling physical force by the power of hate, instead of the power of love; it is taking up the law of the Sword, so that all may perish by the sword. Hate, of its own law of antagonism, must become the judge, the avenger, and the victim in its recoil upon itself.

If, in the Christian economy it were better for a man to lose his life for the general good than to save it, so it were better to save a brother's life than to take it. To die is easy, to live for others is difficult. We need, in truth, the four cardinal virtues to direct the forces of our right arms, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude and Temperance, so that we may have the gift of Athena, "the instinct of infallible decision, and of faultless invention."*

It is, however, dimly felt by the masses who suffer, that the ills disgracing our humanity cannot be remedied by resource to rifles, nor economic burdens and legislative injustice ameliorated by the excitement of outside aggression and the red savagery of battlefields. The synthetic consolidation towards unity of interests has begun in some portions of the human race. Bitter experiences are bringing knowledge of the right uses of force, whether on the physical or the mental plane. But, so slowly is this knowledge gaining ground, that in England, the richest country in the world, the scientist has

* "The Queen of the Air," Ruskin, p.

to depend chiefly on philanthropy for the funds to prosecute his studies, and the expenditure on National Education is only a third of the sum spent on war material; while the energies wasted on drink and vice would, turned to beneficent uses, tend to build up the super-man still waiting to be born.

We yet await the day when physical force, as such, will be considered an obsolete weapon among civilised peoples, though already brute force, when it resumes its discredited sceptre, wears an aspect of strange humility and apology.

We are learning the lesson that little of value can be accomplished by human energy unless backed by character, by the conduct that is three-fourths of life, and the kindness that is three-fourths of conduct.

Just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

Obviously, therefore, the trinity of Love, Wisdom and Power is in truth the one and only Reality being slowly evolved in things that are transitory, whether they be the molecules of crystals or the nerve centres of the brain, whether they be the parental solicitude of the hedge-sparrow or the self-sacrifice of a Christ. It is the one Power in varying degrees of intensity, according to the inherent capacity of the unit to express.

Man is beginning to realise that this Trinity of cosmic activity cannot be separated. They must work in harmony as One.

Love is Wisdom and Power. Human Love then must be wise and strong. "Power," says the proverb, "belongeth unto God." "God," the Eternal Good, "is Love," and the Spirit of God is Wisdom. Thus the definitions by which the human mind has striven to divide the indivisible are after all insistently, inexorably merged in the One and the Absolute.

Now how does this Cosmic Monism practically affect the individual evolution of human beings? In what manner does this conception of the Whole bear upon the future social development of mankind? In the clearing away of dualities and differentiations where do so-called masculine and feminine properties, qualities and virtues take their place? Is woman to possess fortitude, patience and endurance and man only their expression, courage? Is man to be wise without love and be powerful without wisdom?

First of all, it is clear that the masculine virtues are merged in the feminine; that in both man and woman, as throughout the universe, is working the self-same incorruptible Spirit, the Divine Feminine; perfect in Love, in Power, in Purity—the Eternal Wisdom by whom all things are made in harmony. It is only as the human race comprehends this sublime truth that the discords and divisions marring and hindering all spiritual progress will disappear. Because man will then discover that he is in the presence of the only one Power, that by that Power inherent in him, he can, as part of it, according to his will-capacity, use either the lower or the higher phases of its manifestation. In igorance, pride, selfishness, weakness and folly, he has often chosen what he considered the stronger, until he himself was conquered by the weaker. For imperceptibly but insistently the finer, subtler force proves itself the greater.

"We are sorest bent and troubled by invisible hands."

"Thoughts that come with doves' footsteps guide the world;"

and the stillest hour brings the silent voice that rules the destinies of men, and makes of warriors but children to obey. The values of life are irrevocably changed when the soul weighs the true treasures in the balance, and flings the dross to the furnace of low desires.

Moreover, the thinker and the observer of current events will recognise that the universal woman movement is in reality a world transmutation of lower forces to higher. It is the force of will-power inherent in the creative energy pressing human mentality on to a higher psychic consciousness, which naturally involves a change of all existing conditions, which were in harmony with and evolved on a lower physical plane.*

"Everything in this world depends upon Will," wrote Disraeli in one of his novels.

"I think everything in this world depends upon women," said Endymion.

"It is the same thing," said Berengaria.

For the woman is the womb of desire and will, whence come forth materialised in the embryo the desires, longings, hopes, and aspirations of all peoples and all nations, of all the souls that are

* "Endymion."

born into the world. Thus through the mothers of the race the higher consciousness is becoming developed in the children; and the mind of man is using its feminine powers of discrimination; of sifting, balancing, judging, and deciding on the course of human activities, more illuminated than in the past with womanly intuition —the knowledge that is above reason and sees into the heart of things.

The phase of the so-called masculine consciousness both in man and woman is the aggression of Force; the dispersion, the disintegration of humanity into peoples, nations, races, languages. It is the extreme of differentiation in all human activities to the exclusion of synthetic unity and co-operation. The phase of the feminine consciousness now evolving in humanity is the consolidation, the gathering-in, the home-bringing, the binding together of human interests, the universal synthesis of human experiences to unity of action and oneness of purpose. It is pertinent to this view that a universal language is now the *dèsideratum* of civilised peoples.

Some few souls have arrived at this plane of Cosmic Consciousness, the vision of the Whole and of the Oneness. They have a clear conception of the meaning and working of the universe; they feel the living Presence, the Spirit within the Wheels guiding the different forms of energy; they know that all works for good, that Love is the goal, and that the Eternal Life is in us.

Psychologists are of opinion that in time this new sense will show itself in infancy in every member of the race. How? In the same way that every sense and faculty has been evolved through the mother, the sole creatrix and transmitter. Just as by degrees no man or woman will be colour-blind, so will the higher consciousness be the inherited gift of all born of woman.

For "intuition is a faculty of the inner-man," wrote Balsac. And what is this inner-man who is to surmount the outer—this inner man that wars against the member of the objective body?

Among the seers, the mystics and the advanced thinkers of all ages there has never been any doubt on this matter.

It is the woman within the man: the true woman within the woman. The màn has to evolve the woman within him, latent but potent; the woman has to be to a greater extent than heretofore the informing creatrix of the standard of humanity; the open door by

which the indwelling spirit of Divinity may pass out to the race through the gates of birth, renewal and regeneration.

The Divine seed must be engendered in the individual, the foundation of the higher being must be laid pure, fast and immutable in the first cell of the organic body. There is no short cut to perfection, no labour-saving machine by which we can reach heaven. For the heaven is in ourselves to make or to mar through the transmutation of the grosser physics into the higher. And it is only as the impure excrescences of materiality with which man is now enveloped are no longer transmitted by heredity, and the body formed of purer atomic elements whereby the whole structure will gradually change in a slow, orderly and natural process of development, that we will acquire the spiritual perception, capable of recognising this great central truth of sex differentiation and its original and ultimate nature and oneness.

The woman-form is the inner sanctuary which is slowly evolving to the outer, so that the inner and the outer may be in harmony. The inner form absorbs all things into its own similitude, into its own properties, qualities and attributes. It is the prerogative of the woman, the creative centre so to do. In the highest sense, we can see why this should be a logical, reasonable and inevitable sequence of the long chain of cause and effect that began with the diremption within the Eternal Mother-womb. Every separated unit must be perfected in the likeness of the Divine, in that the Divine Feminine may be all in all in Love, Wisdom and Power.

Laurence Oliphant was very near the truth, though still in the meshes of a fatal illogical duality, when he wrote in that suggestive book, "Symphnemata:—" * "He (man) has probed like the alchemists of old, to elicit a power concealed among the atoms of all nature, and at last has touched upon sparkling traces of the deep mines of femininity, which lie at the centres of matter and of men." He calls this "the form-kernel in the form," "the indwelling woman," "the tender cells of the inmost life," "the veritable heart of human existence," "the fulness of feminine activity," "this thing must be held as last which was destined to become again the first." He proceeds to show that, "the pure womanly in nature, man and woman, is the last of the latent universal forces to revive. It

* Page 141.

revives now at the last end of the male history of the planet, to become once more the first means of transmission into eternal life of all the processes divine, which open thus again their door of perfect ingress into the earth."*

The point however is missed that the changes predicted, and which have already begun, are not a revival but a development in both man and woman, tending to bring both to the one human standard of being, and thus involving vital organic changes especially in the male, as he is functionally far below the woman.

As is well known the great mystics Jacob Boehme and Paracelsus held the same view on what they termed wrongly bi-sexuality, the oneness of sex, or the oneness of the ideal having not been realised by them.

Says Boehme, "The mission of woman to save man ceases only when man has found the celestial virgin within himself. . . . Whether a person is of the male or the female gender, it is always in his or her female elements (in the intuitive faculties, and not in the fiery will) *i.e., of the undeveloped woman*, that the divine and redeeming power of the love-light becomes first manifest."

"The true woman," he continues, "is the eternal Virgin." The "seed of woman" "is the universal female principle, the celestial image which finds its reflection and representation in terrestrial women upon earth," "woman in all departments of life is the saviour of man."

Thus when the feminine nature is evolved in man, "then will the virgin within the inner element receive him and illumine his heart, so that he may master the Adamic body." The true divine marriage or union is when the will of man becomes one with Sophia the eternal Wisdom, the will of man being feminine, for there is only one substance and one spirit, though many phases of manifestation.

Paracelsus is still more explicit.

"Man without woman is like a wandering spirit—a shadow without substance, seeking to embody itself in a corporeal form. Man without the woman (in him) is a consuming fire. . . . Man having become separated from the woman in him lost his true light. . . God did not create souls in halves, nor can Adam find his Eve

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* Ibid, page 143.

again unless she grows within his heart. . . . Males and females are not equals, they are constituted very differently from each other, not only according to their mental characteristics, but also in regard to the whole of their bodily substance. . . Woman is therefore of a nobler and more refined kind of matter."

Biological students will understand the full significance of this philosophical appreciation, for the blood of women is found to contain more of the "noble white corpuscles" than that of men. It is said that Paracelsus himself approximated more to the formation and contour of the female rather than to the male. However, he fell also into error, in believing that he was noting the results of a fall from a biune nature instead of the evolution to the one perfected being. He thought man had "ceased" to recognise the true woman in him, "his heavenly bride," when in reality the race is only just evolving on inexorable laws of progression, physical, mental and spiritual, to true femininity in harmony with the absolute One.

Paracelsus ascribed to man's fall the incipient and insistent signs of his ascent. He thought man had been perfect, when he was only becoming so by the travail of the creative pangs of maternity.

The modern seer, the Rev. John Pulsford, made the same error. He gauged the duality, the conflicting signs of two personalities or forces in the male, and argued from these that the Ultimate was Dual instead of one Supreme and All-Sufficient. Nevertheless he had true insight on another point. "Through woman," he writes, "the enemy shall be prevailed over, and man shall owe to her his deliverance and final completeness." "Woman: the more sacred and veiled man of the man. . . If," he counsels women, "you could set free your diviner womanhood and commit yourselves to the high path of your superior evolution, the lower nature of man, under the star of your attraction, would sink into quiescence and new man and new woman become the open pathway for the new efflux of God and Heaven into the whole creation* . . . . . . If earth is the mother of our earthly nature, we ought to know that Heaven must be the mother of our superior personality—the heavenly germ that is in us all—Creation proceeds for ever and ever through mothers. It is the most sacred, the supreme source of Love

* Morganröthe, p. 55.

wherever it is. . The great invisible Mother inbreathes her tenderness and courage through the soul of nature. Motherhood is God and Heaven in descent."

The Fatherhood proceeds from the Motherhood, and is the ordained worker for righteousness with the mother. Wisdom ever sends forth her maidens, love, joy, truth, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, and they convict the world of sin, calling unto mankind to repent, and in the Wisdom of Love they consume all impurities. But they are maidens who dwell in the heart of humanity, and from thence must come the Power which lights the Fire of God and cleanses from all uncleanness.

These maidens are the keepers of the unveiled light-powers of the soul, and the chariot of the soul is drawn by mothers.

"The mothers that bear me," long since wrote Parmenides, "sped me on as far as desire may go, then they brought me to the far-famed way of Her, who bears the man who knows through all."

Now the last colour to be distinguished by man is blue. It is also found that each emotion of man radiates an atmosphere of a certain colour, and Love is blue. Love is also the last divine quality that man will comprehend. Love is the Ultimate and Absolute, therefore how can finite minds understand or fathom her Sublimity and Infinitude?

First, Love has no definitions, limitations or degrees. We, who weigh out our love in different measures and driblets, cannot conceive of a Love that loves all equally. We, who divide Love up into kinds—maternal love, parental love, brotherly love, patriotic love, sexual love—are unable to gauge a love that embraces all relationships, and like a mighty ocean, receives and unites all streams, rivers and seas of affectional emotion that flow into its depths. Love is ever tolerant, for Love being Wisdom and Power, knows all, and therefore can forgive with the Mercy of Holiness.

In mankind's present unfinished condition, the race generally has made the fatal error of ranking sexual love higher than any other form of expression (just as, for long ages, objective physical force was deemed the conqueror), whereas sexual love is the lowest, and viewed in the light of eternity, the most transitory phase of

the eternal energy. It is, moreover, the most obvious sign of mankind's incompleteness.

Man seeks in woman the creative powers to which he has not yet himself attained. Woman seeks in man the completion of the child of the Future. The potential is in the ovum, unless the seed die (*i.e.*, change) it cannot develop. The inherent latent power of the mother expressed in her nutritive and psychic activities nourish and form the embryo. The mind of the mother influences and controls cell-division, just as much as her physical properties make the substance for cell-formation. The ovum absorbs the sperm to hasten this development. *Man is to woman, a means.* Man seeks in woman the completion that is not yet within himself. Yet is man not satisfied. For Love is creative, and Love must ever create the thing loved. Man cannot create.

"On no plane of being," writes J. Street in his *Hidden Way Across the Threshold*, "is it good for the man-element to be alone. For without love and gentleness Force can work only evil till it be spent. Such is the doom of selfish animal man until he finds and is found of *the Soul* of the *Woman within him.* She is to him the mother of the living without whom is no life, because She is the Soul wherein the Divine Life resides. For as the Soul is the life of the man, so Spirit which is God is the life of the Soul. Thus she is Mediator between man and God, drawing both together in herself, and he only is truly alive and truly man, illuminated with knowledge, made after the Divine Image in whom she thus operates."*

"Now if man does not control that which he loves, it controls him. Hence the necessity for subduing the objective love; sending its emotions upward instead of downward. . . . . This is the road to understanding and to power. In this we do not destroy love, but wean it from the sensuous animal objective. . . The female element in man is the procreative, affectional life which is also begetting of Spirit Power. . . As the love of woman, being the Feminine force of Will, it creates by silent persistent effort."

In the Male it can only be developed by conservation and transmuted to finer forces, until he has attained to the prefected feminine nature, "the bride of God."

* P. 353.

Man has to conquer Sex-love and Sex-obsession before he himself can create. Both men and women are passing from the phase of masculinity, the immature stage, to the true feminine which is the whole nature of Divine humanity. True love loves the individual, not the man or the woman. True love is as the Mother's love that encircles all her children within her loving arms. True love excludes none, but radiates from within outward, as the sun diffuses its rays on the evil and on the good. True love can work no evil, can cause no pain, can bring no sorrow. True love gives all, for it creates all that endures, immortalising that which is mortal. It cleanses, illuminates and inspires.

"It is Love that redeemeth," says Hermes, "and Love hath nothing of her own." Love makes even heirs of her children.

"Thus," affirms the Veda Philosophy, "self-sacrificing affection is the Universal Mother, the first cause and supreme generatrix of the Universe."

Therefore is there no Love like Mother Love, it is the first and it is the last manifestation of the Divine Energy; and each human soul must be made perfect in that Love. How far we are from that consummation, our shrunken, deadened hearts tell us.

For, just glance back at human history. Woman, the higher self, has been both feared and distrusted by the lower self-man, who, as he became physically the stronger through female sexual selection, subjected the more spiritual factor to his rule and abuse. For the feminine being the inner nature of humanity and manifested in a more developed form in woman than in man, the latter knows her not, nor understands her. Hence the relations between man and woman have always been strained and inharmonious. Not being able to attain to her special prerogatives of creation and intuition, man in objective force has tyrannized over woman physically, socially, politically and religiously. He has made her the minister to his vanity and his passion.

Man's woman is a beautiful vessel subservient to the master's use. Man's woman is the materialised form of sensual desire, the antithesis of the true woman, the mother of all living, not of dead hopes and lost ideals. Yet even now, the wife is never the real

woman to the lover. "It is the mother who is the centre of that affection which is stronger than gravity."*

"To every one of Latin race there comes next to God his mother, next to Christ the Madonna, who is the emblem of Motherhood."

Sexual love, animal, brutish, passionate, unstable, selfish, vagrant and fleeting, is the death of all true love for woman. And strangely, unerringly, the race has always instinctively felt that is was degraded by it. Through all its aberrations it has had its white dreams of chastity, and caught faint glimpses of a virgin humanity. Mankind has never looked to the Father and the Husband for redemption, ever to the man who remains the Son of the woman, the child of the Immaculate Virgin, be the name of the child a Horus, a Buddha, a Krishna, or a Christ.

Intuitively the race has felt that it must rise above sex-differentiation before it could have a clear conception of the Divine Love which is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

Sexual attraction, under nature's strict limitations, has been among the animal species an adaptation of means to use. When the tool in the Cosmic process is not needed, it is laid aside or remade into one more serviceable. Nature, the Great Mother, it has been observed, never creates anew. She is too chary of her work and time. She improves on the old. She assimilates, adapts, vivifies, reconstructs, regenerates. She does not rub out lines, she brings them into harmony and symmetry. She builds her palace with the stones from the troglodite's cave. She transmutes the organ of sense into the reservoirs of the Spirit. The love of woman will become the love for woman as the guide, companion, friend and comforter, the uniter of dis-harmonies, the guardian of the ways of life, who holds for ever the keys of the ivory gate.

"If God please, I shall but love the better after death," the death of the lower love, the lower self, is the vow of the true lover, whether man or woman. For, as men and women develop, so they will deny to the lower love all that hinders its development to the higher. They will be jealous of that higher self's honour. They will be themselves the redeemers of the imprisoned soul. They will

* "Hearts of Men," page 199.

both work for "the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals." Then in truth they will see "the divine and unchangeable Beauty itself."

And herein is the mystery of holiness—Wholeness. When each monad is perfect in itself, one in unity and harmony with the All, but individuated in expression, development and properties; One in Eternal Love, wise with the Eternal Wisdom, strong through the Eternal Power; being the Self, perfected, presenting to the Infinite an undefiled Love, wherein is no change nor shadow of turning, then "the wheel is come full circle," and the unit can say "I am here."

FRANCES SWINEY.

England.

THE SECOND SIKH EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

(Being the Full and Revised Text of the Presidential Address Delivered in April 1909.)

PRESIDENT of the Reception Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen: You have done me great honour by electing me President of the Second Sikh Educational Conference. It is an honour of which the most worthy would be proud, and I am but too conscious of my own unworthiness. My little daughter asked, when I spoke to her of my election, "What have you done, father, that they should make you the President," and I could say nothing in reply. It was not so in the past. The leader of the Sikhs used to be a man who had done something in life, who had lived the life of a SIKH, a life of conscious self-sacrifice and devotion to truth, justice and enlightenment. In fact, a leader of the Sikhs used to be a living centre of love, life and knowledge. It shows how poor we are in men when a man like me has to be called upon to preside over this Conference of the Sikhs. But we need not despair ; the future is ours, the clouds are already lifting and Sikhism will again gain in strength and power if we make it a living factor in our lives. Our meeting here to-day in an Educational Conference proclaims the dawn of a new morning. We have met here to consider our educational needs and to decide the best methods of educating our small community. If we succeed in solving the question, we solve it in a way for the whole of India. We must, therefore, face the question squarely, the spirit of Sikhism has no affinity with ignorance, it is impossible for us to follow the teachings of Guru Nanak and yet remain in darkness. "When Guru Nanak appeared" says Bhai Gurudass, "the light of knowledge spread and the mist of ignorance disappeared, as before the dawn of a new morning the night and the lesser lights disappear." Bhai Gurudas sums up in two lines the spirit of Guru Nanak's doctrine, "He removed the distinction of Cast and Creed and laid the foundation of national unity. He said

that the poorest beggar in the street was the equal of a king before God. He pointed out the path of humility as the only means of Salvation, and he put an end to the prostitution of religious feeling by incalculating belief in one God and selfless devotion to Him and unquestioned resignation to His will as the only means of Salvation." The spark of Sacred fire kindled by Guru Nanak was kept alive by his successors, fed by their lives and the lives of their dearest, till the Sikhs became a united brotherhood. It was no easy task to lead the new disciples out of the mazes and the labyrinthine systems which surrounded them. But no shadows can obscure the light of the sun of truth. Love and selfless devotion to truth were naturally victorious, and the work of the Gurus was accomplished. The ideals of Sikhism were realised by the immediate disciples of the Gurus. They lived sweet, simple lives as brothers of one household, acknowledging Guru Govind Singh as their father, according to the baptismal injunctions; it was not merely a passive belief, but a living faith, which transformed them into heroes ever ready to fight the battles of Truth and Justice; thirsting to realise that great and noble ideal of liberty, equality and fraternity, which the Gurus had inculcated, and sacrificing themselves to make a nobler happiness more universally possible. But alas, the accession of wealth and greed of power meant the abrogation of the ideal. How could those stand fearlessly in the piercing light and truth, who were unclean within, stained by selfishness and greed? They who had accumulated wealth and luxuries could not be expected to follow the noble teaching of the Gurus and live merely to serve the community. Naturally they sought shelter in plausible compromises, finding an easy refuge in the endless formulas and abstractions which stood ready at hand (powerful potions for palliating the symptoms of disease without curing it), and fell a victim to "Sukhnedhan's" moral and physical which at a time threatened to destroy the very existence of the Sikhs. But, thank God, the danger is over, and the Sikh nation stands again to-day humbly yet fearlessly at the altar of truth, with a firm aspiration towards improvement, believing in one God and the Gurus. The last memorable words of the great Guru Govind Singh leave no place for theories: "Since I have taken to your feet," he said, "I have not looked at other things. Ramas and Rahims, Purans and Qurans talk of diverse mysteries. I have only spoken of you." These were his last words and they speak in no equivocal language. Guru Nanak is still more emphatic and speaks of one god and his mercy, he laughed at outward pretences of purity with a hundred idle formulas when the heart remained impure and life remained unchanged. These

are the teachings of the Gurus and we must endeavour to follow them. We are not prepared to leave our priceless heritage of practical faith for mere abstractions and doubts, which may lead to the very abstraction of the soul. Tennyson puts it beautifully when he says :

> "In love, if love be love if love be ours,
> Faith and unfaith can never be equal powers.
> Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all ;
> It is the little rift within the lute,
> That by and by will make the music mute
> And ever widening slowly silence all."

How can we leave the sheet anchor of one faith for a mere jingle of flowery words and float aimlessly on dark waves like rudderless rafts on an open sea ? Ours is the only religion which appeals directly to the people and speaks in a language which anyone can understand. It does not represent religion as a mere abstraction to the intellectuals and empty ceremonials to the ignorant, the uninitiated, the poor and the helpless, as if the human soul could be touched by such inanities and empty phrases, as if the poor, the helpless and the ignorant who are often the purest and the noblest, they who are nearer God and have the power to live and to realise the eternal varieties, are to be for ever shut out from life and light. That is what has ruined India, but we shall no more be led by the blind. We shall follow the light and if some of us succeed in living the life of a Sikh who knows that it may lead others to the light of truth; the potentiality, the strength of a life rightly lived is boundless and all conquering.

This accentuation of Sikhism may at present, wear the appearance of aloofness, but can it not, in the time to come, serve as the nucleus of a united Indian Nation ? We stand midway between the Hindus and the Mahomedans and extend a brotherly hand to both, and if we are inspired by truth, if our actions radiate humility, devotion and love, we shall all be drawn irrisistibly though imperceptibly nearer to one another. Guru Nanak, when asked, clearly said that he was neither a Hindu nor a Mohammedan but " a lowly exponent of the truth and humble follower of the true path."

If there is anything that can unite India, it is in the teachings of Sikhism, clear and catholic in tone, bold and uncompromising in the spirit yet full of sweet reasonableness, pulsating with the love of a mother, speaking of eternal forgiveness by a God who is love incarnate. Says the Guru. He the blessed Lord knows no anger and remembers not our [illegible] love transforms our sins into virtues. He is known as the

forgiver of sinners and as the father manifests still more love if the son makes mistakes, so the love of the Divine Father is all transcending.

Sikhism gives hope to the despondent, solace to the forlorn, and balm to the bleeding heart. It stands for social Justice between man and man, man and woman; it establishes equality of all castes and creeds and insists on devotion to one living God. How can they who believe in the truth of these teachings be separate from us? They are our very own and we are theirs by whatever names they may choose to call themselves. No, Sikhism can never be a disintegrating factor, it was never meant to be such, it is a unitive force which in time to come must leaven the whole mass and unite us by the unbreakable ties of firm conviction and unalterable belief. How can we stand under the all-comforting, all-resolving banner of the Sikh Gurus with its hate of shams, half truths, and sophistries and patch a compact with that which is far from the noble ideal of the Gurus. Let us all seek for the truth and follow it in a spirit of meekness love and devotion with that tolerance which springs from true knowledge. "It is by seeking that we find Him, and by wrangling we lose Him," says the Guru. If we seek for the spirit of religion, we shall find it everywhere, pure as crystal, as soon as the accretions which cover it are removed and which we often take for the reality. We shall always follow the path and in time as knowledge spreads as we read our books and others also pursue their search after truth, we may perchance find each other nearer than before, standing under the bright banner of truth, and the ancestral faith of all mankind. I wish our brethren of other sects read their scriptures in the original and exercised their own judgment in understanding them, leaving innumerable commentaries and glosses alone. The flag raised by the Gurus we must keep flying and endeavour to realise in life their hate of shams, castes and creed. We must show in deeds the spirit of brotherhood which Sikhism inculcates and receive Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians as brothers. We must remove such social barriers as make a united Indian nation impossible.

The elixir vitae which can transmute one base mercurious metal into solid gold is education. The great problem which we all have before us is the problem of education. It is one and the same for all of us, and we can all co-operate to spread the light of knowledge. Our future will greatly depend on the sort of education which we provide for the younger generation. The proper education of a nation is not a thing to be left to take care of itself or to be worked at random. The educational problem is the vital problem and the way we approach it now, in this transition period, will mould the character of future generations. It is the

neglect of true national education which has brought about the downfall of the once great Indian people. When education became the monopoly of a particular class the degradation of India began. The priesthood and the caste system precluded all prospect of any healthy education of the people as a whole. We see its results to-day, but sentiment is still so strong that without looking for the causes of our degradation we are content to admire our past and sit with folded hands in blissful contemplation of the glories of a past which cradled our inglorious present. Even good and able men, men of education and enlightenment sit down and write about a national system of education which perhaps never existed. Why cannot we be honest and recognise the innate defects of the system which has produced the results which we cannot in any way be proud of? There never was any system of popular education in India—of course when I say never I mean that history does not speak of any such system. Education there was, but it was confined to a single class and almost to a single sex, it was narrow in its range, fitful and exclusive in its application. The first and the only attempt at popular education was made by our Gurus, when every Sikh man and woman was expected to know the teachings of the Granth. For the first time the power, the potentiality of the mother tongue was recognised and a system of popular education started and a simple and easy script invented for the use of the people. The result was that in a short time schools and Dharmashallas sprang up in each village and the great majority of the people could read and write and derive solace from the life-giving teachings of the Gurus. Hindus and Mohammedans, even sweepers and low caste people, in the villages received this education which had been denied to them before. The popular education was gaining in strength and extending its borders till the British Government with its love of uniformity conceived the strange notion of teaching our Punjabi villagers through the difficult medium of Urdu, a language which even a highly educated Punjabi can rarely speak and write well. The result has been disastrous. Popular education in our villages has come to an end, and our villagers receive no education at all. In these strenuous times when boys are forced to take up work before they are out of their teens they can hardly be expected to learn a language which takes years to learn and has no educative influence.

It is just like trying to teach English peasants through the medium of German. And yet 50 years have passed since this mistake was made and it is only now that a learned Vice-Chancellor and our accomplished Lieut.-Governor have been able to perceive that it is impossible to give

any impetus to popular education through the difficult medium of Urdu.

It is round the language learned at the mother's knee that the whole life of feelings, emotions and thought gathers and we have in Punjabi language a religious literature which has no rival. The pastoral poetry, the rural folklore, the village and women's songs are full of soulful humanity, throbbing with the heart's joys and sorrows and unsurpassed for the sweetness and true spirit of poetry. It would be an incalculable loss if these gems of native genius were not preserved. I hope steps will be taken to collect them. No one has done greater service to enrich Punjabi literature than the "khalsa tract society" under the presiding genious of Bhai Bir Singh. I only wish he would let his works appear under his own name and let his muse wander in other fields than that of religion, giving his imagination complete freedom to revel in expressing the yearnings, the joys and sorrows of the human heart.

The President of the Mohammedan Educational Conference spoke against the introduction of Punjabi as a medium of instruction. But we can excuse him, he is not a Punjabi and cannot be supposed to know I am sure, nay I can safely say that our Mohammedan brothers of the Punjab in the interest of their present community would welcome the introduction of Punjabi as the medium of instruction in the rural schools.. Is there any Punjabi Mohammaden who can sincerely say that in his own home Punjabi is not spoken, and that the want of instruction through Punjabi does not stand in the way of the enlightenment of his people? Can he truthfully say that at the marriages, births and other ceremonial occasions Punjabi songs are not sung in his home? The Punjabi literature has been enriched by the writings of Mohammedan poets like Waris Shah, Fazal Shah and others, and Punjabi Mohammedans, the peasants and the people who have a stake int he country shall be only too glad to enjoy the facilities which they will have if Punjabi becomes the medium of instruction. The only question is the question of a script and I think that it can be left to the option of the parents. The Mohammedans if they prefer it can use the Persian script and the other classes Gurmakhi. A Mohammedan boy under these conditions if he wishes to pursue his studies further can easily take up Urdu in the higher classes. But we must all unite in pressing the claims of Punjabi. It is the Punjabi peasant who supplies the funds for the maintenance of schools and if he is not to profit by it, he may as well decline to pay his contributions and start his own schools. I have every hope that our enlightened Lieut.-Governor who knows the Punjab so well and who has direct knowledge of the Punjab peasantry, will recognize the danger of

leaving the village population of the Punjab in ignorance. I am sure he will take up the question in due course and lay the foundation of popular education in the Punjab.

Primary education has an immense ground to cover. The primary schools under the present system serve no purpose. The boy who has read up to the lower primary standard can hardly spell words correctly in Urdu, and the poor boy can pursue his studies no further as upper primary schools are very few and far between.

Can any one show any tangible results of the education given in the lower primary schools, and justify the enormous waste of public funds in keeping up a show of popular education which fails in its purpose? Why should not the schools become really useful? The education of the masses through their vernacular is full of great promise.

It will almost give a new life to the people, open out new vistas before them and eliminate popular prejudices, superstition, crime and sufferings which have their root in ignorance. The only efficacious antidote to ignorance is knowledge imparted to the people, in their own vernacular. Give them knowledge and they will cease to quarrel. They will not live amid unsanitary conditions. Plague and hundreds of other diseases of mind and body shall disappear. The people wil become happier, more God-fearing, and more useful members of society They will be able to make use of the scientific knowledge of the age and grow two blades of wheat where only one grows now. The education in their own language which can be acquired without much effort will infuse into the present conflict of jarring atoms a spirit of greater unity and inspire them with a nobler ideal of constant improvement and co-operation for the common good. Co-operation in European countries has done immense good, people have co-operative banks, joint machines and every other thing that requires more capital than one can put in the field. The result has been most encouraging so far. I have laid great stress on the primary education because I consider it of the greatest importance.' Popular education can never succeed unless it is in the language of the people. It is the illumining and creative force of language and all that it enshrines that can fire the peoples' mind to make the most of their land and their place in the onward movement of the world.

The positive influence of vernacular in Girls' Schools has already proved a success. The Director of the Public Instruction in the Punjab says :—"The medium of instruction has naturally a great influence on the progress of Primary Schools, specially in Girls' Schools. The

primary education in Gurmakhi makes rapid progress, new schools are opened and the existing schools increase in attendance. Mohammedan education has greater difficulties to contend with, since Urdu, which is taught in Mohammedan Schools, is neither their mother tongue nor the language of their religious books. The result is that most Urdu Schools are thinly attended." The remarks of the Director speak for themselves. They are not based on mere theoretical knowledge, but rest on the result of practical experience, and I trust that with the Director on our side we shall not have to wait very long before Punjabi becomes the medium of instruction. There is an immense field for private effort. I would earnestly recommend that we should have teaching Dharamsalas in all the villages grouped under a kind of Model School, teaching the people useful things in the matter of Agriculture and self-help. Most of the existing Dharamsalas are endowed and we must make those who are in charge of Dharamsalas to take up educational work, as they did before. With us Primary Schools should become much more fully than they are at present the schools of the whole people teaching boys and girls alike. We must have greater intensity and force of belief in popular education and greater heat of national conviction in promoting the education of the masses. It is on their improvement and the progress that they make that the well being of a nation depends.

If we are to launch on an educational activity our eye should range in advance over the entire field of educational effort so that we may be able to co-ordinate all the branches of educational system and deal with them as parts of an organic whole. There is already a system of education existing in the country; it is naturally secular, but education without a religious basis is like building a house on shifting sands. We must try to give our children a religious education. I am strongly opposed to waste of effort and creation of bad copies of Government schools. Our efforts should be to supplement and not to duplicate. For instance, in a district where there is already a High School, it is waste of time, labour and money to start another on exactly the same lines. The Government system of education is good in theory but bad in practice. It is too rigid and tries to force everybody and everything through its narrow gates, it is a system which has no elasticity, flexibility or variety without which no educational system can ever succeed. It is neither the English system of education nor the Indian. Ruskin expresses himself thus : "In the education of lower or upper classes it matters not the least how much or how little they know, provided they know just what will fit them to do their work

and to be happy in it. What the sum or the nature of their knowledge ought to be at a given time or in a given case, is a totally *different* question; the main thing to be understood is, that a man is not educated, in any sense whatsoever, because he can read Latin or write English, or can behave well in a drawing room, but that he is only educated if he is happy, busy, beneficent and effective in the world, that millions of peasants are therefore at this moment better educated than most of those who call themselves gentlemen; and that the means taken to educ ate the lower classes in any other sense may very often be productive of a precisely opposite result."

If we look on our educational system from the stand-point of Ruskin we find in it many defects. Pupils are compelled to study too many subjects at once and cover too much ground in the time at their command.

The College studies are different from what they are in some of the finest teaching Universities in Europe, while there one has to specialise in a single subject for an ordinary degree, here one must take two subjects besides acquiring proficiency in a foreign language, in English alone one must cover almost the entire field of English literature, standard prose and poetical works are prescribed wholesale, and stand the chance of being guillotined. If he fails in one subject he must appear in all the subjects again. We know of no such arrangement at Cambridge and Oxford. Of late the question has often been asked if the present system of education is responsible for the present discontent. In a way, it is the grind through the schools and colleges that ruins one's health and after finising their studies there are only a few men of robust constitution who retain good health and are able to carve their own fortunes. The great majority is only fit to do some automatic work which requires no initiative or strength of body and mind to do it.

To make the examinations more difficult does not necessarily mean the raising of the standard of education. Examinations are not an end but a means, and at best but an imperfect means, and it ought to be our aim to see that examinations are given their rightful places as educational milestones in the student's career. Examinations are necessary but it must not be forgotten that they are necessary evils, and that the making of examinations stiffer often serves but to accentuate the evils. The quinquennial report of the Director of Public Instruction explodes the theory of the over-production of graduates, there are not too many graduates. Under healthy conditions, there cannot be too many graduates, but there can be, and I think there are too many forced products of the examination system, graduates to whom the examination

has been a goal, and after the examination chaos. The best course is not to shut but to fling wide open the gates of the temple of knowledge; the endeavour should be to train the faculties of thought and action and not to produce phonographic automaton to repeat the ideas of others. Knowledge should be cultivated by the mind and the heart and not by memory. Where knowledge merely consists in committing to memory the ideas of others, action is not likely to be consistent or spontaneous.

We need less diffusion and more concentration, we need a system of education with definite aims and aspirations. In short we want a system which may further the development in equal measure of the mind, the body and character of the pupil. A mere literary standard of education is of no importance and it is this and this alone which unfortunately has been engaging the minds of our Educationalists. The question is not that of the reform of universities only. Perhaps only a little simplification would make the Universities more useful. The Indian University system ought to conform to the best system of University Education in Europe. The university education ought to be made easier by reducing the subjects and the text books to allow time for the development of critical judgment and imaginative power, which have much greater intellectual value than memory or the power of assimilation. The idea that if university education is made easier the country will be overrun by graduates is absurd. If the Universities turn out men healthy in body and mind they will find scope enough in the various fields of activities for the use of their powers, it is the diseased, dwarfed product of the present system of University education who can carve no career and can only find shelter in the Bar or the Government Office. We must not only reform the system of University education, but move all along the line. Lord Curzon's scheme failed because it was too ambitious and pitched too high, it only touched the fringe of the subject, as it left the question of primary and secondary education alone. You cannot plant a garden and expect good harvest in flower and fruit unless you water the roots. The pruning and stimulating branch growth means only the ruin of a young plant deprived of its proper nourishment in the beginning when it most needed careful attention. We must begin with the Primary Schools; the training in the Primary Schools must fit the pupil for secondary education, and this must lead on by easy steps to Matriculation. I do not suggest any radical changes, I simply desire that excrescences should be removed and the youthful mind allowed plenty of light and air to grow and prosper in. It is here that we can do the most useful work by starting preparatory schools and saving our young men the grind which they have to go through. It is model schools working on independent

lines with definite aims which we must have all over the province. We should waste no effort. We must recognise the real magnitude of the issues; we are not playing with empty theories but handling the life pulse of future generations. The real education is the education of the heart, the emotions and subduing of the animal mind. "Education," according to Dr. Thring, "is the transmission of life from the living through the living to the living." Rosseon goes still further and consigns the lowest place to purely literary education. The education of a child begins as soon as it is born, it imbibes ideas with its mother's milk, and there can be no better teacher of a child than the mother. No school, no teacher can take the place of a home and a mother and their good and glorious influence. The warm devotion and loving sacrifice of a mother are the greatest factors in fostering, training and developing the latent power of an infant mind. Alas, we have left our women in darkness, our homes are not the shrines of the Goddesses of light and learning, but presided by ignorant, innocent, immature girl mothers who stagnate and languish in darkness, mutely looking at the changing environment. They who ought to be the sweet fountains of enlightenment and progress, they, without whose aid advancement is impossible and education but a veneer, they, the mothers of our children are steeped in ignorance. As long as our women remain in darkness, cribbed, cabined and confined, our homes can never afford suitable soil enriched by God's own light and air for the healthy growth and development of a youthful mind. Here and there we may have brilliant exceptions, birds of passage resting on their way to sunnier climes, but we can have no continuous uniform progress as long as we neglect the education of our daughters, sisters and wives. Let us one and all solemnly resolve to further the education of our women. Let us put our hearts in the undertaking; the way has already been prepared by some of our good noble men and schools for girls have been opened in Rawalpindi, Ferozpur and other places, which have grown, and let us pray will grow into great institutions raying out light in all directions. It is our duty to see that in ripeness of time they will send out lady teachers to the villages to give to the poor simple girls heretofore destined to live and die in darkness, the light which they have imbibed. The school is in need of help.

The education of women is of prime importance. It is indispensible to true progress. Tennyson says:

The woman's cause is man's
They rise or sink
Together dwarf'd or God like

Bond or free

For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature shares with man
His nights his days moves with him to one gaol
Stays all the fair young plant in her hands.

Second in importance to the question of female education is the question of having the real teacher for our village and preparatory schools. I say second in importance but it is none the less an urgent need. Next to the mother the school-master is the guide, the real source of inspiration of the youth ; on his character attainments, moral aspirations and enthusiasms depend the manners, the aspirations of the rising generations. We must have the best teachers for our children, men and women who will consecrate their lives for the great and noble work. We must give special training to our teachers and place them above the common sordid level of the professions. It is the best and the noblest teachers we want for our schools for our children. The little ones specially need an expert skilled in the development of the senses and the training of the observation and the reasoning power. Our dear little ones require all the skill, experience and knowledge of a specially qualified teacher. If the ground work is defective and weak, if the foundation has not been properly laid or worse still spoiled by the novice hand of a beginner, nothing afterwards can make the superstructure complete or permanent. Picture to yourself a residential school with its fine building, and lovely green lawns, with its spirit of comradeship and healthy emulation, with its youthful friendship and its virile influence upon character, the youthful mind shaping itself through the manifold influences of a community, a community of bright young boys living together as one family emulating the high standard of living set up by the masters and impelled by precept and example alike, to be honourable, chivalrous and just, and you will see what tremendous influence for good a school can have. The first condition is to have good and great men, who will give up everything for the sake of their country and consecrate their lives as teachers. Then there are of course subordinate questions mixed up with this branch of my subject such as methods of training. The direct methods of teaching languages has been found very successful in Western countries and migbt well be adopted. It is a method by which you make the pupil conversant with the names of familiar objects by concrete examples in the language you wish to teach and slowly lead him on to form correct sentences. The old and cumbersome method of translation and committing to memory of words is played out. The direct method is

the easiest and the best, the applicability of the Kindergarten or object lesson teaching and of manual training and practical instruction in scientific principle underlying industries and agriculture, simple lessons in geometry and drawing should form the basis of our Primary Schools. For higher courses of study a knowledge of English is necessary for our advancement. It extends our horizon, it carries the borders of our knowledge beyond the narrow parochial limits of our untrained imagination. It has a literature which contains invaluable lessons and is unparalleled for its humanising and social influence for life and character. It has a science the priceless crown forged by the fire of Western thought, and above all it takes us out of our own narrow conventionalities and unite us with the whole world of thought and action. Can we refuse this great gift? No, we must receive it with gratitude and make it our own. Let our educational ideals be high enough to enable us to found real schools for our youth, let the education we give be such as to mould the character of the individual student into a higher moral and intellectual type. He or she must become a finer specimen of humanity with the divine spark working within, infusing a healthy influence on his or her environment, elevating and purifying the tone of society. Education which does not infuse a spirit of reverence and humility is a failure. Do not let the bad influence of Western education destroy what is good and beautiful in our national character. The truest and the first sign of enlightenment is the subdual of one's will, the recognition of discipline and reverence for our elders and the Government of the day. Tennyson says :—

> " Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul according well,
> May make one music as before."

The first aim of a rational system of education should be to evolve men and women fitted to perform their respective duties in a spirit of love, humility and reverence, so that more and more of the divine may shine through their actions. Says the Guru :—

"The giver of education is the greatest benefactor."

To sum up our great needs are (1) Female education, (2) Training of the teachers, (3) Primary education, and (4) Preparatory schools managed and worked on modern lines with greater elasticity than obtains in Government schools. Possibly when we have demonstrated the success of modern methods of training, the Government may adopt them in their own schools, and then we can devote our energies more especially

to promote female education without which no progress is possible. Its want cripples our activities in all the spheres of life. The world is moving fast, and we cannot stand and gaze backwards in the futile hope of the resuscitation of the past that is dead and gone. Whatever people may say you cannot galvanise into life a dead thing. We must look forward relying on God and our own strenuous efforts. We must remember the memorable words of Guru Gobind Singh when he fearlessly said: —

" The timeless one is my protection.
All pure steel is my only protection."

Self-reliance with co-operation for the common good is the golden rule. Shall we not make a beginning or foster such a beginning? Let us ride on the tide of hope and sail our bark on its shining waters in a spirit of dead earnestness and ceaseless activity. Let us now put into practice in however small a way what we all say is necessary for our well being. Mere resolutions on the subject couched in the most beautiful, spacious and unimpeachable language will not help us. We must act and at once. We must realise above all that destiny is not cast in steel resting in the lap of God, but a plastic substance in our own hands to shape as we will.

We must fit ourselves to play the part which we desire to play in the upward progress of our country. I know that people are already murmuring and complain that the claims of the Sikhs have not been recognised by the Government and that no Sikh is to be found in any high official position. The complaint is justified by facts. I can safely say that amongst us there are men equal in ability, knowledge of the world and governing capacity rarely to be found elsewhere. But preferential treatment is wrong in principle and disastrous in the ultimate result. It weakens the Government and lowers the morale of the public service. " All the subjects of the Empire are equal in the eye of the King," is an oriental maxim. No one class can claim greater importance than the other; which of the various congeries of the people that inhabit India, Hindus, Mahommedans, Christians, Rajputs, Parsis, Sikhs and Gurkhas can claim special and differential treatment. We must stand for merit and claim no preferential treatment. We as friends of the British Government shall not mislead it into a wrong action and eventual embarrassment. Anything that overlaps the high ideal of equal and just treatment of all the people of the Empire, however expedient it may appear, is sure to lead in the end to greater trouble and frustration of the boject in view. I sincerely hope Government will pause and carefully

consider all the aspects of the question before it embarks on a wrong course of action. We as followers of Guru Gobind Singh shall ask no special favours, we have fought England's battles all the world over and who can say we may some day have to stand side by side by the Englishmen to defend their very homes ? With Khalsa at its back Great Britain can defy any power. It is superfluous to speak of our Loyalty which our swords have so often demonstrated and shall demonstrate when the time arises. At present we should try to retain by pre-eminence of character, devotion to duty, innate worth, and friendliness, the position which we have won in the more stormy days of old.

In conclusion let us pray that the Government of our most Gracious Emperor may always be inspired by noble aims and follow righteousness and justice. God who has brought India and England together is working for some great end. The veil of the future we cannot penetrate. This alone is clear, that we are ordained to work together, and to live together, to rise or fall together. Let us work peacefully and harmoniously. Let us strive for the consummation of a union which has something as of the divine in it. Let our common ideal be a spirit of comradeship and fraternal co-operation, in making the life of the empire larger, happier and more harmonious.

If England and India are strong enough to follow the path of duty, the path of righteousness and justice, and blend their dim lights for this high purpose, the union of East and West may proclaim the dawn of a new era and the British Empire may prove the pivot of a world-wide peace. May we Sikhs play an honourable part in the attainment of universal peace as we have played in the rugged path of warfare. This is my earnest prayer which I trust will be echoed and re-echoed from all parts of the Empire.

Now, gentlemen, I must conclude. Let us take our stand under the banner of truth raised by our Gurus. Let us one and all work in a spirit of humility and love for a simple equal life of truth and piety. Let us re-kindle the fire of devotion and self-sacrifice and dispel the darkness which hangs heavily on our land. Let us for ever more stand at the altar of the temple of truth which new faith, new love, new fire shall raise it to more than its pristine glory and cheer the waiting, fainting, thirsting hearts of men with the divine teachings of the Gurus.

JOGENDRA SINGH.

Lahore.

THE VIVISECTOR

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XIV.

AS they walked through the door there sprang from underneath a chair in the hall where it had been sitting, a white, woolly mass, which resolved itself into the wire-haired body of Lord Roberts, who had been anxiously waiting for his mistress' return. Before Anne or anyone else could prevent him his teeth were fixed with many angry snarls into Keynsham's grey tweed trousers. Fortunately, they did not penetrate further, and Mrs. Langridge shook him off and beat him so severely with the handle of her sunshade that his yells filled the house.

Keynsham smiled sardonically. "Dogs do not like me," he said in an explanatory voice, while Mrs. Langridge relegated the still infuriated animal to the back kitchen, locking the door upon him.

Anne sank into a chair. Her arm was very painful and Lord Roberts' shrieks had unnerved her. She could not understand his behaviour. He was usually good even with strangers. Why had he taken such an unaccountable dislike for Keynsham at first sight? As she looked at Keynsham much of her former hatred of him came back. She felt frightened of him. She noticed his stern square jaw, his thin lips, and his keen eyes, with increasing distrust. She remembered how Dr. Martin had described him as a clever vivisectionist, and as she looked at his long thin firm fingers, she pictured them performing merciless experiments upon hapless animals. Of course that was why her pet had tried to bite him! He knew precisely the sort of man he was by some strange peculiar instinct as yet imperfectly developed in the human animal, or at any rate in most of them. She began to feel annoyed that Lord Roberts had been shut up. Poor little dog, she thought pitifully. But Mrs. Langridge came back quickly, having punished Lord Roberts and was profuse in her apologies.

"After all your kindness too," she said. "I feel quite ashamed."

Keynsham was standing quietly waiting. He smiled as she finished speaking. "And now for the arm," he said, turning to Anne. "Have you any bandages?" he asked of Mrs. Langridge.

"Oh dear, yes," the old lady replied bustling up the stairs, "I have a medicine chest with everything in."

She disappeared, returning in a few minutes with a small mahogany chest which she placed triumphantly on a chair. The chest had been in her possession for at least forty years, and during that time had scarcely ever seen the light except when it was called upon to produce diachylon plaster or extract of Witch Hazel according to the depth of the injury, on the occasions of Anne's juvenile abrasions. Mrs. Langridge felt quite glad that some of its contents were now to see the light. It almost reconciled her to Anne's sprained arm.

"I don't think that we had better do the bandaging here," said Keynsham. "We may be disturbed." They had remained in the hall since their arrival, but at his request Mrs. Langridge led the way into the dining-room.

"Of course not," she said, "how foolish! I can't think why I left you standing there. I suppose it was that dog! How naughty he was, to be sure!"

Anne rose and walked after her mother, and Keynsham followed, bearing the redoubtable medicine chest, which when opened was found to contain several excellent bandages, preserved from the ravages of moth and time by camphor in abundance. Keynsham selected one and advanced towards his patient. She held out her arm and never winced while he bandaged it tightly and fastened the bandage at the wrist with a safety pin. Then a sigh of relief escaped her.

He glanced at her narrowly. She was very white. He noticed, too, how bright the gold-brown of her hair was. She was not only interesting but beautiful, he told himself. His fingers lingered unnecessarily on her wrist and she drew her arm away with a jerk that caused her no small amount of pain.

He saw her brows contract. "You should not move your arm like that," he said. "I am going to order you to wear a sling to rest it."

"I drew it away because it hurt when you touched it."

"But the jerk you gave it hurt you much more."

"Perhaps." She felt annoyed with him because she thought he was laughing at her. "Thank you for all your kindness," she said. "Now I shall go and rest. I am very tired."

"The best thing for you," he assented. "I shall call in to-morrow and see to the arm. I shall hope to find you quite recovered."

"Need you come? I shall be all right." She began to walk from the room with slow feeble steps. He did not dare to assist her.

"Anne dear!" her mother said expostulating, "Dr. Keynsham is very clever; he will see that your arm goes on all right and then I need not be anxious. You do not wish to have your arm bad for a long time?"

But Anne was already half way out of the room. "Of course not," was all she answered.

Mrs. Langridge turned to Keynsham. "She is very shaken, I am afraid. But I am sure she is most grateful to you and you must know how deeply I thank you. She is my only child," she added, holding out her hand.

He took it. "Good-bye," he said. "Keep her quiet and I will do all I can. It is a great pleasure to me to think that I was able to help her—and you." He took up his hat and Mrs. Langridge followed him to the door, where she bestowed on him another handshake. Then he was gone. From the window of her mother's room above Anne watched him go. "I wonder if I really hate him?" she said meditatively, then with a smile, "There is no doubt about Lord Roberts' feelings." An instant later she was at the head of the stairs. "Mother, let my dog out of the back kitchen now," she called, and in another moment his outraged lordship bounded up to her, and nearly overcame her with the violence of his caresses. "Down, darling dog," said his mistress retreating to the shelter of her own room and keeping him at bay with the door half closed, so that he could not force his way through. "You will hurt me though you don't mean to. See—" she showed him the ominous bandage which disfigured her arm. "I am hurt, and you mustn't touch."

Lord Roberts stood on his hind legs supporting himself against the lintel of the door, and sniffed the bandage. Evidently he did not approve of camphor, for he dropped quickly down again, and sat quietly on the mat regarding his mistress.

(*To be Continued.*)

MARGARITA YATES

London.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Devolution and Disruption.

In giving his final touches to the scheme of constitutional reforms, as conveyed in his despatch to the Government of India in November last, Lord Morley must have cherished the vision of a united, if not completely self-governing, India. He would have shocked the vast majority of his countrymen if he had even hinted at the possibility of his reforms preparing the way to Indian Home Rule. But he must have thought that a Government which tries to introduce the machinery of election into an oriental country, ought at the same time to endeavour to bring the conflicting elements together, so that the system of elections and the system of representative government may be linked together in India as they are in England. Hence he put forward hesitatingly, and without the authority pertaining to his position in the constitution, his interesting scheme of electoral colleges, in which Hindus and Muhammadans were to vote together. He was quickly disillusioned. With better knowledge of the ugly present than appreciation of the beautiful future, which the philosopher wished fondly to evolve, the practical politicians and the Muhammadan leaders raised their voices against the modest and well-meant suggestion. The prophet heaved a deep sigh, shook his head mournfully, and bowed in silence to the inevitable. To many men acquainted with the realities of the political life of India the Secretary of State must have seemed an unpractical dreamer. A dreamer perhaps he was: he had himself no inclination to maintain otherwise. But how much the world owes to dreamers! How often have succeeding generations wept over the dreams ignorantly and impatiently shattered by an unappreciative preceding generation! Distance of space affords the same perspective as distance of time. The American has taken a different view of the opposition to Lord Morley's scheme from that of the Anglo-Indian and the Muhammadan. A writer in the "North American Review" comments on the incident in these pregnant words: "The moral is that the British do not rule India by dividing.

They rule India because she is divided, prefers to remain divided, and resists any attempt on the part of her Governors to bridge over her divisions. It has now gone on record that the British rulers of India opened the gate to union and that sixty-two million Indians refused with passion to pass through it."

Even the refusal of the Muhammadans to vote with others, as suggested by the Secretary of State, is less worthy of note than their claim, recognised by the Viceroy, to be represented in all elective bodies, from the Legislative down to the Municipal Councils, in a proportion exceeding their relative numerical strength. Personally Lord Morley is of opinion that the recognition of the superior claim of any community as against others is highly inexpedient. The leader of His Majesty's Opposition, too, as a political philosopher, has insisted that under no theory of representative government known to Western nations can some communities be separately represented, and in a special proportion not allowed to other communities. Both parties in England, however, had to stand by the Viceroy, and they have left the responsible ruler on the spot to face the situation created by him in the best manner suggested by his experience and sagacity. Critics in India have, indeed, declared sullenly that neither the appointments of Indians on the Executive Councils nor the privileges of the enlarged Legislative Councils are worth having, if one community is to be treated with special favour as against another, and the idea of fairness and equality, which underlies all the constitutional reforms, is to be violated in one direction when it is respected in another. A great deal of caution is necessary in dealing with the claims preferred by the various communities constituting the Indian population, and the Viceroy's policy has been to avoid causing any irritation by a pointedly negative reply. His position is very difficult and requires the utmost tact ever demanded of an Indian administrator. It is impossible not to sympathise with him and there is an evident disposition both in India and in England not to embarrass him. It would be a great injustice to any British statesman holding the position of Viceroy to impute to him a desire to humiliate any section of His Majesty's subjects and to glorify any other, or to compel some subjects to acknowledge the political superiority of others at the point of the British bayonet. No British statesman can cherish the intention of placing the Indian communities in the same relative positions under the British rule as they occupied under the Moghul rule, as if the British rulers did not care to diffuse a more loyal and cordial feeling among the subjects towards them than prevailed under the Moghuls.

The supporters of Muhammadan claims have somtimes given expression to sentiments for which the Viceroy is not responsible. For example, while conceding that for historical and political reasons the Muhammadans may claim to be separately represented, His Ex-

cellency has not stated that the political importance arises in any measure from the circumstance of Islam having millions of adherents in other parts of the world. The Earl of Ronaldshay and a few others have pressed that consideration on the attention of the British public, but the Viceroy has not admitted its relevancy. There is nothing to show that His Excellency would not recognise the political importance of any of the Hindu communities that may have distinguished themselves in history, just as he has conceded the claim of the Muhammadans. Then, again, while admitting that important interests should be adequately represented, and that the relative proportion in which important communities are to be represented cannot be determined by the numerical ratio alone, the Viceroy has not promised that the Government would undertake to appraise the importance of each community and fix once for all the number of seats to which each community is entitled in every elective body in the land. The principles underlying the Viceroy's own explanation of his reply to the famous Muhammadan deputation seem to be, first, that, within the limits made possible by the education, status, and other qualifications of the community in a given local area, the Government will assure to it a measure of representation commensurate with its numbers—the only measure that is capable of precise ascertainment and definition; and, secondly, that the same community will also be allowed to secure as many additional seats as it can in the general election in competition with other communities. In other words, in recognition of the historical and political importance of the Muhammadan community, the Government will see that other communities do not deprive it of any portion of the representation which is due to it under the numerical test—a concession which is not granted to all. But if the Muhammadans wish to get more than a proportionate measure of representation, they must do so with the suffrage of other communities: the British Government cannot be expected to play the Moghul, and glorify one community by special fiat at the expense of others. Though the Viceroy has been wisely sparing in the explanation of the principles on which he has acted—for principles in such delicate matters are not easily defined, and afford a handle to captious critics to make much of little slips— His Excellency's meaning seems to be more or less in the way we have attempted to set forth.

The present attitude of the Muhammadans, who blame th Viceroy for not giving them as much as they want, cannot be maintained very long, for there is no sound philosophy behind it. It is prompted by the inertia of past greatness. It takes insufficient account of the fact remembered by all nations that Fortune never fixes her abode in the same place and that greatness is a commodity which constantly changes hands. Such vicissitudes are necessary

for progress, and progress is in the direction of equality and not privilege.

> A mighty Hand, from an exhaustless Urn,
> Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
> Among the nations. How the rushing waves
> Bear all before them ! On their foremost edge,
> And there alone, is Life.

On the other hand, communities—be they Hindu or Muhammadan—that have had a glorious past wish to live in the past.

> There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
> The graven legends, thrones of Kings o'erturned,
> The broken altars of forgotten gods,
> Foundations of old cities and long streets,
> Where never fall of human foot is heard
> On all the desolate pavement.

Nations must bury their past as individuals. The Muhammadan and the Mahratta, the Rajput and all the rest stand on the threshold of a new age. A new birth changes old relations, though Karma persists. This is true of communities as of individuals. The Karma of the various Indian communities may cling to them under the British Government, but their mutual relationship under the old Governments does not survive. Indeed, in this change of relationship lies the essence of progress, and for the sake of progress is a change of Governments ordained by Providence. "Tremendous strides" have been and will be taken during Lord Minto's Viceroyalty in certain directions. Among the events and measures of tremendous importance will ever be reckoned the attempt of the Muhammadans to preserve embalmed a relic of their past greatness in the great reform-scheme, and the willingness expressed by Government to introduce into the formation of elective bodies considerations unknown to the advocates of representative government in the West. Neither the political philosophy of the West nor the established precedents of the East provide sufficient guidance to the mariner in the Indian waters. Courageously and by the light of the dim stars has the Viceroy to steer the ship in strange seas.

Apart from its relevancy to the question of representation in elective assemblies, there is one great fact about the Muhammadan community, the importance of which the Hindus are just beginning to realise. Islam is an integral reality, notwithstanding its several sects, and it is a unifying force. Hinduism is only a name invented by others than Hindus. It has no existence as a system : its unity is geographical rather than moral. The Hindus made religion a privilege for exclusive enjoyment, and not an obligation to be imposed on as many of God's creatures as possible. Our God is a

jealous God, said the Semitic races. Our men are jealous men, said the Indian races. The Hindus have gone on dividing and sub-dividing, each sect anxious to preserve a distinctive article of faith or custom as its peculiar property which others shall not share. Political existence in such triturated condition was impossible, and the civic bond was more comprehensive than the bond of religion in former times. On the other hand, political ambition often snapped the religious bond in the Muhammadan community. Yet, given a strong political power capable of holding the inhabitants of a large geographical area together, the Muhammadans possess a greater advantage in combining for a common purpose than Hindus. The latter are held together by their Anglicism—the new ideals taught by English education—more closely than by their Hinduism. The disadvantage of this absence of genuine coherence is obvious. A compact body can speak with authority, act with concentrated energy, and march with dash and well directed aim. A loose conglomerate of allied communities lacks all these advantages. It is obliged to remain passive: its voice is apt to be discordant and uncertain, its action to be feeble, and its movements erratic. Its composite structure precludes it from advancing special claims: its standard must be equity, and its interests must be characterised by universality. Favourable to the growth of expansive and admirable speculative theories, the conditions provided by the structure of the Hindu community are fatal to political efficiency.

As the writer in the American magazine remarks, the British have done everything in their power to consolidate India into a united nation. The late Sir W. W. Hunter summed up England's work in India in three words—conquest, consolidation, and conciliation. In the early days of higher education the educated classes entered heartily into the spirit of the work of consolidation. There was no competition among them in those days. All had scope for profitable employment and honourable distinction. With the spread of higher education and the multiplication of educated men, and with the introduction of competition not only in the public service but also in local self-government, the spirit of union inclucated by education could not remain undisturbed. In a country like England the political parties sink their differences in the presence of great national and imperial issues: what is good for the nation as a whole, is the inquiry to which the public attention is directed among all parties. That national sentiment being absent in India, and the traditions of each community being individualistic rather than nationalistic, every prize thrown open to competition is apt to stir up afresh the latent and inherited caste spirit, and controversies arise which threaten to make for disruption instead of consolidation. The rivalry between the various Hindu castes and communities in

the competition for the prizes of civic life will not perhaps be as keen as it has been between Muhammadans and Hindus. But the first care of every community for some time to come will be to consider how it may be benefited or prejudiced by the concessions which the Government has made and is about to make. Thoughts of consolidation will be, temporarily at least, in abeyance. Will the reforms progressively promote tendencies towards disruption? The people of India have been reminded that never before was the need for a spirit of unity greater than it is now, if they are acquit themselves creditably in the eyes of the world and their rulers, and the temptation to elevate selfish considerations above the common good was never stronger. We may, however, look at the situation in another light. India is in a state of tutelage : she has to learn how to manage her local affairs smoothly and efficiently. What need have students to form themselves into National Volunteers and mimic struggles for liberty and independence? The contests of the class-room, the examination hall, the debating society, and the gymkhana are suited to their condition and are within their province. There is rivalry on the cricket-field, but it becomes the students better than the unity of militant organisations. The parallel holds good in the case also of grown up students, whose tasks are of a different kind. Their contests may prove educative and not ruinous.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The crimes of the anarchists have for a time ceased to appall the public imagination in Bengal : the sensation is now supplied by the misdemeanours of the police. As Sir Andrew Fraser once pleaded, the Bengal police have had to work under unprecedented difficulties. A new species of crime and a new class of offenders have sprung into existence. Even in the case of ordinary crimes it is stated that the police do not receive the same measure of assistance from the people in India as they do in England, and the work of detection is therefore difficult. When crimes are committed in the name of patriotism, and the people have some amount of admiration, if not exactly sympathy, for the disinterested dare-devilry of young heroes, the police must expect to receive even less than the usual measure of assistance in detection. Add to this that the culprits are sufficiently well informed and clever to know the limitations of the powers of the police and to take advantage of the formalities of the law, and the difficulties encountered by the police in detecting and securing the punishment of crime can be easily imagined. Yet if no attempt is made to bring offenders to justice, the police stand self-condemned. The shortcomings of the police which have come to light in some of the recent trials are very important—inability to detect, lack of descrimination between good and bad evidence, illegal treatment of prisoners, and disregard of the injunctions of the law relating to confessions. These shortcomings are not heard of now for the first time : abundance of evidence was given about them before the Police Commission. Their existence is well known to every one acquainted with the administration of criminal justice. In the Bengal trials they have received conspicuous exposure, because the trials themselves have attracted more than the ordinary amount of notice, in consequence of the nature of the crimes and the status of the offenders. In one case at least, the local Government is understood to have resolved upon holding an investigation into the conduct of the police. The reputation of the police for vigilance and honesty is intimately connected with the deportation of persons not brought

to trial. Who supplied the information on which the Government acted in deporting the persons concerned? Such information may be essentially reliable, though unable to stand the severe scrutiny of a law court. Yet when confidence in the judgment and scrupulousness of the police is shaken, faith in the justice of the Government which acts on the information largely, if not exclusively, supplied by them is also apt to be shaken.

The celebration of Empire Day deserves to be more popular than it has hitherto been in this counry, and possibly it will be in future years, if advantage is taken of the cordial state of public feeling created by the Morley-Minto reforms. The invitation of Indian journalists to the Imperial Press Conference improves also the chances of the celebration of a political festival like Empire Day receiving more support in future years. The movement must necessarily make slow progress, but its success will undoubtedly be a political asset of considerable value. The fact which deserves special notice about this year's celebration is Lord Ampthill's suggestion that India must have a distinctive flag of her own, or each province must have a distinctive flag of its own. While small colonies in the West Indies have flags of their own, and these are displayed in England on festive occasions, it is a conspicuous omission that India—which contains one-fifth of the human race—should not be represented by a distinctive flag. The idea of a flag is very old and familiar in India, and the use of a flag representing the whole of India will mark a great step in the development of the idea of national unity. If this aspect of the suggestion is realised, it will be even more popular with Indians than with Englishmen of Lord Ampthill's way of thinking. The idea has already commended itself to some, or perhaps many, in this country, and they have already begun to ask and discuss what would be the most appropriate designs on the Indian flag. To have a separate flag for each province would obviously be a retrograde step, and it would create much bewilderment in England, where even educated men sometimes do not seem to know whether Bombay is on the west or east coast of India. The flags of Native rulers of old bore the figures of animals and of heavenly bodies, and sometimes religious symbols. To the sun and the moon, displayed on Indian flags, no community or sect can have any objection. The Crescent, on the other hand, is a sign which will commend itself to Muhammadans, and the sun is a heavenly body which has received the adoration and gratitude of all mankind in all ages. The two figures signify that whatever is represented by the flag will endure as long as the sun and the moon. Indian flags of old have borne the figures of the boar, the fish, the monkey, the tiger, and the like. Under the British Government what animal can

be more appropriate on a national flag than the lion? The lion has practically disappeared from Indian forests, but he lives in Indian literature, and political considerations naturally suggest homage to the British Lion. The sagacious, herbiverous, patient, and huge elephant is, among animals, the best representative of India. In Buddhist scriptures the elephant is treated as an emblem of self-restraint. Ganapati, the Lord of Hosts, who is worshipped all over India, is proud to wear the head of an elephant. Ordinarily the lion and the elephant cannot be represented side by side, for one is the enemy of the other. But as in the garden of Eden, so in the sylvan retreats of the Rishis—the abodes of peace and happiness—the Indian poets love to tell how the lion and the elephant could play with each other. And what greater work has England done in India, and for what blessing are the people more grateful, than the establishment of peace? On a flag representing modern India, the lion and the elephant may well play with each other, and remind the world of the great and immortal achievement of the British Lion in the land of elephants.

EAST & WEST.

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HAVE WE FREE WILL?

(*Concluded from our last number.*)

TO carry on a discussion about the freedom or non-freedom of the Will, profitably, it is necessary to come to some clear understanding and agreement upon what is meant by "The Will." Too commonly, especially in Determinist camps, the Will is spoken (if not thought) of, as though it were some special attachment, an instrument which the "I" can use in definite ways to effect definite purposes. Or, it is regarded as a balance into which the "I," or something else, throws "motives," so that when the entire accumulation is made, the scale inclines one way or the other, and action of one kind or the other necessarily follows. Willing, however, is an exceedingly complex process. I would submit, as a roughly accurate definition of "The Will" for the purposes of this controversy, "The Dynamic mode of consciousness." In contradistinction with this mode, we might consider "The Perceptive" and "The Reflective" modes. The point being that so far as there is an "I" common to all these modes, the whole of it is involved in the successive activities of each. I agree, in part at least, with Nietzsche that Willing is essentially an emotion, though I prefer to call it a dynamic mode of the entire consciousness; that in all Willing, there is a movement from, and a movement towards; from the static pre-existing condition to the object desired; that in Willing we are distinctly conscious of imposing, first, a command upon our own executive, which in so far as it is intelligent, belongs (in some measure) to both of the other modes of consciousness —we perceive and use the means we think best suitable to attain the desired object. But there is also, closely allied with this, a sense in all Willing which is not so indifferent as to fall almost into the category of reflex action, of imposing our Will on someone else's Will; in all Willing

we seek to enforce ourselves, either over some internal or external rebellion, obstacle, or person, which comes between us and the thing desired. Thus, in the ultimate analysis, all true Willing is Willing to life (as Schopenhauer put it) or to power (as Nietzsche, amending Schopenhauer, puts it). Although Nietzsche seems to see a valuable distinction, and an improvement, in his formula, I confess that the distinction appears to me, for all practical purposes, to be one of words rather than substance. The maintenance of life at the height involves, explicitly or implicitly, the assertion of the individual's power over all that hinders the attainment of the desired end. That is only a crude and imperfect account of what I would call "the Natural Will," and requires to be qualified by many considerations. It is not possible, for example, to ignore acts of Renunciation, which display Will deflected by, may we say, Religion?—a Will *not* to life, not to power, but to weakness. But under whatever aspect we regard the Will, I think we shall always find that it is (speaking roughly) the dynamic mode of consciousness, whatever end it has in view. Now I will deal as shortly as I can with the insidious word "motive" of which the connotations prove so helpful to the Determinist. Regarding the Will as an instrument, his argument revolves in a small and fatuous circle. The instrument is only "moved" by "motive." Indeed, motive means that which moves, and in this restricted connection, that which moves the Will. Implied in this conception, and quite inseparable from it, is the externality of the "motive," and the essentially mechanic character of the Will. Granted so much, and of course the Determinist conclusion follows, not as a matter of argument or victorious reason, but as a re-statement, in the conclusion, of the terms of the premisses. I venture to think that this is a shallow and misleading method. First, it conveys an entirely erroneous impression of what really goes on in the act of Willing. Second, as practically applied by M. Renard, it obliterates all real differences between Free Will and Non-Free Will. I suggest that motives are not wholly, if at all, external; that they are as much a part of the consciousness in its entirety as the Will is a part of it, being its active mode. If I am right here, we shall have at last touched the root of the matter. If the consciousness, not only in its dynamic mode, selects, but in its entire form, *makes* its own motives, and if we can then free our intellects from the spell of a word,

however ancient, well accredited, and familiar, we may, I trust, begin to see the end of what has long been thought an interminable conflict.

Let a distinction, so obvious that I should have thought it unnecessary to mark it, did not a study of popular Determinist literature prove the contrary, be drawn and kept in sight between "willing" and "accomplishing," and again between what we call "rational" and "irrational" willing. The latter, as I have before said, is extremely suggestive.

M. Renard imagines that Free Will means that every man wills, "without reason," that he wills "without knowing why." These expressions and the reasoning which flows from them occur over and over again, with tiresome iteration. Now Free Will certainly implies that any man may "will" anything, however unreasonable and impossible; but it does not mean that normal men are in the habit of doing so. The entire consciousness being, as I think, a developing growth, goes along an ordered and fairly regular march; with experience it gathers its main stock of "motives," in other words, acquires a "character." As long as all its parts or modes remain relatively normal, we should expect and do find that its "willing" as displayed in conduct (the only means we have of judging it) is, roughly, consistent. The most ardent advocate of Free Will does not claim to act "without reason," or "without knowing why." He merely says that he has certain broad ends in view, broad "rules" of conduct, if we must use equivocal terms, and that at any moment he is able to employ the whole of his consciousness in "selecting" the best means of attaining them, or carrying them out. Where he parts company from even the "sentimental" determinist, is in refusing to regard himself as a mere automaton pelted from without by *what*? With motives, the greater number of hits (all quality, all valuation being denied) deflects him willy nilly, to the right or to the left. I have in vain sought through these vivacious pages for anything remotely resembling a philosophical account of what motives the motives; of where we are to seek the beginning of the chain of irresistible "causation." Apparently M. Renard thinks that "the environment" is the great fundamental "cause." But surely, the re-action of the consciousness on the environment, which constitutes each one's individuality and character, is the product of the consciousness as a whole, and especially of its dynamic mode, the Will. Here is an illustration of the singularly superficial reasoning which

satisfies M. Renard. He says (p. 28) that if the Will can "resist" the same motives and surmount them (observe the implication of "externality"), it is the same thing as though motives did not exist. This proves it. We have on one side (presumably outside the Will) a sum of "forces" (oh! that treacherous word) which we know and can value. Let us state them in figures. For the act 3,5,8, equals 16. Against 2,3,5, equals 10. Carried by 6 the act must be done. That is M. Renard's method of demonstration; very neat and simple. He is fond of putting "une petite question" to his opponents. Let me now put one to him. Who is going to value the motives? Suppose the actor changes the first row of figures into 0,0,0. Does M. Renard seriously believe that even the environment, that remarkably vague *causa causans*, can fix a uniform scale of values for all the "motives" with which it pelts us? *It is precisely in the valuation of motives that all morality consists.* Given a hundred gentlemen taken at random from the clubs of Piccadilly, speaking broadly, their education and "environment" will have been much the same. But the re-action of no two among them on that environment will be precisely, or even, in certain circumstances, approximately the same. They are all exposed to exactly the same "motives" if M. Renard's conception of "motive" is correct; but they will not act uniformly like marionettes, or falling bodies; the dynamic mode of each one's consciousness, his Will, will reflect adequately in conduct, his individuality, the sum of his experience, in the totality of his consciousness. Now let us follow M. Renard (and with him all sentimental Determinists) into the field of practice. Admitting for the sake of argument that every man's will is an instrument, which owing to the sum of all preceding "causes" must respond in a certain way to the impact of certain motives. Someone, M. Renard as well as anyone else, values these "external motives," unselfishness, love, sacrifice, justice (it is really difficult to find a place for "justice" logically, in this scheme) and calls them good. Contrary motives are called bad, and valued too. The Will, which has to prompt action, is now, we are to suppose, being pelted with motives good and bad. Apparently a certain number only, and that a very limited number, can be used. Let us suppose that A is deliberating, as in the former case, whether or not he will murder B. I should very much like to have M. Renard's own "valuation" of the external motives, which are now striving for the determination of A's

will. The bad motive of avarice in this case must represent, at any rate, standing quite alone (for we assign to it the proximate "cause" of the murder), a higher figure than all the rest which can be brought to bear against the crime. The man A in plain language *must* murder the child B because his Will is of such a peculiar character that avarice determines it above the sum of all other "motives." In the simplest language the man has a thoroughly bad character to which his Will gives expression in conduct. M. Renard thinks that by heaping other "motives" upon him, he might convert the bad into a good will. But ex-hypothesi, at the time of committing the murder, all the motives with which he was acquainted, to which his will was sensitive, had proved inadequate. The improvement of morals which M. Renard deems possible, by voluntarily substituting good for bad motives, by which he means, that men with good wills should try to "convert" men with bad wills, the substitution being purely external, seems to me to involve, in the sphere of morals, a transparent fallacy. This springs out of the fallacy I have already tried to expose. M. Renard while denying that the criminal has any "moral" responsibility at all (hanging him to protect society against the repetition of his unsocial conduct, does not of course require us to condemn the morality of the crime), indulges in fine rhapsodies upon the duty of every better conditioned citizen to "reform" him and his like. And he really convinces himself that the reform which he advocates will conduce to a perfected "morality." That at the back of his mind the idea of "reforming" criminals persists, ought to be proof enough to every psychologist, that his verbal annihilation of the moral quality of the criminal, as distinct from that of the crime, is a foolish logical *tour de force*. Has he ever, in his wildest moments, thought it his duty to "reform" the lightning? Control it perhaps, yes; but credit it with a moral faculty which can be worked upon, so as to induce it in future not to kill? And what is his remedy? Remove every motive to crime, and then no one can possibly commit a crime. Again we see the elimination of morals. If we could not help being good, if we could wholly exterminate "badness," there would be no worth in being good, absolutely no meaning in the word "goodness."

M. Renard struggles gallantly to get over the hoary difficulty that you really cannot blame a man for doing what in the circumstances

he could not help doing, any more than you ought to blame a steam engine for running over a man who stands in front of it. True, he says, to some extent; but you must blame the deed; and strive to remove the motive. Now considering that all ordinary acts are done upon "motives" which are common to all mankind, the only difference being that some men value motives differently from others, it becomes on the most superficial examination clear that M. Renard is here talking nonsense. You cannot remove "avarice," because it is merely the excess of a perfectly legitimate "motive," greater wealth, and with it greater power. How can you possibly remove hatred, without also removing dislike and every intermediate shade of emotion? What this means, if it means anything, is that you must train men to control primitive passions, rising to dangerous heights, and subordinate them to the conditions of the society in which they live. But how this is to be done, except by training the Will, and with it the entire consciousness, I cannot understand. You might as well, it seems to me, talk of training men only to see green, and white, and grey, which are on the whole soothing and tranquillizing colours. Again, M. Renard thinks that we can blame ourselves for what we *know* that we could not help, and thus improve morally, notwithstanding the fact that we are not entitled to pass moral judgments on our fellow-men. That is to say, we may morally condemn ourselves, but not others. The reason is not very clear; and it is certainly not made clearer by the two amazing illustrations he gives. The first is that of a musician, who plays a false note, and thus mars the effect of some masterpiece he is trying to interpret. It is true, says M. Renard, that he could not help making the blunder; but he suffers the keenest "remorse," and this will make him very careful not to err again. The next case is that of a man in the prime of life, stricken down by a mortal disease. He and all his friends are equally afflicted, although it is not his fault. Surely, M. Renard can discriminate between the moral emotion of remorse, and the totally different emotion of regret? In the musician's case, if he feels remorse at all in the moral sense, it is only because he "knows" that he could have helped making the blunder. If he really knew, or even believed, that it was inevitable and altogether beyond his control, whatever he felt about it, he certainly would not feel remorse.

I must now pass to one of the favourite weapons in a Deter-

minist's armoury. One and all, as far as my experience goes, rely on the analogy from the "laws" of nature, and the observed "uniformity" of its sequences. Of course, a scientist of Mr. K. Pearson's calibre does not fall into the vulgar error of most determinists, but even he is evidently biassed by his scientific training and is inclined to think that just as "causation" obtains in the phenomenal world, so when we know more about it we shall find that it obtains in the region of the Will. Perhaps we may, but at present I submit that we have absolutely no warrant for the inference. To reason from the uniform manner in which, *e.g.*, bodies fall, that when we know "the law" men will be found to act with the same uniformity, is in the present state of knowledge to talk nonsense. To twit the adherents of Free Will with taking up an arrogant position of splendid isolation, unparalleled in the rest of the Universe, is to talk ranker nonsense still. M. Renard of course uses the argument. So do most so-called sentimental Determinists. Throughout M. Renard's treatise, we find him appealing to the immutable "laws" of Nature, the unbroken uniformity of the Universe, and so on. To use his own pet phrase, I will now put to him one little question. *Who* makes the "laws" of nature? And as he may not be disposed to answer it, I will do it for him. Man, man, and no one else. In the scientific sense there are no laws of nature outside the mind of man. Bodies undoubtedly fell, as they still fall, before Newton discovered the "law" of gravitation. But the "law" is a man-made thing, and merely resumes, for the convenience of science, multitudinous observations. It has, as far as we know or ever can know, absolutely no validity *outside the mind of man.* The extraordinary blunder into which all those who draw illegitimate inferences from "the laws" of nature habitually fall is that they read into these "laws" an idea of "necessity." They honestly believe, I suppose, that because Newton's law is fairly accurate, it "necessitates" the falling of bodies in a certain way. And from that they reason that if we could only discover a "law" of human conduct, it would "necessitate" all men acting in conformity with it. It cannot too often be repeated that no law of nature connotes necessity. Determinism which is being constantly tinged with necessitarianism, owes that taint as well as most of its cocksureness to this ridiculous misunderstanding. I venture to say that it is philosophically

illegitimate to infer anything at all from the sequences of inanimate matter, to the operations of beings possessed of a highly complex nervous system. We can only legitimately infer from like to like, from the behaviour of one piece of matter, to that of another. But we cannot infer that because two stones cast into the air, always fall in the same way, that two men will do the same act in the same circumstances. In the latter case we have to deal with factors that are wanting in the former. And at present these factors have never displayed the slightest tendency to uniformity.

To reduce a very prolix and rambling argument to its simplest form and final expression, the fundamental difference between Determinism, as M. Renard understands it, and Free Will, is that the former declares that man always acts on the "strongest" motive; the latter that he acts because he wants to. Analysing the whole connotation of the terms, it will be seen that the propositions are identical. What is the "strongest" motive can only be ascertained in two ways: (1) by the fact that the act was done upon it, which is evidently reasoning in the tiniest circle; (2) because the actor explains that he acted in a certain way for a certain reason which at the moment of acting predominated, in other words, that he did what he did because he wanted to do it. Beyond this no logical ingenuity can carry us. It is all very well for the Determinist to say, "Give me every factor in the sum of influences bearing on a man at the moment of action, and I will tell you with certainty what his act will be." That grandiloquent profession is quite easy and safe to make, because no one knows better than the Determinist that the conditions never can be fulfilled. Let us take an extremely simple case of what we may call an indifferent act. A is deliberating on Monday evening whether he will take a sea bath on Tuesday morning, and if so whether at 10 or 11 in the morning. Now the logical Determinist, as I understand him, will argue, that although A firmly believes that he is free to make one of three "choices," to bathe or not to bathe, to bathe at 10 or at 11, he is the victim of a delusion. Whatever he finally does is what he must have done, and were it not so, the stable order of the Universe would be overthrown, and Chaos reign. This is the root of the notion that Free Will means a position of "splendid isolation," an exception to

the consistent and unbroken "uniformity" of the world. And the logical demonstration is, A must either bathe or not bathe, he has, we find, bathed, ergo he must have bathed. This statement illustrates the manner in which "necessity" in the moral sense is illicitly introduced. M. Renard would say that although A thought that he could please himself about bathing or not bathing, at the final moment one set of motives, or one motive must have been "stronger" than the rest, and so compelled him. The latter view seems to me to turn, as I have just said, on a verbal quibble. The true proposition is A bathed because he wanted to bathe. If then the Determinist asks, Why did he want to bathe, he is putting the first of a series of questions which Science will almost immediately reject as silly and unreasonable. We do not ask, Why does a stone fall in a given manner, or rather, Why does Gravitation exercise regular attraction? We do not ask, Why certain chemical combinations yield certain results. All we know is that they *do*. And all we really know about the acts of men is that they do a great many of them because they want to. Nor does this introduce the least chaos into the universe. The "laws" of nature remain wholly unaffected by the conduct of man, or of beast. Nor, as far as I can see, does Free Will affect injuriously the "law" of probability, which underlies all statistics, and so-called sociological science. The curious assertion that if the Will were "free" every man would be at liberty to act insanely, irrationally, irresponsibly, ignores altogether the rough general correspondence between the structure of all the units of a given society, and the external control exercised by the group on the individual. As a matter of fact, unsocial and irrational acts are constantly being not only willed but done; but if they are of a kind to injure others, and offend against the average will of the society, the actors are suppressed. The criminal law steps in, or, where the act is what we call irrational, the actor is made over to the Alienist. These consequences do not in the least detract from the significance and interest of the act itself as the expression in conduct of a very "free" will. Taking the Will to be, as I suggest it is, a dynamic mode of consciousness, its operations will, with reference to the group, be on the whole normal; it is only where there is an abnormality in some part of the consciousness, that acts become markedly "irrational." M. Renard's elaborate argument that Deter-

minism "explains" all ordered and "rational" conduct, while Free Will necessitates irrational conduct, altogether ignores the fact that "irrational" conduct is by no means uncommon, and therefore appears to me to be the strongest confirmation of the theoretical Freedom of the Will. If in fact all the members of a given society were determined by social motives, or by rational motives, we should have no crime, and no insane conduct. Over and over again M. Renard gives us cases of what he thinks are "irrational" displays of will in conduct, and triumphantly disposes of them by saying that we should unhesitatingly send the actor to a *maison de sante*. That may be so, and we should also hang the murderer who, according to M. Renard, is morally irresponsible, but that is no "explanation" of his conduct, much less does it absolve a philosopher from the duty of finding a place for all aberrant conduct, in any complete Theory of the Will.

I will now deal very summarily with M. Renard's "proofs" of Determinism. These are: 1. That we should never have the least confidence in any of our fellows if we believed that he was free to will what he chose, to act "arbitrarily" or without reason. The answer simply is that we have *not* any confidence in lunatics. And as for his illustrations, every one of them would serve much better as a "proof" of the freedom of the Will. His trusted banker for instance. According to M. Renard we lend him our money, because his former career shows that a certain class of "good" motives always determine him. We can, therefore, be sure that he will not embezzle our money on a sudden impulse or caprice. But our confidence would surely be better founded if we believed that his moral nature was of a kind that in its dynamic mode it was capable of "resisting" all forms of dishonesty. And from whatever point of view we look at it, daily experience shows that bankers, with the longest and most honourable records, do, too often, embezzle their clients' moneys. M. Renard winds up this part of his "proof" with the triumphant assertion (in effect), that it is impossible for a man to commit suicide "while he has every motive to live." Let me give a case within my own experience. A young, to all appearance happy and healthy journalist, (I think a reporter, but he may have been a sub-editor,) a gentleman, keen on his profession, was quite unexpectedly invited to accompany a millionaire's party on a splen-

did yacht, for a short holiday trip, in order to make copy. Never was man more delighted. He started full of exuberant happiness, as far as anyone knows, without a single care, and no sooner was the yacht out of harbour, than he jumped overboard and was never seen again. Now as far as M. Renard's valuation of "motives" go, that is a conclusive refutation not only of his argument, but of the basis of his theory. Of course he would say, "If we only knew, etc., etc." Yes, of course, if we knew why he did it, we should know why he did it, but the *why* again would require a good deal of explanation from the Determinist standpoint.

2. All scientific history, sociology and vital statistics imply Determinism. To that my answer is, *tout court*, that they do not. M. Renard seems to think that because he can tell us (or thinks he can) with approximate accuracy, how many suicides there will be in a year in Paris, in what month there will be most marriages, and so on, that he has "proved" Determinism. I have already said that the "law" of probability ought to hold as good in the field of Free Will as in that of Determinism. The fallacy of this kind of plausible argument lies in ignoring that the average activities of all "free wills" similarly situated are directed along the same broad lines, will to live, will to power, etc., etc. And the Determinist "proof" is hopelessly vitiated by false and unwarrantable inferences from the physical sciences. If there were anything in Determinism, as understood by M. Renard, he would be able to predict with moderate correctness the conduct of any given man with whose life history he was acquainted, just as the astronomer can predict with almost exact certainty the movements of the heavenly bodies. But this test, which M. Renard makes an advocate of Free Will suggest to him, really does serve well enough to expose the misleading analogy.

Of course he evades it by imposing the usual impossible conditions. "If you will give me history of the Universe from the nebula period, bearing directly or indirectly on Mr. A., I will predict for you with certainty whether he will eat a fried sole or eggs and bacon for his breakfast to-morrow." As a matter of fact, no one ever yet has been able to predict what the conduct of man in matters indifferent will be or for that matter will even be likely to be, to-morrow. I have not space to refute M. Renard's "proofs" in detail, but I

have already said enough I think to justify my earlier assertion, that they are no "proofs" at all. A man can only "act" more or less in conformity with the average Will of the society in which he is placed; all normal Wills or "consciousnesses" in a given society and under the like conditions are directed, broadly, to the same ends; therefore, still allowing the fullest freedom I require, the "law" of probability, or if you please of averages, will operate and afford as good if not a better basis, for scientific history, sociology and statistics, than even on the hypothesis of a diluted Determinism.

The "proofs" I offer of the Freedom of the Will are wholly different. Modern philosophers may put their two notes of interrogation for ever to any assertion of "intuitive, immediate knowledge" without shaking the conviction of all normal unsophisticated men, that they have a choice. The proof, if any one needs a proof of that which we can only apprehend directly (and then perhaps imperfectly) in *ourselves*, lies in the "universal affirmation of the human consciousness" as Sidgwick puts it. I suggest, too, that the formidable verbal case, which popular Determinism makes out against this affirmation, draws its strength from the spell of familiar words to which long usage has attached entangling connotations, especially "motive" "cause, and effect," and above all from utterly unsound and unwarrantable inferences from routines of sense impressions, the phenomenal world, to a subjective process, about which Science really knows nothing. Although I do not advance this as a reason against Determinism, I do assert that, logicially worked out, it becomes virtually identical with Fatalism; and that it undoubtedly strikes at the root of morals. In conclusion I submit that if we disabuse our minds of the tyranny of "cause" "effect," there is nothing unreasonable in viewing every considered, as distinct from a purely reflex, act, as a series beginning in the dynamic mode of consciousness, and ending in the accomplished act. The most obstinate Determinist in the world must start his "chain of causation" somewhere, and it is therefore no more unreasonable to start it in the Will of the individual, than in the Nebular period.

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SHIKORBASHINI DEVI.*

SHE was a little sun-kissed maiden, with a complexion soft and mellow like the Champack blossom that fills the air with fragrance in the Baisak† month when the young year appears, and she had a pair of eyes, this maiden, that were black and lustrous and fathomless like the midnight sky at the time of Kali Poojah.‡ You could look at them and look for ever, and yet it would seem you never saw all that they tried to reveal. They spoke of a great deep soul that had seen ages and ages of pilgrimage, they spoke of a strong life that throbs and heaves with the effulgence of being and holds so much within itself that it would fill many a page to write all its lore: and again they laughed so merrily, these raven orbs, that they seemed like merry ripples on a great still lake

She was a little Brahmin girl, only very little. But she was the daughter of an old, old family, that hailed from the venerable, ancient district of India, where still there are men and women who even in these degenerate days see the eternal face to face. They glory in fasting and austerities, and their days are long in the land.

Fourteen generations of hereditary training had moulded the sons and daughters of the house to which Shikorbashini Devi belonged, and fourteen generations of hereditary culture had not failed to put their stamp deeply on this daughter of old Indian blood—only one of the many that the venerable house claimed. But they are so numerous these daughters of an Indian family, one can never, never know them all; let us then be content with Shikorbashini alone.

She was five years old at the time of which we are speaking, but she was very slight and appeared to be less than four. But her dignity would have been sufficient for many a maid of twenty. The correctness of her gait, the calm grace of her movements were apt to evoke a smile

* Devi is a title given to the women of the highest castes.

† May.

‡ The annual Kali festival which is celebrated during new moon.

from an onlooker, they were so far beyond her years. She had not practised any physical exercises, she knew not even what they were. But her ancestors had sat in meditation on the Divine, with head erect, firm and motionless, and were doing so still. For in this ancient land ancestors are not all a thing of the past. The patriarch may look down on five generations, and yet not consider it a very extraordinary occurrence.

She presented a typical sight, this little maiden, when with book in hand she squatted down to read—with back erect as the palmtree that grows by yonder lake; her finely modelled head, so perfectly placed on those little shoulders, bending slightly over the book; her plastic little legs crossed under her, securely covered by her loose, flowing gown, one tiny crimson-tinted toe perhaps peeping mischievously from under the jealous folds that tried to hide it—it seemed she was a poem and a little statue both in one.

She lived in a large house; it was the Calcutta residence of the family—a house surrounded by a court with a high brick wall around it, which gave it the appearance of a convent. In the house itself there were the outer apartments and then the inner house. In the centre was a large open court, around which shading balconies cooled the adjoining rooms. The house was very old and cracked, it had seen many of Shikorbashini's ancestors, and that is saying a good deal. But it teemed with life, and from within came the patter of little feet, and the sound of many youthful voices. It harboured many children, this ancient roof, sixteen in all—all brothers and sisters. They might be called cousins in Western lands, second and third cousins perhaps. But the Hindu does not indulge in such terms, they sound too cold, too far away from the heart. Were they not all of one common ancestor? Why then make such distinctions?

They had merry times together, these little ones, when after the heat of the day they played together in the large yard, or with two or three little maids like herself, Shikorbashini sought a corner on the broad flat roof of the house, telling stories and laughing merrily, until the naughty *dadas** appeared and spoiled it all for them, as brothers will the whole world over. She rose early in the morning, but when the sun was high, when the streets were deserted under the noonday heat, when even the inevitable black crow sought the shade, and the big kite alone soared upward into the hot still sky, sending its weird melancholy cry down to the world below, at that hot hour we find our little maiden

* Elder brothers.

in a cool corner of the house, cuddled closely up to the dear form of her mother, oblivious to heat, sky, kite and all. And again, when the hour of twilight comes, that strange hour, when the drooping sun sends mystery into the atmosphere, we see our little heroine on her mother's lap, with many little ones around her, all listening to a tale from one of India's great epic poems, the *Ramayana*, a story such as was told to little Indian daughters a thousand years ago, from which they have drawn logic for many centuries, and which have done much to mould the character of the race. Or later, when her father, tired after a long day's work, found comfort in the cool embrace of home, we see our little maiden on his lap, with eyes aglow, narrating the incidents of the day, until the worries of life seem all so little, seem all to melt away in the light of those glorious eyes.

As little Shikorbashini grew to be nearly seven years old, there was a consultation between her parents one evening, and they agreed their little daughter must be sent to school. Accordingly, the proposition was laid before her grand-mother the next day, who consenting after a long discussion, our little heroine was sent. The school carriage called for her every day to take her to the Mahakali *Pathshala** where officiated the venerable Maharani Mataji, that austere *sanyasini*, who founded schools on strictly national lines, to retain in the women of India that fine old character that has moulded the race, and which modern education is not half careful enough to preserve.

Here she learned the mysteries of the Sanskrit alphabet, and to repeat *slokas* orotund and rhythmic, in that ancient tongue, which is the language of the gods, the root of all the known languages and the only one which is not ephemeral. She learned a little of reading and writing in her mother tongue and a little less of figures. But she learned that which is worth more, infinitely more than all the rest. She learned that daughters of her race have to fill a mighty place, and that they can attain to it only by self-sacrifice and service. Ah! here lies a great part of the secret of India's strength. And ye of the West, who would condemn the systems of this land, learn first to understand the principles that have gone to build them.

She made many new friends at this school, but one which touched the heart more deeply than all others—Rani they called her, and thus it came about, their friendship. Rani brought a new pencil box to school one day and showed it around with great glee. Shikorbashini saw it, and in her naturally witty little way called out—

* School.

"You need not be so proud of your old box; it costs five pice."

"Ha, five pice," came the quick rejoinder, "you are going to have five pice father-in-law."

That was a dreadful insult, and with tear-stained eyes the little insulted girl told her tale to the Head Pandit. Now the father-in-law's house is a standing joke among little Indian girls, and the learned Pandit, with a twinkle in his eyes and a desperate effort to appear serious, informed them both that if they would only study well and be good little girls, they would each have a rupee father-in-law. Then he made them sit beside each other for the remainder of the day and told them to try and make friends. That worked like magic. The father-in-law incident was soon forgotten, and two little tongues kept busy, while two sweet young lives blended together in a friendship deep and lasting. And so deep became the bond between them in time that they promised the vow of *Shokipadha* to each other, that is to say, the friendship that is never broken, and the vow that can be given between two only. Two earts joined in that vow know no secret from each other, and not even death has the power to sever it.

Thus the days passed sweetly and lengthened into years, and three happy years passed by before the little friends realized it.

But, alas, poor Shikorbashini, this is a world of many tears, and into your sweet young life sorrow is about to enter. For she whom you have chosen as life's fondest friend, she has been doomed to remain a few years only on this dust-clad star, the gods are calling her home to the place whence she came.

Little Rani stepped up to her mother one day with a strange tale. "Mother, I have read a new story from the *Ramayana*, come, let me tell it to you."

"Not to-day, my child, I shall be busy. You may tell it another time"

"But I cannot wait, mother, I am going to remain with you a short time only. Only three more days, and I shall be taken from you."

The unfortunate mother was overcome by consternation. She took her child into her arms and tried to make her promise never to say such a thing again. But little Rani was not to be persuaded, and as she had prophesied, so it came to pass. On the following day her frail form was seized by a violent fever, and on the third day the house was merged in sorrow, and the death wail arose in the room where little Rani closed the lids over her beautiful black eyes never to open them again.

This tale may sound strange to the reader, but it is a strange land, this India. Like the snow-clad range of the mighty Himalayas, that seems to float in mid-air, so does this land of Ind seem floating in the ether, midway between this world and that other, that we dream of. Strange, too, it seemed to the writer of these lines; it filled her heart with awe at the soul of this child, for she knew the maiden well and loved her. Nor does it end here, this strange story. On the days following Rani's death, her little sister was seen standing in isolated places, speaking with somebody no one could see. And she was heard to promise, "On the day after to-morrow I will join you." And thus it happened. When the day came little Buri was seized by a violent fit, and before evening another little form was taken from the house to the Ganga riverside, where the flame was kindled that consumed her sweet young body, while her soul was left free to roam through the realms of space together with the sister she had so longed to join.

And little Shikorbashini, how did she receive the news of the first great sorrow that her young life knew? It was her mother who told her. Taking her little one away to a quiet place, she took her on her lap, and resting that sweet young head against her heart, the mother told her child that little Rani was for the world no more. And against her mother's tender heart Shikorbashini wept—wept the tears of her first grief, a grief that lingered and that would follow her into the years to come.

She was so very sad that even the naughty *dadas* stopped teasing her, but held her hand and spoke tenderly to her. Her parents feared the grief might undermine her health. They could not, of course, send her to school for a long time, for there she would feel the absence of her friend the more. And so the mother got ready to take her little family to their *Mamar Bari.*

And what is *Mamar Bari*? Ah, that is the place than which to an Indian child there is none more dear. It is the maternal uncle's house. The mother was born and raised there, and her little ones spend half their sunny childhood within its walls. Here they are ever welcome, it is their second home, and it is a refuge, a haven of rest throughout all life. It is the terror of the modern educationists, this *Mamar Bari*, for they find their pupils, particularly the girls, half the time absent from school on account of it. Moreover, the Government schools under the present regulation must send their candidates for annual examination, girls as well as boys. And the ambitious *Memsahib*, who after much weary labour hopes to have her candidates ready to shine on that auspicious day, arrives in school one morning to learn to her consternation that

her most brilliant lights have absented themselves, just perhaps a month before this important event is to occur. And where are they? They are eating sweetmeats in *Mamar Bari*, and as to your examinations, Madam,—well, they are your affair, you may take care of them.

It is difficult to adjust the oriental idea of education to that which the West of the present day is producing. The Hindu would call the latter a system of memorizing. Education, according to Eastern ideas, is something that is to draw the whole nature nearer to the Eternal, to develop a deep-rooted logic that can conceive the why and wherefore of being; an unfolding of the heart to understand the world the more, to understand spiritual existence the better and to draw into its sympathy all life. Reading and writing may or may not be added. Thus were they educated, the women of the old school, who exercised great influence over their communities. But this is a world of change, and science is to do the work, transmit the knowledge, that was at one time transmitted through the rock temples (and the pyramids) through the ancient epic poems and traditions. And now these people, ever slow to move and to yield to new impulses, are standing at a cross-road—India is in a state of transition. It is dangerous work, that of educating the women at this critical period. The educator must beware lest in the giving he may not cause more to be lost than he gives. To Westernize India's daughters would mean ruin to the race. And yet the old school is practically gone. What is wanted is a system combining the old heart culture with the head culture of the West: this is the problem that confronts the modern educationist.

But to return to Shikorbashini—to this *Mamar Bari*, this blissful retreat, where she was taken. And here she was petted and indulged and overfed with sweetmeats until she became fretful, and got boils, and when through over-feeding and over-indulgence they become quite unmanageable, these little tyrants, *Mamar Bari* sends them home to recuperate and get ready for the next visit. Thus amid affection and sweetmeats and terms of fond endearment the little Indian girl spends the sunny days of her childhood.

But there were serious discussions in Shikorbashini's maternal uncle's house this time. Her grandmother looked at her long and earnestly and then she consulted with her husband and her sons and her daughters and daughters-in-law and her cousins and the many neighbours who came to visit her, and finally wound up by calling the *Ghotki*, that inevitable individual that cannot be dispensed with when a girl passes her tenth year, for she it is who makes the matches.

But it is not an easy task, that of finding a husband for a girl. All the male and female relatives on both sides of the house have to take steps in the matter. And so it happened that our little heroine was nearly twelve years old before the matter was finally decided. Not that there was any want of suitors, but there was invariably something wrong. In one case the grandmother had had a cancer, in another one of the mother's brothers did not bear a good character, again the young suitor had failed in last year's examinations. One there was who might have stood the test, but poor boy, he had no mother. "How can I send my daughter unto a motherless house?" called out Shikorbashini's mother in despair, "who will pet my child, who will train her, if she has no mother-in-law?" They are pretty hard to please, these Indian ladies, and willing or not willing, the men must yield.

On one occasion one of Shikorbashini's father's cousins mentioned the the name of a widower who was a gentleman of good standing and substantial means. But there was such an outcry in the Zenana that he was glad to get away and say no more on the subject. A man must be very poor and have many daughters before his wife will consent to give her child to one who has already known love. On another occasion, when all seemed favourable, the ladies discovered that he had a flat nose, and the suitor was again refused.

But after a long and weary search one was found who was satisfactory. There had been no hereditary ailments in his family for five generations; for five generations there had not been a member of the house who could not stand the severe Indian criticism as regards character; personally he was intellectual, good-looking and young. As regards his social position there was no question about it, no Hindu can marry his daughter into a family beneath him in rank; marriages are always made in the same *Gotra*.* He had father and mother and sisters and brothers, so the whole system was complete.

Evolution is collective in this land. Marriages are not so much a question of promoting personal happiness as one of adding to the well-being of the community, and the first consideration is supposed to be to keep that pure. The individual is trained to merge his personality into the whole and sacrifice his private interests to the caste to which he belongs.

At last arrived the eventful day when the prospective father-in-law, accompanied by several friends, came to the house to see the little bride. And we now find the little heroine of our tale at the important

* Caste division.

task of having her toilet made. Her grandmother, and her mother, assisted by her aunts and several other ladies, were busy at decking her sweet form with pretty garments. And fair she looked, this little damsel, in her flowing silken robes and rich gold ornaments. Women must be dressed as their rank demands. It is a religious duty devolving on the Indian house-holder to secure for wife and daughters suitable ornaments. And woe betide him who fails in this duty, for is it not written in *Manu's* Law of a house in which women are not honoured that such a house will fail?

But Shikorbashini received that which is vastly more precious than silk or gold. She received words of counsel and admonition which fell deep into her soul. "My daughter," said the grand-dame, "you stand now at the threshold of your new life. The house in which you were born is not your real home, a woman must follow her husband. Remember, you are the daughter of an ancient race, fourteen generations look down upon you. Among them there has not once been a woman who has failed in the performance of her duty, who has not served her husband and his people till she drew her last breath, ever praying for the boon to precede husband and sons into death. Let the noble blood of your ancestors assert itself in you." And then there came a number of examples hoary with age, of women of the past who had attained to great spiritual heights because no task had been too heavy to secure the well-being of those they loved, until Shikorbashini's young spirit rose with pride and determination to be second to none in nobility of life.

It is on these lines that the character of the Indian race evolves. The duties before them may be great, the etiquette is always rigid, but one must know these women at forty to see the result. They cast around them a strong sense of self-respect that is not conscious of personal merit, but which has been developed by years of discipline in which not once the severe rules that regulate their lives have been broken. Theirs is not a life of servitude, but one of self-sacrifice and cheerful service, such as only the soul, trained in the Hindu religion, can grasp, and which has prepared for the race a highly superior type of womanhood. It is the women upon whom has devolved the task of preserving the nationality of the land; but for them the Hindus would have ceased to be a nation through these dark cycles of suffering and hardships.

But where is Shikorbashini? Ah, she is ready—ready to appear before her father-in-law. Filled with inspiration of the future before her, the flush of youth on her fair young face blending softly

with the maidenly shyness that lingered on her drooping lashes, she looked almost too fair for this world, A cloud-fairy, it would seem, had slid down on a silver beam to see this earth just once.

She entered with palpitating heart and was told to seat herself on a rug. She was already known to the visitors, having visited in their houses. They observed her closely, however, and decided in their minds that her features were regular—the nose equiline, the mouth well curved, forehead not too high, etc., etc. The Hindus are severe critics of beauty, and that makes the selection of a bride often very difficult work.

All being agreeable, the prospective father-in-law wound up by saying that he would consult his elder brother about the matter, and he consenting, the arrangements would be made and word would be sent in a day or two. And word was sent in due time, and all was settled.

Next the horoscopes of the two young people were consulted, and it was found that their characters were fitted for each other. They were both *Dev-gan.** Shikorbashini was *Beebra-burna*, that is to say, one whose touch meant blessing, and who would attain to great spirituality, a Brahmini of the soul as well as by right of birth.

Now began a lively time in the house. The goldsmith was sent for, and orders were given for ornaments. The *sari* woman came daily with a new supply, and each time selections were made. Cosmetics and perfumes and a hundred smaller toilet articles were procured. The guests began to arrive from the interior, for the wedding was to take place within a few days. Presents exchanged daily between the two houses, servants, numbering as high as twenty, arrived carrying brass trays on their heads, which contained gifts of sweetmeats, fruits, *saris*, veils, etc. They received their meals each time they came, and oh, how busy everybody was. Then came the day of the ceremonial bath, for which her future mother-in-law sent the unguents. This day preceded the wedding-day. Meanwhile, little Shikorbashini was half giddy with excitement in the expectation of the life before her.

The wedding-day is a very trying one for the little bride, at least so it would appear to an onlooker. But the little Indian girl takes great pride in all the ceremonies which she has to perform and the fast through the day that dare not be broken. Nothing could induce her to take the smallest particle of food. And Shikorbashini went through the ordeal with as much cheerfulness and as much pride as any little bride ever

* The Indian astrologers divide characters into three divisions, Dev-gan, Nur-gan and Rakush-gan. Of these Dev-gan is the highest. People belonging to different divisions will not agree in marriage.

did. Up with the dawn she rose, and the day seemed not a bit too long for her.

A 9 o'clock in the evening excitement reached its height. "The bridegroom is coming!" this joyous shout electrified the house. Everybody wished to take a peep—everybody but the poor little bride herself, who must sit complacently in a corner and wait and wait and practise patience.

And gorgeously arrayed he came, the new son-in-law. Preceded by torchbearers and a band playing the bridal tune, he was himself seated on a large platform borne on the shoulders of over a hundred coolies. He was received by the bride's father and conducted to the seat of honour, where he remained quietly seated until the auspicious moment arrived. The day of the marriage as well as the hour in which the nuptial tie is to be bound, is always set by the astrologer, and the latter is invariably late in the evening, sometimes past midnight. It was 11 o'clock in our Shikorbashini's case. The ceremony is very long, lasting usually some hours. It begins with the bridegroom and the bride's father, but the most impressive part of it commences when the little bride appears.

And so she did appear, our charming little heroine, seated on a small square wooden board, on which, in Sanskrit, words of good augury were written. She was clad in rose coloured silk and gauze from the top of her stately head to the tip of her little crimson tinted toes.

The bridegroom stood erect facing the East, and the ladies—seven in number, all relatives of the bride—now took part in the ceremony. They walked around the bridegroom in procession headed by the bride's mother, all carrying little bundles of sticks burning with a bright flame, and looked as if they were going to set their gauzy garments on fire at any moment. But they did not, nor ever do, for although it looks dangerous—this fire in the hands of chatting, smiling little ladies—the Indian women have such an easy way of moving about, that the Vedic fire is quite safe in their hands.

And now at last came the little bride's turn. Carried by three of her relatives she was borne around the bridegroom seven times. And then came the great moment of her life, for now for the first time they who were to walk the road of life together, were to look into each others' eyes. A large shawl was suspended over their heads, held at each corner by an attendant. Her maternal uncle held a candle so that they might see each other well, and joked, of course, while he did so, for they must stand, t all on their wedding-day, neither of them dare say a word.

And our little Indian maiden, how did she feel at this first glance? At first she was quite timid, she dared not lift her eyes, but being urged on by him who held the candle, she looked up. Yes, she looked up, and she saw gazing into her own two deep black eyes, eyes that seemed to speak to her of ages long ago, ages when in other forms she had walked this earth again and again—again and again to be united to him who stood before her as her husband now. A thrill of delight went through the maiden's young heart, she saw the future stretched out before her smiling and happy, for *he* was no stranger to her, he was the Lord of her soul, part of her being. It was the training of the Hindu character that asserted itself. It is not a question of discovering mutual attraction by previous contact, but that love must find its own in the depth of the soul. And he who gazed at her, what did he experience? How often in after-life did he not tell her all that he had felt that moment, that he had discovered in her as she did in him, the comrade of the soul throughout all ages until the Great Silence is reached.

This ceremony over, they returned to the priest, who performed again numerous rites, each one of which had reference to one of the different stages of life that are to be passed through. When they rose, their garments were knotted together, and thus they went to the inner apartment. Here they were received by the female guests who greeted them and met the bridegroom with unveiled faces, for this is the day on which there is no restraint.

This marriage is, however, only a betrothal, and the young people are not left without a chaperone during the short time that they are together, and they must observe the strictest etiquette.

Little Shikorbashini went through it all with downcast eyes. On the day following the marriage, she was taken to her new home to be formally introduced to her husband's—now her own—people. Again that picturesque ride on the canopied platform, carried on the shoulders of coolies. This time they sat together, whose young lives had been joined.

A more charming picture cannot be imagined than that of a young bride being taken to her father-in-law's house. Veiled in gauze and silk, adorned with rich jewelries, she sits on an artistic throne beside her young husband. It seems the doors of fairyland had opened—a Cinderella outfit indeed. But modesty must be her greatest jewel, and the little girl-bride looks the more charming because of her drooping lashes and slightly bent head. The band precedes as on the day of the bridegroom's coming, and slowly the procession moves.

It was nearly evening before Shikorbashini's marriage procession reached its destination, and it was her eldest sister-in-law, her husband's eldest brother's wife, who received her. The conveyance having entered the court, away from the gaze of the curious crowd, she came and carried her little new sister-in-law into the house; for she must not cross the threshold unaided who enters her new home. Would she be so little welcome as to have to walk into the house? Here again numerous ceremonies awaited her, all indicative of the life before her.

There were festivities and many guests in her honour, and it seemed as if the gaieties would never end. The following day the little bride sat in state, and many were the visitors that came to see her. All blest her and called on heaven for her future happiness, while ever she sat with downcast eyes and spoke not, her veil half drawn over her pretty face.

(To be concluded.)

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

Calcutta.

SWINBURNE: IN MEMORIAM.

I.

For ever hushed the mighty organ-voice,
Its pealing notes and lyric thrills of song,
The glorious pœans—of Nature's joys;
Creation's round of wonders spread along
A Universe of Beauty; all the throng
Of blissful pleasures crowding on life's stage!
Now Silence lulls the call, triumphant, strong;
And Darkness preys on Poesy's golden page
While Death entombs the bard and prophet of the age.

II.

No fairy-webs of rainbow, dew and cloud,
Or dreamy films of moon-shot mist, shall weave
The heavy hand that rests within the shroud.
The mind immured in death—will it conceive
Unconquered worlds of fancy, calmly leave
The gross below? The grave's relentless mould
Weighs down the honeyed tongue. Who does not grieve
To see the mighty, throbbing heart of old
Forlorn, bereft of passion's fire, becalmed and cold?

III.

The soul that felt all human life a song,
Man's span of years on earth, a lyric strain
Of throbbing strength whose music bears along
A world of bliss—a circling golden chain
Of Love and Hope whose pales are void of pain—
This bard has faced the grin of Death, has seen
The yawning chasm reveal a cruel train

Of torments, known the chilling touch and mien—
He leaves this earthly paradise for worlds unseen.

IV.

Enwrapped in magic robes of woven sound
He trod the bounds of earth and lived his years,
Enthralling hearts ; his voice spread all around
A source of thrilling power—to swell the tears
Of joy or sorrow ; chase the cloudy fears
That darken Hope and frown on Peace and Calm ;
Exalt creation's glory, flood the ears
With sweet eternal strains. His was the palm
For song, in worlds of stately, soaring, lyric psalm.

V.

With sacred zeal his dauntless hands upbore
The torch of Liberty in storm and strife ;
He flashed the fire aloft from shore to shore,
When tyrant Power swayed with ruin rife
And laid its iron rod on human life ;
His Art emblazoned forth its mighty deeds ;
Of Heroes all that sounded drum and fife
For Freedom's banner nourishing the seeds
Of broad-based civic life and growth, each Nation needs.

VI.

A gloomy sullen cell beneath the sod,
Shall it enclose and claim with cruel care,
His mortal frame, the glorious work of God ;
Darken the life-suffusing Sun, ensnare
The chamber from the all-pervading air ?
O! let him rest in Beauty's crystal shrine,
With music ringing down the golden stair,
And fragrance wafted o'er the flowering line
Of brakes, amidst arcades with floods of gay sunshine.

VII.

Three starry beacon-lights adorned his age
Of Poesy ; shone around the jewelled crown
A sovereign queen resplendent wore ; a page
Of glowing fame was writ in Time ; renown

In song saw dizzy heights, then came adown.
First vanished he that cleared the maze of life
And reached its inmost depths; next he whom town
And hamlet mourned, who smote the chords of life,
The laureate Lord whose lyre could lighten gloom and strif

VIII.

Supreme in solemn grandeur dwelt the last
Of these great bards, a lonely flaming beam
On Mount Parnassus, blazing forth the past.
Still flowed, full, fresh and sparkling, Poesy's stream
And thousands drank their fill. They saw the dream
Their souls were touched. He, too, alas! is dead;
And now his England's muses rest and seem
In sorrow sunk; the noble clime is fed
By feebler voices, men with bounded visions led.

IX.

Behold his spirit midst his kindred few
Who bear the laurel crown upon their brow;
His friend that wrought on Fable old and new,
And felt for all the sorrows of the plough;
The noble comrade-soul who soared above
And saw the passions blent in crystal white—
A dazzling vision reared on boundless Love
And Beauty's cult; and he the lyric light
Whose angel sweetness oped his gifted poetic sight.

X.

Set free from fleshly bonds his spirit flies
On snowy mountain-tops from clime to clime:
From cloud-built mansions in the air, he eyes
The raptures of the earth—the ocean's prime
In surging ecstasy; the march of Time
Revealing bursts of light, with gilded rays
Garmenting hill and dale. He hears the chime
Of falling waters, rolling streams, and lays
From Nature's voice, from wind and sea with Echo's sways.

XI.

He feels the Universe from Star to Star
Alights on thousand planets new and fair,

To seek their beauties ; strides the mighty bar
Of vast unfathomed space and breathes the air
Of brighter worlds ; he beams with lightning's flare
Quickens with thunder's pulse ; with proud delight,
He clasps the rainbow, clings with loving care
To all its sweetness, basking in its light
Of countless thrilling fancies, feasting soul and sight.

XII.

He blooms in Beauty's Spring, with life and power ;
His soul is seen where jasmines scent the air,
Or wreaths of blossomed roses crown the bower ;
Where lotuses open their petals fair
To kiss the sweetness of the morn ; lay bare
Their naked loveliness and charm the Sun.
The One, Creation's Lord has claimed his care ;
He is not dead, he lives—a life-work done—
He speeds the way the worlds in rhyming concord run.

P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

MYSTICISM IN RELATION TO LIFE AND CHARACTER.

IN treating simply and unpretentiously such complex subjects as mysticism and the development of spiritual perceptions, it is perhaps almost impossible to avoid falling into one of two errors, *viz.*, that of saying too much or expressing too little at given points. This is perhaps in a sense inevitable, since writers on such matters are hardly likely to be free from certain temperamental bias or colour due to their own experience and lines of study, or from what they have read. It is all the more important, therefore, to determine as clearly as we can what may be safely understood and inferred from certain principal terms used, such as mysticism and soul-culture. Until spiritual "values" are more generally acknowledged in the Western world, or rather until the Eastern appreciation of *degrees* in the states of higher consciousness is more clearly apprehended, confusion of ideas instead of harmony must invariably follow the perusal of much that is written to popularise such subjects. As these reflections have arisen through a study into Persian Mysticism, and the reading of that suggestive little work by Baha Ullah entitled "The Seven Valleys," the writer is tempted to quote some eminently clear words by which Prof. Browne prefaces a chapter in his work "A Year Among the Persians," for they convey something of the rôle true mysticism must always play in the life of a race or nation. "Those who are familiar with the different developments of mysticism," he says, "will not need to be reminded that there is hardly any soil, be it ever so barren, where it will not strike root; hardly any creed, however stern, however formal, round which it will not twine itself. It is indeed the eternal cry of the human soul for rest, the insatiable longing of a being wherein infinite ideals are fettered and

cramped by a miserable actuality; and so long as man is less than an angel and more than a beast, their cry will not for a moment fail to make itself heard . . . It is in essence an enunciation more or less clear, more or less eloquent of the aspiration of the soul to cease altogether from self and to be at one with God."*

RELIGION AND MYSTICISM.

Mysticism in its original and deepest sense always connoted *Religion* or the love of God. Without religion, in the broad sense, mysticism loses all or nearly all value as a creative evolving factor of the soul. Without spirituality it becomes a pseudo-expression and may sink to those states and conditions of psychic experience, which although capable of demonstration and definable, are but varying states of nerve-sensibility or mental activities by no means necessarily religious or spiritual. The trained thinker may admit these premises as truisms; unfortunately, in an age of material science and often superficial metaphysical analysis, a repetition of certain more accurate points of view becomes an ever recurring necessity.

Love and the abandonment of egoistic will on the path towards spiritual attainment are the two key-notes of all mysticism, Oriental or Occidental; and perhaps in no country in the world are the notes of love and mystic ecstasy more consistently maintained than in Persia, where for centuries her greatest poets and religious philosophers have drunk deep of the wine of spirit and sung the melodies of soul through poetic metaphor and cryptic verse. The search for the Beloved or determination to realise Divine Consciousness has by them been even portrayed as a journey leading through seven stages† or "stations," and for the successful accomplishment of this

* Cp. Prof. Browne, "A Year Among the Persians."

† SEVEN STAGES OF BAHA ULLAH.

I. Valley of Seeking—Search ...	Requiring patience.
II. " " Divine Love ...	Love and Yearning.
III. Kingdom of Divine Knowledge.	The traveller becomes discerning.
IV. Divine Unity	Sees Harmony and receives Guidance.
V. City of Divine Independence or Riches	Ecstasy through partial realisation.
VI. Spiritual Amazement	Obtains many unexpected experiences and is made aware of Cosmic mysteries.

and [illegible] unless through the [illegible] of Love and Renunciation. Even Omar Khayyam [illegible] strikes a note of decision in this respect when he says:

[illegible] Temple, Mosque, Monastery and Synagogue
[illegible] express fear of Hell and are in quest of Heaven,
But that person who is aware of Divine Mysteries
Does only sow the seed of Love in Heart.

STAGES OF PREPARATION.

Renunciation—in the sense of not only unselfishness but selflessness, and, by the way, of altruistic action in the world of contingent things—marks the first preparatory stage towards the deeper and more advanced realities to be achieved.

This is what that great teacher, Abdu'l Baha has written on the subject of spiritual endeavour:

"I declare by the Bounty of the Blessed Perfection that nothing will produce results save sincerity: nothing will be productive of Fruit save complete advancement toward God. Everything is [illegible] save severance and every idea is fruitless and [illegible] save supplication, communion, prayer, obedience . . . We must entirely collect our scattered thoughts, purify and sanctify the house of our existence from every attachment, and make the palace of [illegible] hearts the nest and shelter of the Dove of Holiness."

These clear uncompromising words will seem to some to strike an almost unattainable note; they carry their own inevitable conviction of truth, however, to the soul which has commenced the

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Selflessness—Annihilation ... Poor in self, "rich in God."

Seven Stages of Soufism. (Palmer's Oriental Mysticism.)

The Seeker on the Path is called *Murid* (one who inclines).

I. Worship (Abudiyat) ... ... Service in the Cause of God, Worship.

II. [illegible] (Ishke) ... ... Divine Influence continues to attract.

III. [illegible] (Zuhd) ... ... Worldly desire expelled.

IV. [illegible] (Marifat) ... Discrimination.

V. [illegible] (Wyd or Hal) ... Illumination.

VI. [illegible] ... Revelation into the true nature of God.

VII. [illegible] ... Fana.

upward path and trodden the first steps of a road full of vicissitudes, perhaps, but one most assuredly leading to Peace and Light in the end.

THE MIRROR OF HEART.

The human heart is likened by the Persian Soufis to a mirror on which the full perfection of Divinity can be reflected. But this mirror must be polished and purified by Prayer and Love in order that the Divine Essence may appear with greater perfection and brilliancy, and even though it be polished is it still in need of Light; "Until a ray of the sun reflects upon it, it cannot discover the Heavenly Secrets."* And unless the seeker continues in the Spirit of Faith, *i.e.*, belief in a Divine Response, never will he arrive at that state of complete conviction which makes him feel that there is only one thing in life worth understanding and knowing, *viz.*, God's Will in relation to himself. When this state of mind has been attained, then only is it possible to try and enter into loving personal communion with the higher powers, and the meaning of the following words becomes clear to him:

"When the lights of the Splendour of the King of Oneness are seated on the throne of the Heart and Soul, His light becomes manifest, then will the mystery of the well-known saying be apprehended:—'A servant always draws near unto Me with prayers until I respond unto him, and when I have responded to him, then I become his ear wherewith he heareth etc.'†"

FIRST TO FOURTH VALLEY STAGE.

The first stage in this higher evolution of soul are often marked by a sense of restlessness—yearning after something which seems to lack. The traveller seeks to meet spiritual affinities and teachers—perchance he will acquire some light and help in his process of struggle. He longs for some confirming sign, or some experience which leaves him vibrating with renewed ardour. The soul pants after the "refreshing grace" as the chased deer longs for the cool water to slake his thirst. These heavenly flashes of "refreshing grace" are the periods of illumination now and then accorded, and are all that he is capable of absorbing at that stage; yet how wonder-

* Cp. "Answered Questions," p. 244.
† "The Seven Valleys," (Fourth Valley of Unity)

ful in their effects when received! how inspiring with hope and courage!

In the study or analysis of the subjective realities, man must of necessity be his own judge and critic. If indeed he desires truth, then will his observation be just and balanced. What he realises through his *own* faculties of soul on the path of development are like the grains of gold sifted and washed from the load of worthless soil. The body, with its almost infinite capacity of self-adjustment to *will* and condition, is the wonderful sensitive vehicle used by the higher forces to make themselves felt or known. It is the responsive instrument whereby Divine and Cosmic vibration manifest their action. Until, therefore, a sense of detachment to the external world is acquired and the desires purified, until the habitual attitude of Mind and Will produce the Alchemical change necessary in the entire being, a soul cannot hope to develop beyond the preparatory stages, nor enter the higher valleys where a still greater subtilisation of forces—a still finer sensibility—will be necessary.

It is at this point, perhaps, in the career of a psychically endowed soul that a word of warning may be necessary. Let the student beware against dallying too long or deeply with those fitful lights, those fascinating presentations of superphysical forces known as psychic or magic phenomena. These interesting, if mirage-like happenings, will often garb themselves in robes of seeming truth and reality. They will cunningly appeal to his sense of sentiment or intellect as "science."

The mirror of heart is then in greatest peril of becoming clouded, the journey delayed instead of hastened, and if these researches are persisted in, he will probably wake one day to find that as far as his strength and spiritual development are concerned he has only weakened the one and obtained nothing vital for the other. In studying the mechanism of a clock he has lost his sense of time, he has tried to solve problems humanly speaking insoluble, and merely been an absorbed spectator in the play of that great magician, Maya "Superhuman powers," writes a modern Soufi, "are a kind of idols in this world. If a saint is content with their possession he stops his progress. If he turns away from them he advances the Cause of his union with God. Here is a subtle mystery and it is this: True Friendship consists in the rejection of all save the Beloved. But

attention to superhuman powers means the rejection of the Beloved and satisfaction with something else than Himself." We are also insensibly reminded of the old Hebrew saying that God is a "jealous" God. The ancient Semitic prophets frequently inveighed against necromancers, magicians and soothsayers that led countless of the ignorant astray. No one realised more than these mystics who trained to purify body and mind in order that they might commune with the Highest or Jehovah, that any "inclining" towards lower forms meant a "veiling" of the Face of God, or, in other words, resulted in an obscuration of Truth. Sincere students know that achievement in any course of definite action means struggle and pain, how, therefore, can the seekers after the Highest be exempt? How sorrowfully must the striving soul acknowledge, when having passed through the glamour of false "guides" and teachers, that never by human hands is he truly initiated. "In the mystic temple of the heart, God himself orders and ordains His own adepts."

But these higher stages, when once slowly, and surely entered upon, what do they chiefly express to the soul? How do they work out in practical realisation? If the seeker has carefully tended the flowers of heart springing up in his own centre of cosmic being and begun to realise that omnipresent Bliss and Truth are casting their life-rays into his soul, then will he feel ever more and more clearly that he is in harmony with one sympathetic whole, and knows something of the *oneness* towards which all things are working. His personality as a separate entity or sense of egoism becomes valueless; pride of individuality gives place to desire for a more "losing," a greater "sinking" of self in order to more perfectly express the play of Divine Light on the soul. He stands in a state of obedience so beautifully expressed by Jacob Boehme:

"We all have but one only order (Law and Ordinance) which is to stand siill to the Lord of all Beings and resign our will up to Him and suffer His Spirit to play what music He will and work and make in us what He will, and we give Him again as His own Fruits that which He worketh and manifesteth in us."

If the seeker stands firm in this station, his journey will proceed clearly and undeviatingly to the final goal, his development on interior lines progressing more or less rapidly according to his

capacity or environment. On this point that fine soul, "St. John of the Cross," the Spanish mystic, has a word to say. He writes :—

"But as to the time the soul is held in this fast and penance of sense it can in no way with certainty be fixed, for all do not undergo the like discipline nor the same temptations, for this is a measure meted out by the will of God according as the imperfections to be purged are less or more, and also conformably to the grade of union of Love whereto God wills to raise her so will He humble her the more or less intensely, or for a longer or shorter period."

The supreme attainment, the complete ecstasy of Divine Atonement possible of achievement even in this life, Jacob Boehme describes as the "Kiss of the Heavenly Sophia" (Divine Wisdom) and the Persian-Soufis depict as the finding of the Beloved. Attainment of the knowledge of God marks the Creator's object in creating or manifesting, and when that Hour chimes for the individual, it strikes the moment of his liberation from all worldly griefs and from the prison-house of form in the lower phenomenal world. Light has come and for the rest of his material life the world is no more to him than a network of unrealities. In his moments of spiritual joy he soars into empyrean heights of limitless being—form yet no form—one, yet two—for is he not still in the casement of flesh! How are such states of superconscious bliss to be portrayed in human terms? Dimly only through intellectual processes can the less evolved consciousness apprehend something of what the true mystic knows and feels.

BAHA ULLAH ON SEVENTH STAGE.

It is interesting, when considering the seventh or final stage, to note an important point made by the Bahai teachings which differ from those of the Soufis. Baha Ullah from his immeasurably higher standpoint of illumination teaches that there can never be such a station as extinction or absorption called Fana by the Persians, for that would be tantamount to implying that God was not infinite. He lays down that there is an infinite "becoming or growing," and the reader of "The Seven Valleys" is shown that, while the mystic may attain to a realisation of God as portrayed in the description of the last stage, he declares emphatically that this stage is but the commencement to still further and higher realms of consciousness.

This is a very suggestive thought, for we should therefore infer that beyond a certain point mystic union with the Divine Life cannot take place, imprisoned as the soul is by the limitations of flesh. Only a perfected "mirror" of the Divine Essence, such as Baha Ullah claimed to be, could have power to reveal these deeper mysteries. We feel something of what he desires to express when we read :—

"Those who desire to soar in the sky of *oneness* and who have attained to the sea of abstraction, have accounted this station, which is the station in the City of Immortality in God, to be the ultimate destination of the 'Arif' (one who is intimate with highest mystic thoughts) and the ultimate home of the Lovers. But this humble one of the sea of significances declares this station is only the first city-wall of the heart. Four stages have been assigned to the heart, if there be found those who are capable to become intimate with such mysteries. We may at some future time reveal these—'When the pen reached this point the pen broke and the paper was torn.'...." Whether the absorption known as Fana in Persia can be considered as identical with the stage of the Absolute known to the Hindus as Paramatman may be open to doubt, since a certain amount of sensuousness seems ever implied in the Soufi degrees. The realisation of *Pramatman* or the Supreme Soul, the universal principle, makes the Yogi a *Jivan Mukta*, a mystic very hard to find even in India. The attainment of the Supreme Soul is the highest knowledge and secures for man the bliss of omniscience and immortality in spirit.

But here it may probably be asked : How should the seeker view and order his life on practical lines if he desires to obtain something akin to spiritual illumination or soul development ? The world contains countless seekers who are anxious to live the higher life but who are neither capable nor perhaps desirous of knowing mysteries such as only the ascetic life calls forth. To those we would suggest that, if not already made, study of a thoughtful character on all that is best in Eastern Religio-Philosophic thought might be the safest intellectual preparation. From the Orient have all religions come and on Eastern soil have the world's Manifestations or "Sanctified Souls" been ever incarnated. India with her deep reflective mind and through her practical

mystics or saints has laid down rules for the conduct of life that will ever remain undying monuments to her spiritual genius. When these teachings are intelligently apprehended and harmonised with what the pre-Christian Hermetic and Gnostic schools reveal, the student should feel less difficulty (if only theoretically) in understanding better his individual relationship to the Universal Whole. The play of life and thought in and around him will then serve to deepen his perceptions and widen his outlook. With a fuller power for intellectual insight the radiant and reflecting capacities of soul will correspondingly teach and illumine. Both East and West in philosophic thought have left deep imprints on the religious mind of Persia, and to their cumulative results we owe perhaps the fact that Supreme revelations like those of the Bab and Baha Ullah became possible in that country.

These have shown us in the highest stages of Perfection what the Soufi philosophers and mystics of the past could only partially grasp and reveal. For the Founder of a religion does not mean a master possessing the higher grades of development only, he must have power to convince, teach, transform or "transfuse," through inherent qualities and "essences," while his words have universal application. Through the Founder of a Religion will the "Word of God" seem undeviatingly presented and he penetrates to the individual soul as in time his "Commands" penetrate and inform the soul of nations.

The new religious movement now universally known as Bahaism is spreading its roots on every favourable soil and in this last Revelation accorded to Humanity we find that just equilibrium and high ideal maintained between religion and practice, love and science, calculated to impress minds equally whether of Eastern or Western tendencies. Through it may the Western seeker obtain something of the refreshing and spiritual calm of the Eastern soul, and the East will be drawn into less materialistic and more fraternal touch with the West, for both have been provided with a common meeting-ground on a practical and religious basis.

In the Bahai Teachings do we find continually sung the praises of good deeds and noble actions, and the believer is enjoined to express his love of God through the plane of Humanism and brotherly kindliness. Creeds, castes and racial prejudices can have

no existence for the true Bahai, for his aim is to express Divine Unity. The question also of asceticism, when *monasticism* is implied, or Soufism when carried out in isolation, is forbidden. No one can be said to be living the life of spiritual achievement who forsakes struggling humanity and seeks his individual soul-welfare by leaving the world of action. Here we touch the key-note to all real righteousness as conceived in the West. It is the brightest pearl of wisdom among the many other jewels of thought presented through this latest revealed religion of Persia. Perhaps only those who have lived among Eastern peoples can adequately judge what it would do to redeem fallen races if such teachings as the following were carried out :—

"The people of Baha must serve the Lord with wisdom, teach others by their lives and manifest the Light of God in their deeds. The effect of deeds is in truth more powerful than that of words . . . The progress of man depends upon faithfulness, wisdom, chastity, intelligence and deeds . . . Some are content with words, but the truth of word is tested by deeds and dependant upon life . . . Deeds reveal the station of man." (Hidden Words.)

This vitalising note is constantly recurring in the various writings, and work is indeed laid down in the Book of Laws as indispensable for every Bahai. All priestly offices are done away with as also all forms of worship calculated in the future to crystalise down into sectarianism or dogma. The effect of these teachings will tend most certainly to bring into far greater prominence and importance the individual effort.

In the future Bahai we shall probably see men and women at once pupils and teachers—expounders of religion and laymen. Consequently, more than ever will it behove the intelligent student to study and correctly appreciate his individual character and soul-forces, and not attempt more than he can adequately carry out on all planes of his being.

The Gnostic schools usually divided man into three categories : the Hylic, the Psychic and the man of Soul or Pneuma. These degrees find their parallels in the philosophy of India which teaches the phenomenal universe as coming under the triple action of Tamas, Rajas and Sattwa, degrees of qualities expressed as *Excellent, Middle and Lower*, translated by some Sanskritists as Tranquility, Activity

and Darkness. The lowest degree is the world of gross substance, corresponding to the Hylic man, the brutish, undeveloped, ignorant natures. The Rajic or Psychic man is a type who lives on the plane of "Mortal Mind" natural intelligence or action and possessing qualities which die with him. In the third or excellent degree manifesting Sattvic qualities we find those of more elevated natures who respond to the intuitions and principles of soul; they are able to recognise their positions as spiritual entities. When these natures incline positively to the desire for spiritual union, we get seekers who give up the world of material aims and enter the station of detachment or "vairagya" as it is expounded in India. Out of this sense of indifference to world or detachment from desire are evolved the higher mystics, such as saints, soufis or "yogis." It is in this respect, when the higher development must go hand in hand with right training, that many grave errors are made by enthusiastic students who desire to become "travellers" or seekers on the Path. Sometimes, on reading teachings given out by idealists, they are led to believe that there can be one and one only way of arriving at the same stage of interior perfection, *viz.*, by a complete and immediate changing of externals in the ordinary physical life. Their imagination and desire leap to visualise the end, and they do not stop to analyse this individual order of their natures. They fail to examine their thoughts and instincts which might perhaps reveal to them that, strictly speaking, they belong to the lower or middle degrees as yet, or that they alternate too constantly between the excellent and middle, so that on neither side are they fixed, and they are ever swayed by the predominating influences of the moment. Such natures can never hope to achieve liberation any sooner than the soul deliberately enmeshed in worldly desire. Indeed, sometimes the soul who is true to his law of world or reason will achieve more in his stage of evolution than the one who started with better qualities but failed to use them consistently.

Unless the inner, the seat of desire, is affected and wholly changed in direction, the attempt to live the life for the Beloved will be futile. A readjustment of the ordinary material view of life is incontestably necessary if we are to advance along lines of truth and sincerity, and it is not our work that we must change altogether, but rather the spirit from which it springs. "It

is not to idle quietism that we must flee, rather must we persevere on the battle of life, conscious that the labour of existence is laid on us to purify us from egoism and the sinfulness arising from it." (Prof. P. Deussen, "Elements of Metaphysics.") "Fulfil, therefore, at all times the duty incumbent on thee without attachment (to existence), for he who does his duty without attachment, that man attains what is highest." (Bhagavad Gita, 1, 19.)

Abdu'l Baha tells us in one of his epistles that :—

"When the Light of Divine Love breaks upon the mirror of the heart this Radiance *reveals* the way that leads to the Kingdom of God. As to how the Love of God may be caused to arise within them, know that it is by *turning* thyself toward Him." It is exactly this turning of the whole nature arising from the magnetic attraction towards some strong vital vivifying force that the soul instinctively feels, if allowed, which constitutes our surest guarantee that the higher aspirations will be reciprocated. It is through this inherent "inclination" of the soul that we are inevitably drawn into unity again when the time arrives. Against this tendency of heart nothing which is unessential in philosophic thought or material aim should be allowed to bear :—

"By the purification of Intellect, *i.e.*, by constant right use of Budhi and of all the faculties subordinate to it, and their never going against the naturally pure purusha or soul, leads to salvation." (Pantanjali, third Sutra 53.)

"Happy is he who takes to denial (of self) the smooth path of virtue through justice, love and asceticism. He is spared the second and terrible way which leads thither by suffering. The more vehement the egoistic will, the greater the material bonds to be wrenched. Just as it is the final aim to deny, not life but rather the will to egoism, so also is it no kind of external work which marks the ascetic, but the inner spirit alone. . . Nor is the observer of perfect chastity only an ascetic, but he also who in self-denying labour sacrifices himself for his family and kind." (Prof. Deussen, "Elements of Metaphysics.")

For the good of the world and the progress of humanity, therefore, two orders of mystics or spiritual minds are continually to be found operating on physical and metaphysical planes. They have their rise through the excellent or Sattvic degree and obtain their

results on and through the powers of Soul; their work is at once subjective and objective. The mystic who is seemingly the quiescent dreamer is a creator on the subtle plane of Divine Ideals, while the practical mystic who is drawn to more suitable work and acts in the world of humanity expresses conciously or unsconsciously what the beautiful still soul of the contemplative prepares and assists to completion through prayer and idealization. The practical workers have frequently been styled "Les Bras de l'Initiation," "the hands of the Initial." One worker is a necessary complement of the other and in their dual modes of action they symbolise that eternal progress taking place throughout the universe—the hidden soul stimulating to objective life qualities that express God. "I was a hidden treasure, I would fain be known," says a profound Koranic tradition when dealing with the mysteries of Being, "and those who truly desire to approach the hidden treasure of 'Nearness' must order their lives in sincerity and the spirit of Renunciation, on lines laid down by the seers throughout the ages."

"But O, my brother, when a seeker of Truth intends to direct his steps of research and journey in the Path of the Knowledge of the King of Pre-existence, he should first cleanse and purify his heart which is the place where the Splendours of the Invisible and Divine Mysteries are made to become manifest, and sanctify it from all the gloomy dust of the acquired sciences and from the suggestions made by Satanic appearances . . . and cleanse the tablets of their hearts from self-exultation and vain glory . . . to practise silence and avoid useless speech . . . The traveller and seeker should consider all else save God, and account all but the Adored One as nothing." (Baha Ullah.)

Let the student ponder on such words as these with thankfulness that Omniscient Wisdom accords such Lights from time to time to illumine the world's darkness. "Mirrors" are they who reflect the Divine attributes and restate eternal verities in terms of Love and Understanding, and point Humanity the way to Life and Immortality.

J. STANNARD.

Egypt.

BRAHMAVADINI.

THE graceful and noble verses that define the Rights of Women asserted by the *Seva Sadan* of Bombay, and which serve as the conclusion of the first half-yearly Report of that institution, call to mind the vision of a class of women, the *Brahmavadinis* or the female students of the Veda, who flourished in ancient India. The only form of education known to ancient India was the study of the Veda as a *Brahmacharin*. A boy entered the order of *Brahmacharin* after *Upanayana* or the assumption of the sacred thread, and had to live with his teacher and maintain himself by begging alms till he finished his course. Harita (quoted by Madhava) ordains :—

"There are two classes of women, the *Brahmavadinis* and those who are married without delay. The *Brahmavadinis* assume the sacred thread, kindle the sacred fire, and beg alms from the members of their own family. The initiation ceremony of those who are married without delay is briefly performed at the time of their marriage and then they are married."

But Yama, also quoted by Madhava, says :—

"In the previous Kalpa (cycle of existence) the maidens were required to assume the *munja* grass (at the time of initiation), teach the Vedas, and repeat the *Gayatri* formula. Father, paternal uncle, or brother alone could teach them, but no other person could teach them. The maidens were to beg alms from the members of their own families, and did not wear deerskin, bark, or clotted hair."*

Brahmavadinis must have disappeared long before Yama wrote, and therefore he imagined that such strange creatures must have existed in a previous cycle of existence. But if Upanishads, Sutras, and the Epics may be assigned to the present cycle of existence, then it may be said that the *Brahmavadinis* existed not only in the present cycle, but also within the historical period. The Brihadaranyaka Upanishad enshrines the memory of a *Brahmavadini* in Gargi, daughter of Vacha-

*Parasara-Madhava, Bibliotheca Indica, Vol. I. P. 485.

knu. Gargi attended the sacrificial assembly of Janaka of Videha together with the Brahmans of Kuru and Panchala. In this assembly Janaka offered a prize for the "most learned among the Brahmans." Yajnavalkya claimed the prize. Gargi challenged Yajnavalkya twice, whereas no other Brahman present dared face him more than once. This narrative may not be true in fact, but it is undoubtedly typically true, and Gargi must not be regarded as the solitary instance of a learned woman who had strayed into a sacrificial assembly, but as the representative of a class of women that existed in the Vedic age. Gargi Vachaknavi and two other *Brahmavadinis*, Vadava Pratitheyi, and Sulabha Maitreyi are mentioned in the Grihyasutras of Asvalayana (3, 4, 5) along with some of the most well-known Vedic teachers as *Acharyas* or teachers to whom libations of water should be offered."

In the Santiparvan of the great epic Mahabharata we are told, "In the same *Satya* Yuga a *bhikshuki* (female mendicant) named Sulabha wandered over the earth practising *yoga* rites" (321, 7). Once she went to Mithila where King Dharmadhvaja Janaka, famous for his piety, reigned. When the King met Sulabha both engaged in an acrimonious discussion in which the woman worsted the monarch. She thus told her life story :—

"There was a well-known royal sage named Pradhana, of whom you must have heard. I was born in his family and my name is Sulabha (181).

"Born in that family and after receiving proper education (*vinita*) I failed to obtain a suitable husband; I therefore took the vow of a nun and am now wandering alone striving for final emancipation (*moksha*)." (183).

Sulabha was by birth a Kshatriya, and Kshatriya maidens were also allowed to study the Veda as *Brahmavadinis*. The Ramayana (Book III) preserves the account of a nun of a different type in Sramani Sabari. Rama met her in the Dandaka forest, where she had devoted herself to the service of the Rishis. Sabari was not a *Brahmavadini* but a *Sevika* who had spent her life in the service of the Rishis dwelling in the Dandaka forest. She died and attained final bliss at the sight of Rama. But her story indicates that at the time of the Ramayana, women could enter the order of the Brahmanic Sramanas.

Gargi, Sulabha Maitreyi, Vadava, Sulabha, and Sabari belong to an age when woman was not considered as inherently inferior to man and when the fair sex enjoyed as much facilities as the male sex for intellectual

and spiritual advancement. But the early Buddhist literature reveals to us a different state of things. For a long time Gotama Buddha refused to admit woman into his monastic order, and at last yielded to the pressure of his foster-mother, Mahapajapati, with grave misgivings. "As in a field of rice, Ananda," said he, "which is in full vigour, the disease breaks out which is called mildew, then the vigour of that field of rice continues no longer; so also, Ananda, if woman be admitted in a doctrine and to an order to renounce the world and go into homelessness, holy living does not last long."* Buddha reluctantly admitted women into his order with the prediction that on account of the women, holy living will not last for more than five hundred years among his followers. He gave vent to his hatred for the female sex by assigning to the nun a very low rank in his order. He ordained—

"A nun, if she have been ordained even hundred years ago, must bow most reverentially before every monk, even though he be ordained only on this day, rise in his presence, raise her clasped hands, duly honour him. This rule shall she observe esteem sacred, keep, respect, and through her whole life not transgress."

Again—

"From this day forward is the path of speech against the monks closed to nuns. Yet is not the path of speech against the nuns closed to the monks. This rule, &c."

A Buddha would hardly have the audacity to make such a suggestion to a Gargi or a Sulabha. But the day of the *Brahmavadini* was gone. The doors of the orders of the Vedic students and the monks were shut against the woman and she now occupied a very degraded position in the order of the householders within the domestic circle. What was the cause of the degradation of woman in ancient India? It is one of the greatest riddles of the history of Indian civilisation. This is hardly the place for attempting to solve the riddle. But the key to the solution of the riddle may be found in the rise of pessimism in India. During the period that intervened between the age of Gargi and Yajnavalkya on the one hand, and Gotama Buddha on the other, the canker of pessimism had taken root in the Indian soil. Pessimism declared all sources of earthly pleasures, such as woman and wealth, as so many obstacles to the path of emancipation from the miseries of life, and the word had gone forth "Down with the woman." Even the worldly-minded who lacked the moral strength of the true pessimist found the pessimistic conception of the position of woman a convenient instrument for establishing his

* Oldenberg's *Buddha*, London 1882, p. 165.

despotic sway over the household. As a result, one set of rules were made for the guidance of the males and another set for the females—a man might marry whenever he liked, but a woman, frail thing, must marry before attaining puberty; a widower might marry again, whereas a widow might either burn herself or live as an ascetic, but marry again she must not in this sinful *kali* age.

It may be asked, can the order of the *Brahmavadinis* be now revived? The *Seva Sadan* and other similar organisations may and are trying to revive the spirit of this order, but they cannot revive its form. But should not those Hindus who still continue to wear the sacred thread, revive the ancient custom of giving the sacred thread to their daughters as well, and throw open to them all the educational privileges and liberties of which the sacred thread is the symbol?

RAMA PRASAD CHANDA.

Rajshahi.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, BART., K.C.S.I.

(*Concluded from our last number.*)

MEANWHILE something had been done in England towards the simplification of the law by an Indian Commission that held its sittings in London in 1853, and after the great mutiny of 1857 various supplementing enactments were embodied in revised Civil and Criminal Codes of Procedure that came into force in 1859 and 1861 respectively. In 1862, the great lawyer, Sir Henry Sumner Maine—whose genius when he was Regius Professor at Cambridge during Fitzjames's residence there, had illuminated the dry study of Ancient Law, and whose book on the subject ranks as a standard work and masterpiece of style—was appointed legal member of the Indian Council, with instructions to proceed with the aid of a carefully selected committee, with the codification that had been begun by Macaulay. A worthy successor of his great predecessor and far more versed than he had been in legal intricacies, Sir Henry more than fulfilled the expectations of the home authorities, leaving, however, when he resigned in 1869, much to be done before the reforms inaugurated under the new system could be carried into practical effect. The task which awaited the new member of the Council was indeed an arduous one, so numerous, complex, and in some cases contradictory were the laws it was his business to consolidate and codify. In one of his earliest speeches before the Council Stephen himself very clearly described the position in 1870 and defined the various elements of which the law of British India was made up that reflected the various stages of the development of the ruling power from a mere trading company to a sovereign empire of far-stretching jurisdiction. There were, he explained, "in the first place the so-called regulations made in the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay before the formation of the Legislative Council

in 1834. Then there were the acts of the Legislative Council which had since 1834 legislated for the whole of British India and those of subordinate legislatures which had been formed in the two presidencies in 1861. Besides these there were the executive orders passed by the Governor-General in Council for the North-Western Provinces, the Punjab, Oudh, the Central Provinces and Burmah, which had, more or less, introduced the same laws into the regions successively annexed or such an approximation to those laws as was practicable and dictated, according to an accustomed formula, by justice, equity and good conscience."

In addition to these leading laws were also a great and confusing number of minor enactments of more or less importance, some temporary to meet passing emergencies, others repealing earlier legislation. "The first thing to be done, therefore," says Leslie Stephen, commenting on his brother's speech, "was to ascertain what laws were actually operative, to repeal the useless and obsolete, and confirm others which, though useful, might be of doubtful validity. It would then become possible to consolidate and codify; so that for every subject there might be a single enactment and for every province a single body of laws."

It will be seen from the above quotations that the work undertaken by Fitzjames Stephen in so hopeful and buoyant a spirit bristled with difficulties; but that those difficulties were, with very few exceptions, triumphantly surmounted is proved by the number and vital importance of the measures introduced by him and passed during his brief term of office, which included the Punjab Land Revenue Act, that became law in 1870, the Limitation of Suits Act of 1871, the Evidence, Native Marriages, Punjab Laws, Contract and Criminal Procedure Acts, all of which were approved by the Council in 1872. In each and all of these their sponsor displayed an extraordinary insight into the true needs of India, and a firm conviction of the absolute necessity for the vigorous administration of justice even when most opposed to European prejudices, but perhaps what may be described as his masterpiece is the Indian Evidence Act which, to quote his own words in the Introduction to his "Digest of the Law of Evidence", * began by

*Digest of the Law of Evidence, by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., D.C.L. Macmillan & Co.

repealing the whole of the Law of Evidence then in force in India, and proceeded to re-enact it in the form of a code of 167 sections which has been in operation since September 1872. No detail was too trivial for his consideration, yet so clearly and succinctly is this and every other measure for which its author was responsible, drawn up that its meaning is clear even to the uninitiated and absolutely no loopholes are left for contentious legislation.

Before Stephen left India the work of codification was all but complete, and to quote his own words once more, "when two or three gaps had been filled in, the Statute Law of India would be comprised in four or five octavo volumes and the essential part of it in five or six acts, which might be learnt in a year of moderate industry." "A young civilian," he adds, "who knew the Penal Code, the Succession Act, the Contract Act, the two Procedure Codes, the Evidence Acts, the Limitation Act and the Land Revenue Acts of his province would know more than nineteen barristers out of twenty when called to the bar."

The work done by Fitzjames Stephen as legal member of the Council of India greatly impressed not only his colleagues and subordinates on the spot, but also men so well competent to judge as Sir W. Hunter, who dwells on his influence for good on legal practice and Sir C. P. Ilbert, who speaks of him as "a Cyclopean builder who hurled together huge blocks of rough-hewn law, and whose powers of work left the Legislative Council staggering and breathless," but as is so often the case, the full value of his services was scarcely recognized by the home authorities. When in April 1872 he felt it his duty for private reasons to resign his post, no effort was made to induce him to reconsider his decision and he was allowed to withdraw without any official commendation for the great work he had achieved. Just before he sailed was published in Calcutta in the "Selections from the Records of the Government of India," an essay from his pen on the administration of justice in British India that may be looked upon as a kind of summary of his matured convictions on many vital points, dwelling especially upon the desirability of the more frequent employment of natives, discussing the question of the separation of the judicial and executive functions of civilians and shadowing forth some of the provisions of Indian Council's Bill that was introduced into Parliament

in December 1908 by the Secretary of State for India, Lord Morley, and which would probably, had Stephen lived, have won his cordial approval.

The last few weeks of Fitzjames Stephen's residence in India were saddened by the assassination of Lord Mayo, who was shot on January 24th, 1872, by a convict as he was getting into his boat after a visit to the penal settlement at the Andaman Isles. As is amply proved in the chapter he contributed to Sir W. Hunter's life of the murdered Viceroy, Stephen had been very greatly attached to him, attributing to his cordial support and sympathy the rapid passing of the three great measures the Civil Procedure Code, the Contract Act and the Evidence Act, which might otherwise have been long delayed. He dwells on the wisdom, honesty and courage, the freshness, vigour and flexibility of mind displayed by Lord Mayo on many a trying occasion, and in a letter to his mother he gives a very graphic description of the funeral ceremonies at Calcutta and the impression they made on the spectators. "The coffin," he says, "was brought up on a gun-carriage drawn by twelve artillery horses .... about thirty picked sailors from the 'Daphne' and 'Glasgow' walked behind and by the side, all dressed in clean white trousers and jerseys and looking like giants. . . They were intensely fond of Lord Mayo, who had won their hearts by the interest he took in them and in the little things they got up to amuse him. . . He spent the last evening of his life sitting with Lady Mayo on the bridge of the 'Glasgow' laughing at their entertainment. . . Behind them walked the procession, which was nearly three quarters of a mile long and contained every Englishman of any importance in Calcutta, and a considerable number of natives. The whole road was lined with troops on both sides, but they stood at intervals of several yards and there was an immense crowd close behind and in some places between them. . . . The procession went on with the most overwhelming solemnity till we got to Government House. There was a dead silence nearly all the way; the natives standing or squatting in their apathetic way, and the Europeans as grim as death. All that was heard was the rattle of the gun-carriage, and the tramping of the horses and the minute guns from the fort and ships. The housetops, the windows, the fort were all crowded with people, but all as still as death. I think the ships looked

as sad as anything. There were two miles of noble ships in the Hooghly. Their flags were flying half-mast high and they had all tossed their yards. . . . When we got to Government House, the coffin had to be lifted off the gun-carriage and pulled up a long flight of wide stone steps, the sailors and a few artillerymen did it all in perfect silence. . . The coffin was then placed on a truck, to which the sailors harnessed themselves and dragged it up an inclined plane with no apparent effort in spite of the enormous weight. . . It was taken along a suite of rooms hung with black and lighted with a curious simplicity and grandeur. . . After a few prayers we all left." The lying-in-state over the coffin was taken to the "Daphne" in which it was to go to England, but this time the streets were cleared and no one was admitted to the jetty except the procession. "It was," says Stephen, "like marching through a half dead city, nothing was to be seen but troops, and when we got into Dalhousie Square there was a battery firing minute guns and drawn up on the road just as if they were going to fight. Two or three bands played the Dead March the whole way till I felt as if it would never get out of my ears. At the end of the jetty lay the 'Daphne.' . The sailors with infinite delicacy and quiet draped the coffin carefully with its flags, and it was raised and lowered by a steam crane without any sound at all. When the ship steamed off down the river and I drove home with Henry Cunningham, I really felt as I suppose people feel when an operation is over. . . Lord Mayo was in a sense going home, leaving behind him all his anxieties, to rest in his native land."

Back again in England, Fitzjames Stephen took up his old work there as a barrister as if it had never been interrupted, but it must be admitted that he found it somewhat prosaic after his exciting experiences in India, which he says had been a kind of University course to him. His great ambition now was to induce English Statesmen to carry on at home the work of codification on which he had been engaged at Calcutta, but to his great disappointment he was at first unable to induce anyone to take the matter up. True, when he spoke or lectured on that or any other subject, he was always sure of a respectful hearing and he soon received several tangible proofs of the high esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. In November 1872, for instance, he was appointed

Counsel to the University of Cambridge, and early in 1873 he was elected a member of the exclusive Athenaeum Club, but when he made his first appearance after his return at the Old Bailey he was, he relates, "snubbed for some supposed irregularity in the examination of a witness by the judge who did not betray the slightest consciousness that the offender had just composed a code of evidence for an Empire." In July 1873 he went on circuit again as of old, stopping in the same lodgings at Warwick, and, strange to say, appearing before the same judge, but in spite of what may be called the retrogressive character of his work, he was greatly cheered by the recognition of the then Attorney-General John Duke, later Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who sent him many Government briefs that remunerated him very well. Presently, too, a very congenial task fell into his hands, for he was asked to collaborate with Russell Gurney, then Recorder of London, in drawing up a Bill upon homicide, a subject with which his great knowledge of the penal code made him thoroughly familiar. The Bill was read a first time in the House of Commons in 1872, referred to a Select Committee in 1874, and finally rejected, but this did not in the least damp the ardour of those responsible for it. In a letter to Sir Henry Cunningham dated August 15th, 1872, Stephen himself predicted the failure of the measure, declaring England to be a "centre of indifference between the two poles—India and the United States. At each pole you get a system vigorously administered and carried to logical results. In the centre you get the queerest conceivable hubble-bubble, half energy and half impotence and all scepticism in a great variety of forms." In the same letter Stephen dwells happily on the progress of the Introduction to his Indian Evidence Act, and on the fact that he has all but succeeded on converting the Attorney-General to his views on codification, Coleridge having gone so far as to commission him to draw up an English Bill on the same lines as the Indian one. Needless to add that he at once set to work eagerly, the draft of the new measure was ready in February 1873 and introduced in the following session by the Attorney-General himself, only to be crowded out by more important measures and finally withdrawn on August 3rd of the same year.

The short intervals of leisure enjoyed by Stephen in this most arduous period of his career were devoted to preparing for publication

in book-form under the title of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," an important series of articles that had appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and which may be looked upon as a kind of psychological autobiography, so clearly do they reflect the gradual evolution of their anthor's opinions on some of the most vital questions of the day. Planned in India and strongly coloured by Stephen's experiences there, the volume is dedicated to Sir John Strachey who had been one of his most valued friends when he was on the Council, and to whose tact in the trying time after the assassination of Lord Mayo he pays a very high tribute, declaring that the anxiety and responsibility they had shared on that occasion formed a very strong tie between them. That a publication dealing with the greatest problems with which humanity has to contend and on which opinions are widely divided, should have aroused a great variety of criticism, much of it hostile, was of course inevitable, but on the whole the book appears to have added to Stephen's reputation as an honest thinker and fearless champion of the truth as revealed to him.

It is noteworthy that whilst the Essays republished in "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" were still appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Stephen—of whom eight years later Lord Beaconsfield said, "it is a thousand pities that he is a judge, he might have done anything and everything as a leader of the future Conservative Party"—was twice asked to stand for Parliament in the Liberal interest, first for Liverpool and then for Dundee. After consulting Coleridge he declined the former suggestion, the Attorney-General having explained to him that a seat in the House would disqualify him for serving on a codification commission that might presently be appointed. Almost immediately afterwards, however, Gladstone, then prime minister, resigned and although he soon returned to power, the very existence of the Government was at stake and there was no hope of any attention being given to legal reform. "My castle of cards," said Fitzjames in a letter dated March 14th, 1873, "has all come down with a run. . . My Evidence Act and all my other schemes have blown up and here am I a briefless or nearly briefless barrister beginning the world all over again. . . . I have some reason to think that if Gladstone had stayed in, I should in a few weeks have been Solicitor-General and on my way to all sorts of

honour and glory." Quite suddenly, however, his prospects again brightened, for he was appointed by the Lord Chancellor to act as Circuit Judge in the place of the famous lawyer, Mr. Justice Lush, who was detained in London by the Tichborne case.

This was an appointment after Stephen's own heart and the next few months were amongst the happiest of his life, for the duties of the Bench were a pure delight to him. To quote his own words again, "If in Indian phrase I could only become *Pucka* instead of *Kucha*, a permanent instead of a temporary judge, I would prefer it to anything else in the world.' All too soon this happy state of things was broken in upon by a telegram from the Lord Chief Justice summoning him to London. He hastened to obey and on his arrival was informed that if he would become the Liberal candidate for Dundee and were elected, he might be made Solicitor-General. This was, of course, a very strong temptation, the stronger in that, in the event of success, he might have a real chance of at last forwarding the cause of codification in England. In an evil moment he consented to stand for Dundee, making however, one condition that before going north, he should do the work already arranged for at Dorchester. As it turned out, his conscientiousness on this point was fatal to his interests, for when at the end of the Assizes he reached Dundee, another candidate had been nominated. In spite of all his efforts and those of his supporters he was defeated, his rival having been elected on the very day, August 5th, on which his Evidence Bill was finally withdrawn from Parliament.

Sick at heart, angry with himself for having yielded against his better judgment and disgusted with the whole system of Parliamentary election, Stephen resolved never again to place himself in such a false position. Moreover, in addition to the mortification of failure, he was suffering keenly from the accidental discovery that he was not after all a Liberal in the political sense of the term ; but bitter as was the awakening, he congratulated himself on the truth having been revealed to him in time. When a little later he heard that Sir Henry James had been made Solicitor-General, Stephen admitted that it was almost a relief to him. He felt he might perhaps do more good as an outsider, for he could never have voted with his party as a matter of course, and he now resolved to limit his

professional ambition to becoming a permanent judge. Should that, too, be denied him, he made up his mind to devote the rest of his leisure to literature, hoping by that means, if by no other, to promote the cause of legal reform. Amongst his many literary projects was a book on the English in India, and although he never found time to write it, his researches in connection with the subject led, some ten years later, to the publication of the deeply interesting "Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey."

Early in 1874 Parliament was dissolved and the Conservatives with Disraeli as Prime Minister came into office and that same year Stephen was greatly cheered by being asked by Lord Salisbury, who had succeeded the Duke of Argyll at the India Office, to consolidate the acts connected with the Government of India, a piece of work that would enable him to continue, if not actually to complete, the codification he had begun as legal member of the Council at Calcutta. True, the difficulties were very much greater than they would have been had he been still on the spot, but with undaunted courage he drew up a practically exhaustive table of every section of every act that had remained in force in India since 1770. The amount of toil involved in this Herculean task can scarcely be realized by an outsider, but what had to be done is well described by Leslie Stephen in the biography of his brother :— "The kernel of the law," he says, "was contained in eight acts; the 'Regulating Act' of 1773, the Acts upon the successive renewal of the Company's Charter, and the Acts passed upon the transference of the Company's powers to the Crown. As each of those had been superposed upon its predecessors without repealing them, it was necessary to go through them all to discover what parts were still in force ; how far any law had been modified by later enactments, and what parts of the law it might be desirable to leave unaltered, and then to fuse the whole into unity. Fitzjames proposed to repeal forty-three acts with the exception of certain sections and to substitute for the repealed portions a single Act of 168 sections shorter . . . than some of those repealed. The result would be to save a great deal of labour to hard-worked Indian officials who required to know the precise limits of their authority ; and the Act forms a complete constitutional code, determining the powers and the mutual relations of the whole Indian administrative and legislative system."

The draft of this most comprehensive measure completed, it was subjected to most searching criticism by Sir Henry Maine and other legal authorities who agreed in considering it a masterpiece alike of manner and of matter, but alas ! it was never even considered in Parliament. A preliminary measure was, it is true, introduced by Lord Salisbury, but rejected on account of the opposition of the Indian Legislative Council, and once more the question of the reform of Indian law was shelved. This was perhaps the very bitterest of the many disappointments Fitzjames Stephen had had to meet, but with characteristic fortitude he at once embarked on an even more arduous enterprise, the codification of the English Law of Contracts founded on the Indian Act he had been instrumental in passing in 1872, but more comprehensive and elaborate than it. He had not, however, proceeded far with it before he was called upon to lay it aside and devote himself to the revision of his "Criminal Law in England," first published in 1863 for a new edition, in preparing which he incidentally collected the supplementary information embodied in a smaller volume, the "Digest of the Criminal Law," that was published in 1877 and is still used as a text-book by students.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable barrister had been appointed Professor of Criminal Law at the Inns of Court, giving proof in his lectures of a legal erudition rarely, if ever, surpassed. Not content with delivering his lectures he also prepared a "Digest of the Law of Evidence," which at once took rank as a standard work and has since gone through several editions. Soon after its first appearance in 1876, its author was greatly cheered by the recognition it won for him from the then Attorney-General, Sir John Holker and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cairns, the latter having given him instructions in the summer of 1877 to draw up a Bill for a Penal Code and one of Criminal Procedure. Full of fresh zeal and hope, Stephen at once prepared a comprehensive measure that was introduced in Parliament in 1878 by Sir John Holker, who as well as the Lord Chief Justice and the Solicitor-General were most favourably impressed by it. This time success seemed to be really in sight ; the Bill was referred to a Select Committee in 1879, and alluded to in the Queen's Speech in 1882, but it eventually shared the fate of all its predecessors, for it never reached a third reading.

Whilst the fate of the measure to which he had given so much

time and thought still hung in the balance, Stephen was employed on several important ecclesiastical cases, winning golden opinions for the subtlety and clearness of his reasoning, and his vast historical knowledge. No longer so much pressed for money, his fees being higher and the expenses connected with his large family considerably lower, he was able to indulge in travelling for pleasure and other hitherto unattainable luxuries. In 1875 he bought a house at Anaverna in Ireland, spending his vacations there for several years, but keeping on the one he had rented so long in London where his old friends Sir Henry Maine and Carlyle were near neighbours. In 1876 he was fortunate enough to be introduced to Lord Lytton who had just been appointed Governor-General of India, and between the two, who were true kindred spirits, a very strong friendship at once sprang up. For the first time in a life that had been a long-continued struggle against prejudice, Stephen found a permanent convert to his views on India, and one who would have the power of converting those views into definite action. Before Lord Lytton set sail, Fitzjames, who would gladly have accompanied him—for he was often consumed with nostalgia for the field where he had done his own best work—drew up for his use an exhaustive account of the Indian legal system. "It lit up," said Lytton, "the mysteries of administration like a policeman's bull's eye," and he never ceased to be grateful to its author with whom in the midst of all his arduous duties he corresponded regularly throughout the whole of his term of office. It is indeed in his letters to the Governor-General that Stephen most clearly reveals not only the chief ambitions of his life, but also the beauty of his character, the straightforward purity of his motives, and the disinterestedness that so often stood in the way of his worldly success, whilst those from Lytton, many of which were so private that they were seen by no one but their recipient, would, no doubt, could they be made public, throw fresh light on the vexed history of his rule.

Very specially noteworthy amongst Stephen's letters is that dated September 6th, 1876, in which he dwells on th approaching Durbar at Delhi when the Queen was to be proclaimed Empress of India. "I am no poet," he says, "as you are, but Delhi makes my soul burn within me, and I never heard 'God Save the Queen' or saw the Union Jack flying in the heart of India without feeling the tears in

my eyes which are not much used to tears" ; and he adds that "the hearts of Hastings, Clive and many another old hero must start and tremble under our feet though they have been a century dead." He likens the Pax Britannica in India to Milton's description of Universal Peace "when Kings sat still with awful eye," and observes that "no one had or will ever have again such a splendid opportunity as the Viceroy for making a great speech and compressing into a few words a statement of the essential spirit of the English rule satisfactory at once to ourselves and to our subjects." He even sent his friend a rough draft of what he himself thought that speech should be, and was delighted when he found that some of his suggestions had been honoured. In another and even more interesting letter he shows the wideness of his sympathies by proposing the drawing up what he calls a "moral text book" for use in Indian schools to be issued in the Queen's name. "It might," he says, "contain striking passages from the Bible, the Koran and the Vedas about the Divine Being ; with parables and impressive precepts from various sources."

On the retirement of Lord Hobhouse from his seat on the Indian Council, it was suggested that Stephen should succeed him, and in one of his letters to Lord Lytton he says "the prospect of helping you and Sir John Strachey to govern an empire and to carry out schemes which will leave a permanent mark on history is all but irresistibly attractive, " but in the end he felt it his duty to decline. Practically, however, he did much of the work that would have fallen to his share had his decision been otherwise, making notes on the drafts of important measures for the consideration of the Council and sending out to the Viceroy an exhaustive Essay on codification.

During the Afghan crisis, in which he took the deepest interest, Stephen wrote several letters to the *Times* upholding Lord Lytton's policy in the main, though he criticized certain details somewhat severely. In the first two that were headed "Manchester in India" he poured forth the vials of his wrath on John Bright who had characterised British rule in India as "the result of ambition, conquest and crime, and accused the Government of keeping up a cumbrous system of administration that gave employment to British Civil Servants, but failed to meet the needs of the people of the country."

"We should be proud," said Fitzjames, "not ashamed to be the successors of Warren Hastings and their like. They and we are the joint architects of the bridge by which India has passed from being a land of cruel wars, ghastly superstitions and wasting plague and famine to be at least a land of peace, order and vast possibilities. The supports of the bridge are force and justice. Force without justice was the old scourge of India, but justice without force means the pursuit of unattainable ideals."

Later letters to the *Times* that appeared in October, 1878, attracted even more notice than their predecessors, and brought their author into temporary antagonism with his old friend Lord Lawrence, who appears to have misunderstood his arguments and accused him of implying that the English were free to ride rough-shod over the liberties of the Afghans or any other native races whose rights interfered with their own interests. The veteran politician who had done such good service after the annexation of the Punjab in 1849 as leading member of the Board of Administration, replied to Stephen's letters in the *Times*, drawing forth from him a most dignified and impressive answer in which the writer fully proved the injustice that had been done him, declaring that British rule rests on justice as well as force, and insisting on the importance of keeping our word sacredly with the Afghans. Very seriously, too, did he dwell on the danger of inflicting excessive punishment for the murder of Cavagnari, remarking that we ought to prove to the natives that we are strong enough to keep our heads and be merciful even in the face of insults.

In January, 1877, thanks mainly to the influence of Lord Lytton, the honour of Knight Commander of the Star of India (K.C.S.I.) was conferred on Stephen who was greatly elated, as he himself expressed it, at having "the name of his beloved India thus stamped upon him." In 1878 he was made honorary Doctor of Civil Law (D.C.L.) at Oxford, and after serving during that year on several important commissions he at last early in 1879 realized his long cherished ambition of becoming a permanent judge.

Stephen sat for the first time as a "pucka" judge at the Central Criminal Court where he had held his first brief a quarter of a century before, and the first sentence he had to pronounce was one of death on a man who had murdered his mother. The responsibility of his new position seems to have weighed on him greatly, but for all

that it was one for which he could not but feel specially fitted, and he threw himself heart and soul into its duties. From the first he showed, as he had done in his early days as Counsel, for prisoners an extraordinary patience in unravelling the confused and rambling pleas put forward by them. More than once he saved an innocent man from the conviction that seemed certain, and he was not even above owning himself in the wrong as proved by several touching incidents quoted by his brother. A man accused of stabbing a policeman to avoid arrest, for instance, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude On being removed by the warders he clung to the rail, screaming, "You can't do it: you don't know what you are doing." Fitzjames shouted to the warders to put him back, discovered by patient hearing that the man was meaning to refer to some circumstance in extenuation and after calling the witness found that the statement was confirmed. "Now you silly fellow," he said, "if you had pleaded guilty as I told you, all this would have come out. It is true that I did not know what I was doing, but it was your own fault!" He then reduced the sentence to nine months, saying, "Does that satisfy you?" "Thank you, my Lord," replied the man, "that's quite right and left," the court quite cheerfully.

To the last it was always a great grief to Judge Stephen to be compelled to pronounce the capital sentence, and he himself describes how on a certain occasion when he knew he would have to do so, he had a horrible feeling for a week before of watching the man sinking and knowing that he had only to hold out his hand to save his life. "I felt," he says, "as if I could see his face and hear him say, 'Let me live, I am only thirty-five; see what a strong, vigorous, active fellow I am, with perhaps fifty years before me. Must I die?' And I mentally answered, 'Yes, you must.' I had no real doubts and I felt no remorse, but it was a very horrible feeling, all the worse because when one has a strong theoretical opinion in favour of capital punishment, one is naturally afraid of being unduly hard upon a particular wretch to whom it is one's lot to apply the theory."

As is well known Sir Fitzjames Stephen was the judge at the trial of Mrs. Maybrick for the murder of her husband; she was convicted and condemned to death, a verdict later commuted, with his approval, to penal servitude for life; and he was also res-

ponsible for the execution of the notorious criminal Lipski. These two decisions brought upon him much public indignation at the time, although the justice of his verdicts is now very generally acknowledged. In the latter case Stephen obtained a week's reprieve for the consideration of an alleged piece of fresh evidence, but after its examination and a long consultation with the Home Secretary, he was reluctantly compelled to adhere to his original sentence ; the fact that on the evening before his death the convict confessed his crime, proving the judge to have been in the right.

Now that he held so high a position Sir Fitzjames Stephen enjoyed what he greatly valued, comparative leisure, and his spare time was devoted to what he considered his most important publication the " History of Criminal Law in England " in three volumes, founded on but considerably larger and more exhaustive than the " General View of the Criminal Law of England " that had appeared twenty years before. Its conclusion left him somewhat exhausted, but as was his wont he had decided, before it was through the press, on yet another enterprise that had so to speak grown out of the one first completed. To quote his own words in the Introduction to the new book, he had been much struck in writing the " History of Criminal Law " with the way in which nearly all the most important parts of our history connect themselves in one way or another with the administration of criminal justice and with the importance which in writing history attaches to a technical knowledge of the law. "This led me," he adds, " to form a plan of studying with a lawyer's eye, some of the more remarkable of the trials in which our history abounds and of giving such accounts of them as might be recognised by lawyers as accurate and might interest historical students. He at first intended to begin the series with the Trial of Warren Hastings, but the mass of material connected with it was so overwhelming that he thought it best to confine himself at first to one branch of the subject—the story of Nuncomar that had never yet been fully told, bound up with which was the later Impeachment, for the judicial murder of the Indian Rajah, of Sir Elijah Impey, who Stephen felt had special claims on him, he having been the first Englishman to attempt to codify Indian law. Another and more personal reason, he explains, weighed with him in the matter. Impey in the present day is known to English people in general only

by the terrible attack made upon him by Lord Macaulay in his Essay on Warren Hastings. It stigmatises him as one of the vilest of mankind. "No other such judge," it declares, "has dishonoured the English ermine since Jefferies drank himself to death in the Tower. Impey, sitting as judge, put a man unjustly to death, in order to serve a political purpose . . the time had come when he was to be stripped of that robe which he had so foully dishonoured." "These dreadful accusations," says Stephen, "I upon the fullest consideration of the whole subject and in particular of much evidence which Macaulay seems to me never to have seen, believe to be wholly unjust . . . Macaulay did not know his own strength and was probably not aware that a few sentences which came from him with little effort were enough to brand a man's name with almost indelible infamy."

The result of many months' careful examination of several incontrovertible sources of information was the production of a narrative of enthralling interest in which the whole tragic story of the ill-fated high caste Brahmin is eloquently told, the evidence for and against him and his judges—of whom Impey, it should be remembered, was but one—skilfully sifted and weighed, the part played by the minor actors in the long drawn out drama being also clearly defined. The book is indeed a masterpiece of reasoning, which, however much opinions may differ as to the justice of the conclusions arrived at, cannot fail to impress even hostile critics with admiration for the stern impartiality, judicial acumen and earnest zeal for truth of the writer. That the facts of the case, as related by him, differ greatly from the version given of them by Macaulay, whose love for effective phrases and what is vulgarly called piling up the agony often led him astray, was always regretted by Stephen, but it is to be feared that nothing will ever reverse the verdict on Impey who, his vindicator sadly remarks, as long as he is remembered at all will stand in a posthumous pillory as a corrupt judge and judicial murderer, whilst the memory of Hastings will always be sullied by the suspicion that he was the instigator of a crime that the balance of evidence would appear to prove was never committed.

Soon after the appearance of the book on Nuncomar and Impey the health of Sir Fitzjames Stephen began to fail, and in

April 1885, he was taken seriously ill at the Derby Assizes. A consultation with Sir Andrew Clark resulted in an order to abstain from all work for three months, at the end of which time he was able to resume most of his duties. He never again, however, recovered his old strength and for the rest of his life was compelled to avoid unnecessary exertion and fatigue. He accepted his limitations with the courage that had never failed him in his earlier trials, filling up his leisure time by writing articles on subjects with which he was already familiar, corresponding with his old friends and reading. As proved by references in many of his letters his thoughts often reverted to India where he had spent what he considered the most useful years of his life. In one, for instance, he dwells on his admiration for Mahommedanism, declaring that of all the religious ceremonies at which he had been present, those which had impressed him most had been a great Mahommedan feast in India and a simple service in a Scottish kirk. In another he animadverts on the peculiarities of Buddhism, expressing the opinion that Nirvana is a somewhat cowardly ideal. Amongst his later public utterances of importance is a letter to the *Times* in which he examines what was known as the Ilbert Bill in which were suggested certain changes of which he strongly disapproved. In the Indian Criminal Procedure Act of 1861 and 1869, for which he had been mainly responsible, English Magistrates were empowered to deal summarily with trivial cases against their fellow-countrymen, but the new measure by the omission of the word "European" gave to native Magistrates the power of condemning Englishmen to three months' imprisonment, *apropos* of which Fitzjames remarked that Englishmen had a right to be tried by Magistrates who could understand their ways of thought. At the same time he realized the necessary one-sidedness of an arrangement giving them that right, shrewdly remarking that if all anomalies were to be removed in India, the first thing to do would be to send all Englishmen out of the country.

In 1888, Stephen was greatly saddened by the death of two old friends, Sir Henry Maine and George Venables. He had often visited the former who was master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and for the latter he had always had the greatest veneration and affection. In 1890, a fresh attack of illness similar to but more serious than that

of 1885, compelled him to give up all work for some weeks, and though he was able to go on circuit for two more seasons, increasing weakness necessitated the resignation of all his appointments in 1891. He presided as judge for the last time at Bristol on March 23rd, and on the following April 7th he bade farewell to the profession he had loved so well at a meeting in that town when a beautiful speech in his honour was made by the Attorney-General, Sir R. Webster. To it Stephen replied in a few touching words concluding with "God bless you all" that made a deep impression on his hearers. A few months afterwards he was made a baronet, an honour that gave him, however, very little pleasure, for it was conferred when he was mourning over the illness of Lord Lytton that ended fatally on November 24th, 1891. Early in 1892, yet another and even more serious blow fell upon him, for his beloved and brilliantly gifted son James Kenneth Stephen, who as well as his two brothers had adopted the legal profession, died at Cambridge at the early age of thirty.

Gradually and at first almost imperceptibly the disease from which Sir Fitzjames Stephen was suffering gained upon him and before the end that took place peacefully at Ipswich on May 11th, 1894, he had become a complete invalid. He bore his sufferings, which were often great, with quiet uncomplaining courage, and when he passed away left behind him the reputation of a man of unsullied honour who had never allowed his private interest to interfere with his public duty, but had remained to the last faithful to his high ideal. His love of fair play, indeed, often stood in his own way, for as a barrister he never stooped to unworthy subterfuges to win his case, and as a judge he administered the law on the fundamental principles of equity, that he constantly asserted were the protection of the weak against the strong. It was his recognition of this fact, too often forgotten or ignored, that gave the chief value to the work of Fitzjames Stephen, especially in India, where such great vigilance is needed to guard against oppression. Well, indeed, would it be for England's greatest dependency if all responsible for its Government were to lay to heart the words of the upright, simple-hearted lawyer spoken at the Indian Council in 1870: "I think that one distinct act of injustice, one clear instance of unfaithfulness to the principle upon which our Government

depends, one positive proof that we either cannot or will not do justice to all classes, races, creeds or no-creeds, in British India, would in the long run shake our power more deeply than even financial or military disaster. . . I believe that the real foundations of our power will be found to be an inflexible adherence to broad principles of justice common to all persons in all countries and all ages and enforced with unflinching firmness in favour of or against everyone who claims their benefit or who presumes to violate them, no matter who he may be. To govern upon these broad principles is to govern justly, and I believe that not only justice itself but the honest attempt to be just is understood and acknowledged in every part of the world alike."

NANCY BELL.

Richmond, England.

BELIDES.*

Oh! Bellis,† once Belides, dancing
  With Ephegeus o'er the turf,
Through drifted bloom of orchards glancing
  White as the foam of ocean surf;
Alas! Verturnus found the fair
  Beneath his boughs of plum and pear.

Art thou, young Dryad, still regretting
  The broken dream of that sweet hour?
Since ever as the sun is setting,
  A tear weighs down thy starry flower,
Low drooping on its dewy bed
  With close-fringed eye, from weeping red!

The story's over-old for telling,
  Yet flower, from youth and pleasure sprung,
Sure, some bright spirit in thee dwelling
  Makes thee so simple seem, and young!—
Oh! Bellis, Daisy—Marguerite—
  Say, is this why thou art so sweet?

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

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* Belides, the youngest Dryad, said to be changed into a flower to escape the God of Orchards.

† [illegible] Latin name for Daisy.

A LITERARY POTPOURRI.

WHAT an excellent thing method is! How proud we are of our minds when they are in as good order as the drawers of a neat person's writing-table! How virtuous we feel when knowledge is nicely fitted into proper compartments ready for use when required.

But, on the other hand, how delicious it is to forget sometimes that there are such things as method and order, compartments and pigeon-holes, to let our minds—to use housemaid's language—"get into a regular mess." Instead of sitting down with books ready to be taken up in pre-arranged order of precedence, a scheme of work on the right hand, a list of notes on the left, drawers half open to show their neat contents ready for use, how refreshing it is to shut up all those drawers, pull down the escritoire with a bang, toss a heap of books on to floor or table conveniently low and stretch the limbs of one's mind on a mattress that Procrustes had nothing to do with, and plunge both hands, figuratively speaking, into a bowl of literary potpourri, letting the fragrant contents dribble through one's fingers and exhale their perfume through every recess of one's mind!

What dainty pungency there is, what permanent yet elusive fragrance in Lady Ritchie's (Anne Thackeray) words! As we handle her recently published "Blackstick Papers," we catch a suggestion of dried lavender and rosemary, with a waft of freshly crushed wild thyme, and the breath of living pansies when the sun is kissing them, and the delicate aroma of scented verbena and geranium leaves.

Do our Indian readers remember Thackeray's fairy story called the "Rose and the Ring" as fascinating as it is whimsical? *Blackstick* takes us back to it. Lady Ritchie says in her Introduction to the

Papers: "Readers of my father's works will be familiar with the name of the Fairy Blackstick who lived in Grim Tartary some ten or twenty thousand years ago, and who used to frequent the court of his Majesty King Valoroso XXIV. If I have ventured to call the following desultory papers by the Fairy Blackstick's name, it is because they concern certain things in which she was interested —old books, young people, schools of practical instruction, rings, roses, sentimental affairs, etc., etc."

Readers of Thackeray's daughter's books, *e g.*, "The Story of Elizabeth," "The Village on the Cliff," "Miss Angel," "On an Island," and, most winsome of all, "Old Kensington," will be prepared to find in the Fairy Balckstick's musings a charm as subtle as aroma we have been speaking of, and a strength that, paradoxically speaking, is delicacy itself. The Fairy leans back into the Past and touches people and things with the wand of memory, making them rise up before us, alive, and clothed with old associations like finely-wrought lace. One of the old books alluded to in the Introduction is "a sober grey volume, born 1817," the reading of which was to the Fairy's Mistress "an experience like that of gathering sweet herbs out of one's garden." In this grey volume Monsieur L. A. C. Bombet discourses of musicians, especially of Hadyn. According to M. Bombet, there was less music in Hadyn's home than in his breast. "We may hope," remarks Lady Ritchie, "that Mrs. Hadyn was fond of music, and that she found some consolation in her husband's exquisite melodies for jars and sorrows of her domestic life."

The Fairy touches schools of practical instruction in the paper on St. Andrews. She deals now with the authority of the Past, now with the softer methods of to-day, winding up her remarks after a description of a visit to St. Katherine's Schools, St. Andrews, thus: "What is a more charming sight than happiness? This (the sight of the school at play) was happiness to music, with youthful skirts, locks and limbs flying and a beating time and tune, and a waving of arms, and a flitting of maidens, driven by the ruling piano; music was lord of all for the moment."

A little boy had objected to visit his first school in Lady Ritchie's hearing because it "smelled of lessons." "Little girls will

not talk in this way of their schooldays at St. Andrews," she remarks.

Music ripples through the book as we turn the pages. Blackstick's wand is almost like a conductor's *baton*. In the paper on Joachim occurs this sentence: "It has been the present writer's fortune to be able to count upon more than one certain and unfailing music through life—noble, guiding strains which have led the way along many chances and changes, only growing more familiar, more loved as time has passed on."

She speaks of the friendship between Joachim and Mendelssohn. "It is always a sort of music to hear of true friends," she says. She had an unforgetable experience once when she went to pay a visit of enquiry to a sick friend. She was admitted but bidden to go softly into the invalid's room. The patient was very, very ill and Joachim was there playing by the dying lady's request. There he stood, his back to the window, violin in hand, playing "gravely and with exquisite beauty. The sad, solemn room was full of the blessing of Bach, coming like a Gospel to the sufferer in need of rest."

One of the people touched by the vivifying wand is George Sand in the paper on "Nohant in 1874." The living woman springs up out of a little book of memories by Henri Amic. "In this illustrated pamphlet Madame Sand is made to talk; she sits familiarly with her parasol under the big cedar tree." Lady Ritchie refers to her own impression of the great novelist. She only saw her once, and on that occasion the woman of flesh and blood, perceivable by the senses, struck her as a sort of sphinx in a black silk dress! The real woman was not to be apprehended by the senses. The genius of her books influencing her readers, perhaps long after the framework of her stories had been forgotten, was the true George Sand. When Monsieur Amic wrote of Madame Sand, she was old in years, but the youth of the favourites of the gods nullified the effect of Time, or rather changed it into a ripening process instead of decay. To her *vieux Troubedour*, as she called Flaubert, she wrote in her old age, "The eternal thing is the sentiment of the beautiful in a good heart; both these are yours, you *have not the right* not to be happy." Music trembles through this paper as Blackstick's wand lingers round the silk-robed Sphinx with the human heart beating under cold impassivity. We are told of her deep voice, of

her vibrant sympathy. Renan called her a "sonorous soul." She lacked the sense of humour. Would she have appreciated Blackstick's comment had she lived to-day and read to-day's novels? "I once heard a brilliant Frenchwoman describe George Sand's writings of peasant life as "adapted for genteel noses," "a farm without the manure," and Lady Ritchie remarks: "When one thinks of the talented authors who devote themselves to describing dung-heaps, one feels in some charity with George Sand."

In Blackstick's "Links with the Past" she draws a comparison between the women of King Edward's reign and those in the early days of Queen Victoria. Women are freer, more independent now, she thinks; more impressionable, more generally interested in the affairs of life, and yet they are less of personalities. "They may be authors now, but they are not such authorities; they may be teachers, but they are no longer mistresses." We who lived our youth in the 19th century and who hung upon the "true tales" told us by members of an older generation find truth in Blackstick's suggestions.

We have felt when some cherished friend has passed out of this life that we are not only mourning one who has filled a place in our life ever since memory awoke, but that we are saying good-bye to a type. He or she possessed an individuality peculiar to his or her age, we shall never see the like of it again. Year by year, decade by decade, the world's stage on which we play our life's little drama becomes more crowded; year by year the wheels of life go round more rapidly, night falls quickly, we see less and less of each other by day-light; we get a general flat impression of forms and faces we do not see anybody all round or see behind the conventional expression. We have celebrities instead of "characters," charming people to meet, but not the men and women to sojourn with whose minds were as countries good to explore. To quote Blackstick again: "Society consisted of a series of little kingdoms then, not of a number of small republics as now."

One of the links with the Past introduced to us is Miss Horace Smith, daughter of the author of "Rejected Addresses." She must have been a woman very "quick at the uptake" as the Scottish say. Asked one day how she liked a play she had just been seeing, she replied: "It was all very dull and the theatre nearly empty—

there was nobody in the boxes, nobody in the stalls, not even an ox!" "Whoever imagined a stalled ox in such juxtaposition before?" asks Lady Ritchie. And when a murder had been committed in a railway carriage, and a man was arrested on suspicion of being the murderer because the victim's watch was found in his boot, Miss Horace Smith exclaimed: "What of that? I have a clock in my stocking, but I did not murder the man."

For our own part there is no paper in the book that stirs us with so magical a touch as that on Mrs. Gaskell. The pleasure is all the greater because in the Memoirs of Two Sisters—Catherine and Susanna Winkworth—which gives ingredients of our *potpourri*, the fragrant memory of the books written by the author of *Cranford* is also stirred, and we are made more intimately acquainted with the person of one with whose genius we had been in touch since babyhood. How we pored over *Cranford* at an age when Miss Jenkyns—to use her own language—would have severely reprimanded our elders for allowing a *grown-up* book to be in our hands. How breathlessly we lived through the episode of poor Peter. For it was not reading so much as living in that old-world country town, real to us as our own village birth-place. We made our acquaintance with Cranford long before the days in which we troubled to ask who wrote the books we read. But when, at the mature age of twelve, we found ourselves living at Haworth with the Bronte's, and tramping over the Yorkshire moors with Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, thanks to Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronte, we began to feel the personal identity of our author and to care to pick up any crumb of knowledge of her given us in books or by persons who had known her. This paper of Blackstick is not the first tribute the author of *Old Kensington* has paid to the author of *Cranford*. She wrote the preface to an edition of *Cranford* published in 1900. In that she touches on the fact that Mrs. Gaskell had Scandinavian blood in her veins. It is interesting to compare Lady Ritchie's recollections with those of Miss Winkworth's. "A very beautiful young woman," says the Preface to *Cranford*, "with a well-shaped head and finely-cut features. She was married when very young to a Unitarian minister, and it was in her early married days that her intimacy with the Winkworth family began. The sisters were struck with her genius, though the world had not yet found it out; in fact, it had not yet found

expression by her pen. Her first book had, as Lady Ritchie says, a sob in it. This was *Mary Barton*, written to still the ache in her heart caused by a great sorrow. Great artist though Mrs. Gaskell was, she was larger than her art. She put herself into her books, that is the reason of their greatness, but they did not absorb the whole woman.

Miss Susanna Winkworth said that when the world was admiring Mrs. Gaskell's novels, it was felt by her friends that what she published was a mere fraction of what she might have written had her life been a less many-sided one. Yet there was no hurry or over-pressure about her. It would seem that the delightful leisure that pervades the scenes in many of her books must have been a distinctive mark of her own character. Yet what a busy life hers was. "Not only was she a devoted wife and mother, but her actual household cares were a positive delight to her. She was more proud of her cows and poultry, pigs and vegetables, than of her literary triumphs, and trained a succession of young women into first-rate cooks. Nor did she ever forget the special duties of a minister's wife. She was almost adored by the poorer members of her husband's flock, who little knew, while she was listening to their troubles or prescribing for their ailments, how bright a star she was in the great social world."

Lady Ritchie alluded to her beauty, so did Miss Winkworth, who describes Mrs. Gaskell as a noble-looking woman with a queenly presence and a constantly varying play of expression playing over her finely-cut features. Blackstick tells us that the many impressions received of her by the many persons who have written of her have failed to express her altogether as she was; "have scarcely rendered the remarkable *charm* of her presence, the interest of all she said, of her vivid memory, of her delightful companionship."

Miss Winkworth speaks of Mrs. Gaskell's talk as wonderful and compares it to a clear deep stream rippling along with sunlight on it. If she were charming in Society, she was deeper, tenderer, dearer charming in the intimacy of friendly companionship and ivacy of home. Miss Catherine Winkworth learned what was when the shadows of illness were brightened it from Mrs. Gaskell. "She is so full of information us subjects, has seen so many clever and curious people,

so much life altogether; and then she is so thoroughly good. Her thoughtful kindness and gentleness to me, because I was ill, was as great as if I were one of her own children," she writes to her sister.

For us, who lived with Mrs. Gaskell in her books after she had passed beyond the limits of this world, it is delightful to follow Blackstick's wand as it touches first one and then another of these volumes. What a fragrance is diffused by that touch. Pine cones and sweet resinous odours mingle with the strawberry leaves of *My Lady Ludlow's* garden; faint suggestions of Tonquin beans and orris root and dried orange peel issue from our bowl of sweetnesses. Yes, and we draw a deep breath of sea-air as we are caught again in the excitement of the most thrilling chapter of "Mary Barton" or pace the streets of Old Whitby under the influence of "Sylvia's Lovers." By the way, what is a surer test of the reality of a book, of its fidelity to human nature, than the fact that it holds the attention and plays upon the emotions of men and women of widely different classes? Lady Ritchie speaks of a friend of hers regarding *Sylvia* as if it belonged to himself, and pointing out places, when walking about Whitby, as the scenes of such and such episodes in the book. Only the other day the present writer had a letter from a friend working among the poor in England's "black country," as the colliery districts are called, mentioning by chance that she was reading "Sylvia's Lovers" to a sick collier, and that he was enjoying it vastly

We are glad Blackstick dwells upon "Wives and Daughters," the book which Mrs. Gaskell did not live to finish, and which contains in our opinion, the most perfect evidences of the author's unique powers. We say unique, because the reality and balance of Mrs. Gaskell's books seem to us to be the result of the gifts she had peculiar to herself, of entering into the personality of others—not of observing them merely—and then of making us feel in reading her stories that the lives of her characters work out the essential principle within themselves. She is not analytical; we are not constrained to dissect her characters; we do not exclaim every now and then: "Wonderfully drawn!" "How true to life!" "What a type so-and-so is!" We simply talk of them as we talk of our intimate friends, who are too near to us to be analysed, too much a part of our life to be criticised. They are themselves just as we are ourselves. Who would call Mr. Gibson of Hollingford the type of a country-town

Doctor ? There has never been but one Mr. Gibson ; but he, in the pages of "Wives and Daughters," lives in every particle of his bodily organisation, in every fibre of his character and will. We are affected by his moods, we feel the eloquence of his silence, we can even appreciate the different effects his peculiarities have upon the different people with whom he comes in contact. All these—all the persons in the book, minor as well as major,—are also living individualities, themselves and none other, yet each has his own relative position. Lord Cumnor and Squire Hamley are no more distinctly alive than Master Coxe, the doctor's apprentice, and Betty, the old servant of the household, or Robinson, the squire's butler, but they fill the places of just the size and importance they ought to fill in the book, and the amorous Coxe, the conservative Betty, and the loyal Robinson fill theirs. Little did poor Coxe think, by the way, that his irrepressible love-making to Molly, the sixteen year old daughter of the widower-doctor, would result in bringing upon his "loadster" the first grief of her life. But we see, without being told by an index-pointer, that it was the flaming love-letter intercepted by Mr. Gibson, on its way through a maid-servant's hand to Molly, that first suggested the idea of her need of a stepmother. What a chapter that headed *Calf-Love* is ! Poor Master Coxe ! This was the answer he got to his *billet doux*, addressed—*not* in a girlish handwriting—to *Master* Coxe. The outer envelope was superscribed Edward Coxe, Esquire—. We must give the whole of the paragraph. It contains a little of the essence of Mr. Gibson as well as one of his prescriptions :—

Master Coxe.

("That 'Master' will touch him to the quick," said Mr. Gibson to himself as he wrote the word.)

R/ Verecundiæ *ʒi.*

Fidelitatis Domesticæ *ʒi.*

Reticentia gr *iij;*

M. Capiat have dosim ter die in aquâ purá.

R. Gibson, Ch[illegible]

Mr. Gibson smiled a little sadly as he re-read his words. "Poo[illegible] [illegible]" he said aloud (Mrs. Gibson's name was Mary, so he [illegible] [illegible] referring to someone else). Then he chose out an envelope [illegible] the fervid love-letter, and the above prescription, [illegible]

with his own sharply-cut seal-ring in old English letters, and then paused over the address.

"He'll not like Master Coxe outside; no need to put him to unnecessary shame. So the direction on the envelope was.

Edward Coxe, Esquire."

Feeling as we do towards Molly Gibson we cannot help having a tender spot of compunction for the calf-lover, though we think no prescription could have been better devised to meet a need than that he received from his master. There must, however, have been good in him to make him sensitive to the budding charms of sweet Molly.

"As for Molly Gibson," says Blackstick, "she is the dearest of heroines, a born lady, unconsciously noble and generous in every thought—it makes one the happier to know that Mollys exist, even in fiction, and one is grateful to those who can depict such characters from their own vivid perceptions and experience." To those who love truth and loyalty, and the simplicity that gives itself out to others with the un-self-consciousness of the daisies looking up serenely to everyone passing through our English meadows, she must be dear, though some would deny her the dignity of the *title* of heroine. And to readers of the book to whom it is only a book and not a mirror in which we see a whole small world of human nature, Molly will always be the less interesting "literary creation" than Cynthia Kirkpatrick, the second Mrs. Gibson's daughter. And so she is. We doubt if any creature of complexities was ever more simply realised for us than Cynthia is realised by the art that certifies its supremacy by concealing itself. The simplicity of a reserved nature full of deep feeling is dense compared to the ethereal transparency of a character that has practised deception from babyhood in self-defence, and whose pliancy is the suppleness of a mind, devoid of principle, but impressionable to good influences; as responsive to the call of a lofty enthusiasm as to the appeal to ignoble self-interest, with just this difference in the response, that the high-toned call carries her no further than her emotions go, while the material appeal is attended to for as long as it lasts. This artlessly artful, this transparently complex creature is Cynthia Kirkpatrick. We succumb to Cynthia's charm both as a literary creation and as the flesh and blood reality she is to us, but we never forgive her as the temporary supplanter of Molly. We shall weary our readers if we linger longer over the dried

flowers from Hollingford bowls, but let us just add Squire Hamley's estimate of the two girls, for by so doing we shall give a glimpse of that true-hearted but irascible old country gentleman. He was making anxious enquiries about Cynthia of Mr. Gibson after his son Roger had proposed to marry her.

"Is she—well, is she like your Molly? Sweet-tempered and sensible—with her gloves always mended, and neat about the feet, and ready to do anything one asks her as if doing it was the very thing she liked best in the world?"

Musing over family affairs, he said to himself one day :—

"She's a pretty lass sure enough (he was thinking of Cynthia) and has pretty ways about her too, and likes to learn from older people, which is a good sign, but still she spoke to her mother in a way that I should'nt ha' liked our little Fanny to have spoken if it had pleased God for her to ha' lived. And then, again, she took possession o' me as I may say, and little Molly had to run after us in the garden walks that are too narrow for three just like a little four-legged doggie; and the other was so full of listening to me she never turned round to speak a word to Molly."

If Cynthia Kirkpatrick testifies to the genius of the artist who has given her to us, what shall we say of her mother, the lady-like governess, the woman whose selfishness was so well covered by silky gentleness of manner that it resembled the claws of an ease-loving tabby cat? She purred softly and her fur was very smooth; she was persistent as a cat and as pleasant to stroke as one, but she possessed claws and no scruples, and her methods of behaviour were as little to be depended upon as are those of the choicest and most petted of our untameable pussies.

It would be a delight to bury our hands in the sweet dust from Cranford's gardens, or that gathered out of *North and South*, *My Lady Ludlow* and *Ruth*, but we forbear for pity's sake.

The thought of Mrs. Gaskell and the meeting with her in Blackstick Papers and the letters and memoirs of the Winkworth sisters naturally send our thoughts to the Brontë family. And indeed we come face to face with Charlotte Brontë in the Winkworth memoirs.

As the *potpourri* trickles through our fingers at mention of her name, we catch a perfume of heather and gorse swept by moorland

breezes, and the music of the wind that braced the genius of every one of the three sisters sounds in our ears.

There has been much Bronte literature published since Mrs. Gaskell wrote her life of Charlotte Bronte. She has been thought to have caught the morbid side of Currer Bell's character, and to have seen the life at Haworth through Charlotte's eyes when they were yellowed by illness and dim with sadness. Yet, after reading all the later monographs and sketches and letters, we do not find that the woman stamped upon our memory by Mrs. Gaskell's representation of her has been altered by a single feature. And as we meet her face to face thanks to Miss Winkworth, we see that her friend knew her better than the world will ever know her, even though Charlotte wrought herself into her books. She wrought herself passionately. Perhaps we should say she wrought the passion that formed a part of her character into them. There is a great difference between her self-outthrow and Mrs. Gaskell's. The latter gave herself in her work—and her work had a wide scope—still it did not take the whole woman though it absorbed what it could absorb symmetrically. Charlotte Bronte's genius burned an outlet for itself and her power as an artist made a deep trench to contain her work. Into it she threw the passion, the energy, the fire, of her soul. What was left behind was a quiet, and somewhat exhausted, but indomitable woman ; a devotee at Duty's shrine, an intense but rather narrow religious woman. There is in Miss Winkworth's memoirs a letter written by Charlotte soon after her marriage. To the present writer who confesses to having had a child's unreasoning dislike of her husband, this letter is peculiarly interesting. This dislike arose from the knowledge that Mr. Nicholls disapproved of Charlotte's writing and we felt that to write when the mood was upon her was as necessary as to eat when she had appetite for food. In the letter alluded to she says . "My husband is not a poet or a poetical man and one of my grand doubts before marriage was about 'congenial tastes' and so on. The first morning we went on to the cliffs and saw the Atlantic coming in all white foam, I did not know whether I should get leave or time to take the matter in my own way. I did not want to talk but I *did* want to look and be silent. Having hinted a petition, license was not refused ; covered with a rug to keep off the spray,

I was allowed to sit where I chose and he only interrupted when he thought I crept too near the edge of the cliff. So far, he is always good in this way, and this protection which does not interfere or pretend, is, I believe, a thousand times better than any half-sort of pseudo-sympathy. I will try with God's help to be as indulgent to him whenever indulgence is needed." So far so good. Mr. Nicholls was an estimable man; Charlotte Brontë a good, religious woman, But what about the marriage of souls? Would *Jane Eyre* or *Lucy Snowe* have cared to write thus after marriage?

Miss Winkworth's acquaintance with Currer Bell sent us again to her books, and the next time we want to enjoy ourselves with a bowl of *potpourri* we hope *East & West* will allow us to try and fling across the ocean the aromatic piquancy exhaled by them.

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THE PLACE OF ANIMALS IN HUMAN THOUGHT.*

THE relationship of Man to animals is a question of great interest, as well from the scientific point of view as from the religious point of view. Mr. J. H. Moore, instructor in Zoology in Chicago, has treated the question partly from the scientific point of view in his interesting book "The Universal Kinship." Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco treats the question in a very excellent way from the religious point of view in her recently published book "The Place of Animals in Human Thought." Attempts to treat this subject from a scientific point of view are not entirely absent from this entertaining volume. The perusal of even a few chapters would show to a casual reader the extensive reading of the learned authoress in this branch of her study. The subject itself is one, which, as it appears at first sight, calls for a very serious treatment of the subject. Countess Cesaresco has treated it as such, but the lucid way in which she has done this, with some flashes of genuine humour here and there, has made it very pleasant reading. At the same time that it presents serious reading, asking us now and then to halt and to reflect, it presents as light a reading as that of a recent novel. Numerous short animal stories render the work as interesting as it is undoubtedly instructive.

The chapter on "The Greek Conception of Animals" reminds a Parsee of many a thing common between the ancient Greeks and the ancient Iranians on this subject. For example, Homer's story of Zanthus and Belius, the two horses of Achilles, weeping at the death of Patroclus, has its parallel in Firdousi's story of Behzâd, the horse of Siavakhsh and Kaikhosru weeping at the death of Siavakhsh. In her chapter on "Zoroastrian Zoology" our authoress refers to the following story

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* *The Place of Animals in Human Thought.* By the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco. (T. Fisher Unwin, London, 12*s.* 6*d.*)

found in the Virafnamah of Ardai-Viraf, the Iranian Dante. There was a person named Davânôs, who was a Governor of a large province. He was very lazy and had done no good work in his life, except once, when he cast with his foot a bundle of grass before a ploughing ox. His body is represented as being cast into hell but his foot is saved from the torments of that place, because he helped an animal with his foot! The moral of the story is this, that an act of kindness to dumb creatures, however small, is always rewarded by God. The hero of the story, Davânôs, is thought to be a Greek.

Our authoress refers in her chapter on Greece to the Chariot races of the country. It is believed that it was ancient Irân that gave horse-races to the West. It was with the Mithraic worship that it entered into Greece and Rome. *Aurvat-aspa*, *i.e.*, the swift-horsed, is an epithet of Khorshed (the sun), the co-adjutant of Meher (Mithra).

The horse was a great favourite with the Iranians. He was, as it were, a member of the family. It is said of some ancients that in their letters to friends, while inquiring about the health of the members of the family, they inquired about the health of their horses also.

To the interesting animal folklore, in the third chapter on "Animals at Rome," of children being brought up by animals, may be added the Iranian story of Zâl, the father of Rustam, being brought up by a bird, the Simorg.

We fully agree with Countess Cesaresco's disappointment that Plutarch is not so much read by the modern world as he ought to be. Besides his essays on kindness to animals, many more are worth being read even now. For example, his essay on death would bring consolation to many a grieving family. Our authoress asks in her chapter on "Plutarch the Humane," "Do not some animals leave men far behind in the keenness of their sight and the sharpness of their hearing?" O yes, in a number of things, they excel, far excel mankind. Mr. Moore's "Universal Kinship" gives a number of instances of that kind.

The references to the cats in this fourth chapter are specially interesting now to us in India, when, owing to the plague epidemic, we are as it were solving "The Rat and the Cat problem." Mr. Boelter's recent book entitled "The Rat Problem" supports much of that is said in this chapter about the cat being a sacred animal among the Egyptians. The Egyptian word for cat is here said to be *Mau*. Among Parsee children here, it is known as *miäun*. Is the word, then, taken from the Egyptian *Mau*? We think the word is onomatopoetic. We know that Hindoos in India [illegible] heads, beards and moustaches on the death of near relatives.

as a sign of mourning. The Egyptians did the same on the death of their cats. Countess Cesaresco says that the rats invaded Europe in the trail of the Huns. If so, what is the reason? I think the reason is supplied by the "Bread and Butter Theory" referred to by Mr. E. Huttington in his "Pulse of Asia." The Huns and other Central Asia tribes, who brought about the ruin of the Roman Empire, were driven to the West and to the South on account of want of food in their own country, that being the result of the frequent change of beds of several rivers in Central Asia and of the subsequent drying up of the beds. The rats invaded Europe for the same reason, as pointed out by Mr Boelter.

Coming to the 5th chapter of the book under review, we find frequent references to the question of Animal food *versus* Vegetable food. Here is an interesting story for the consideration of our Vegetarian Societies. At one time both the animals and the men lived upon vegetables and upon grass. "The animals grazed, but the men pulled up the grass by the roots and stored it. The animals complained to God that the men were pulling up all the grass and that soon there would be none left. God said, 'If I forbid men to eat grass, will you allow them to eat you?' Fearing starvation, the animals consented." Compared to this, the complaint of ill treatment by the spirit of the animal creation (Geush-urvan) in the early part of the Gathas of the Parsees is indeed far reasonable. Firdousi also says that at one time all men were vegetarians. But it was Ahriman who made them flesh-eaters. He once assumed the form of a cook and went before Zohak, who is compared to Nimrod, and entered into his service. Unasked, he first prepared a dish of eggs for the wicked monarch who liked it. From eggs to flesh was but a step. Our authoress gives this story later on in a slightly altered form.

Our authoress says, "In Germany and Scandinavia it is lucky to have a stork's nest in the roof. The regimental goat is 'the luck of his company'." While travelling in Europe in 1899 I remember having observed an instance of the first statement. A hotel-keeper did not like to remove a bird's nest from his roof, though he knew that it was a nuisance to his customers, because he believed it to bring good luck to him. I remember having seen at Colaba in my boyhood a regiment which had a pet goat, as it were, for its commander. A special servant waited and looked after him. In church and other parades he led the regiment. The story of the goat, which I remember having heard, was, that one day the regiment had lost its way in a march and was in search of water. A goat pointed the way to a stream, and at once became their favourite.

The next two chapters bring us to Zoroastrianism and the estimation

in which it holds animal life. The first of these two chapters, "The Faith of Iran," is a reproduction, with some modification, of our authoress's article on the same subject in the *Contemporary Review* for October 1907. It presents to a Parsee a short epitome of his faith as understood by a learned and well-read lady of broad-minded, liberal views. She says that the primitive religion of Persia was wholly monotheistic, and adds that religion was not identical with Zoroastrianism. She is quite right in holding that view. Hence it is that a Parsee in his short Confession of Faith recites, "I am a Mazdayacianai, a Zoroastrian, Mazdayasnan."

To the primitive monotheistic religion some excrescences were latterly added, and it was Zoroaster's mission to eradicate them and restore the faith to its primitive purity. The Countess takes a correct view of the prophet's mission when she asks, "What was the difference between the reformed and the unreformed religion"? And in reply, at first, she asks her readers to remember "that the paramount object of Zoroaster was less change than conservation," and then adds that, "he (Zoroaster) saw around, a world full of idolatry and he feared lest the purer faith of Irân should be swamped by the encroachments of polytheism and atheism. The aim of every doctrine or practice which he introduced was to revivify, to render more comprehensible, more consistent, the old monotheistic faith."

Her explanation of the custom of the disposal of the dead has a freshness of its own. She says of it: "It cannot be explained as a relic of barbarism, it was introduced with deliberation. . . . It was observed, no doubt, that the consumption of the dead by living animals was the means employed by Nature for disposing of the dead. Why do we so rarely see a dead bird or hare, a rabbit or squirrel? The fact is not mysterious when we come to look into it. It may have been thought that what Nature does must be well done."

Countess Cesaresco is mistaken when she says that the Zoroastrian authorities are silent about Zoroaster's end. The Pahlvini writers do refer to it and say that he was killed by a Turanian, Turbarâtur by name.

Our authoress says: "When the Parsees return, as they hope to do, to a free Persia, they may carry the Avesta proudly before them as the Sikhs carried the Granth to the prophet-martyr's tomb at Delhi; they have done more than keep the faith, they have *kept* it." We would say "Amen! May God grant that the Parsees may soon see a *free* Persia." They look to the British Government to help the country to get its *constitution* and through that constitution, its freedom. The Parsees will not leave India in a body, happy

as they are under the benign British rule, but they have often considered seriously, the subject of sending a number of their community to their ancient fatherland. It was only about four or five years ago, that Khan Bahadur Burjorjee D. Patel, C.I.E., of Quetta raised the question of founding a colony in Seistan, the land of Rustam and Zal. What a glorious day it will be when some Parsees march to Iran *via* Seistan, holding their sacred Fire and their Avesta before them! It was the ancient Persian Kings, the ancestors of the modern Parsees, who helped the ancient Jews to return from Babylon to their land of Jerusalem and to found their Temple The Christian nations, inasmuch as their Christianity is an offshoot of, and descended from, Hebrewism, are, as it were, descended from the ancient Jews. So, if the Christian Kings of Europe will do the needful to make Persia *free*, and to help the Parsees to return to their ancient fatherland, they would be, as it were, repaying an old debt.

Perhaps one may think that the chapter on the "Faith of Iran" in the book under review is out of place, but the learned authoress has anticipated that objection and has well explained its inclusion. Her next chapter on "Zoroastrian Zoology" has a fitting place in the book, and one would not properly understand the chapter without understanding the faith on the tenets of which the Iranians had based their views about the place of animals in human thought. The names of two of the early Kings of Persia as given by our authoress—Tahumen and Zorak—sound strange. We do not know on whose authority these names are given Firdousi and others give them as Tehmuras and Zopak. There are several other Persian names which bear a strange spelling. Again, Countess Cesaresco gives no authority for her version of the Bundehesh, and we are not able to follow her. While speaking of the Fravashis of the living creation, she very properly says that "he who knows only one religion, knows none." The references that she gives from the Bible to show that "it was only by chance" that the belief about the Fravashis "did not pass into the body of Christian dogma" are interesting.

The Countess calls the Ardâ Viraf-namah "a document of priceless worth" to the student of Mazdean eschotology. Parallels between Viraf's book and Dante's Divine Comedy have, ere now, been pointed out. Our authoress's remarks draw our special attention in this connection She says: "I cannot feel convinced that with the geographical, astronomical and other knowledge of the East which is believed to have reached Dante by means of conversations with merchants

pilgrims and perhaps craftsmen, . . . there did not come to him also some report of the travels of the Persian visitant to the next world." We would here draw the attention of our Parsee readers to her word of advice. She says, "The Parsees have abandoned now the theory that the book is other than a work of imagination; but it may be hoped that they will not cease to regard it as a cherished legacy from their fathers and a precious bequest to their children."

Passing by the two chapters on "Jainism and Buddhism" and on the teachings of Guru Nanak, with which we in India are generally familiar, we come to the chapter on the Hebrew conception of animals. "Peace in Nature" is the key-note with which our authoress opens the chapter. The beatific vision of Josephus, as pointed out in the book, presents to us the view of the whole Creation lifting up a perpetual hymn of praise. This reminds us of what is said in the Fravardin Yasht of the Parsees, that the whole Nature sings a hymn of praise on the birth of Zoroaster, because it anticipates, as it were, Peace and Plenty all round as the result of his teachings.

The chapter on the Mahomedan view of the position of animals in human thought is headed "A People Like Unto You." This heading is taken from Mahomed's beautiful words on the kinship of men and animals. He said: "There is no beast on earth nor bird which flieth with its wings but the same is a *people like unto you.*" The sensibility of some Moslems against taking life is attributed by some "to their inherited Zoroastrian tendencies." But our authoress says on this point: "To think this is to misunderstand the groundwork of Mazdean humane teaching, which was not based on sensitiveness about taking life. Such sensitiveness is rarely found, except among Aryan races, and Zoroastrianism, though it spread among Aryan people, was not an Aryan religion." This statement, that Zoroastrianism was not an Aryan religion, based on the ground referred to in the chapter on the Faith of Iran, that Zoroaster was not one of the people among whom he preached his religion, requires greater elucidation. The Mahomedan belief, referred to by our authoress, that both the dog and the cock are devil-scarers, was also a Parsee belief according to Parsee books like the Sad-dar in Mahomedan Persia. The belief about the cock as a devil-scarer is common among many nations. For example, the ghost of Hamlet's father is scared away by the crowing of the cock.

The following statement of the Countess draws our special attention. She says: "Several savants have thought that the dog is scorned by Moslems because he was revered by Mazdeans; that he suffered indignity

at the hands of the new believers as a protest against the excess of honour he had received from the old." A Parsee High Priest is reported to have said recently exactly *vice versa*. According to Capt. Buchanan, who read a paper before the Medical Congress in Bombay, last February, on the importance of introducing cats in the villages to destroy rats and thus to withstand the inroads of plague, the Head Priest, when questioned about the repugnance of the Parsees to keep cats in their houses, said that they, in his opinion, did not like the cat because it was a favourite with the Moslems who had driven them away from Persia. Countess Cesaresco thinks that the "Eight Characteristics" of the dog referred to in the Avesta (Vendidad, chapter XIII, 44) have suggested to the Moslems "the comparisons of the qualities of the good dervish and the dog"

In her chapter entitled "The Friend of the Creature," our authoress gives very beautiful, touching, small stories of Christian saints and animals. Her own sympathetic heart, without which she could not have written such a beautiful book, shows itself to us in the small parenthetic story in this chapter about her own saintly act in saving a snake from the clutches of a kitten. She was writing about the saints and their acts of kindness, and we say in all seriousness that it was they who, or their acts which, perhaps inspired her to do that saintly act. The best reward of good moralists and sincere preachers is that their teaching makes them "better men." Countess Cesaresco's book may or may not bring her material reward, but this one act, done in the midst of her writing this book, is a reward in itself, that cannot be counted in pounds, shillings or pence. The sermon of Saint Francis to birds, or that of St. Anthony to the fishes at Pameria, or that of St. Martin to the water-fowl, referred to in this chapter, are, if nothing, sermons preached to themselves. As a good prayer is a self-preached sermon, so, a sermon of that kind, however eccentric it may appear to others, is a sermon preached to one's self. So, this good book of the Countess, whether it may serve as a sermon to others or not, has proved itself to be a good sermon to herself. A deep and sincere view of her subject suggested a kindly act to her. It was an inspiration and an inspiration of that kind is not the privilege of prophets and saints alone.

We think we have said enough to draw the attention of our readers to the admirable book of Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco. The remaining chapters are as interesting and instructive as those which we have briefly referred to above. The book is most suggestive from many points of view. It gives equally good food for thought to a moralist and to a vegetarian, as to an anthropologist. We repeat that it affords very pleasant reading and it does not weary you from beginning to end.

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THE SACRED LANGUAGE OF THE BEGINNINGS.

TO a mind freed from the conventional ideas of the scholars and theologians, nothing can be more obvious than the *one language* in which the Beginnings are described in all the sacred scriptures and myths of the world

Under various terms first of all is postulated the Absolute, the non-existent; and out of That Unknowable Potential there emanates the Divine Monad—God Actual. This Monad appears in the limitless expanse under the symbol of a hen Bird which lays its Egg upon the Waters. The Life within bursts open the Egg, and Light, Heaven and Earth, appear therefrom.

All this, it is important to observe, takes place prior to the inception of the cosmic processes of Involution and Evolution which are mentioned in most of the great scriptures.

"Heaven and Earth" are the great symbols for Spirit and Matter. Spirit is the active, the life, and projective constituent of existence, and Matter is the passive, the form, and receptive constituent. The first is the ideative, conscious, masculine actor, and the second is the atomic, subconscious, feminine receiver and container.

Spirit on its highest plane is the Divine Truth (Hokhmah) which informs Matter the receptive understanding (Binah) at the commencement of the first cosmic process—which is the spiritual involution of the qualities of being that matter is afterwards to evolve from itself. It is obvious to all that matter in our epoch of Evolution is possessed of qualities either active or latent, qualities which are vibratory and [illegible]mic in contrast to itself—the inert and atomic possessor of the qualities. The mover and the moved are in superinduced alliance.

[illegible]uctive science is founded upon the idea that matter under certain conditions invariably evolves its latent qualities. The scriptures teach [illegible]ough this is true of matter *now*, yet *primordially*, matter—the passive receptive element—*had no qualities*. In past ages the qualities [illegible]induced; and the process of superinduction proceeds from the

Life and Truth element of manifestation which first has to inform matter before matter can serve and inform us, as it does now in modern materialistic art and science. In matter are locked up known and unknown potencies which the scientific mind is constantly engaged in investigating.

It must be understood that in the cosmic process of Involution, not only physical, but all qualities high and low are dealt with on their respective planes. The spiritual, moral, mental, emotional and sensual qualities are involved just as completely in their appropriate subtle matter, as physical forces are in physical matter.

Matter is described in scriptures as the "container." In order to be able to take out from the container, it is necessary first that there should be put into it in perfection qualities which are afterwards to be taken out of it in imperfection. This explains the *raison-d'etre* of spiritual involution which must precede spiritual evolution. The two processes are so clearly and beautifully explained in various scriptures under expressive symbols, that they seem to me to awaken the response of conviction in the soul. The firt chapter of the Hebrew Genesis is, I find, almost entirely devoted to a description of the process of Involution culminating in the Archetypal Man; while the first part of the second chapter, mistaken by scholars as a blundering second account of creation, is a luminous description of the beginnings of the Evolution that followed the period of latency or "rest" between the two processes. In the Chinese scripture the *Yi King*, the first chapter is on Involution, and the second chapter on Evolution, as I hope to show.

The Divine Sacrifice, mentioned in so many scriptures, is really this limitation of the Divine Spirit within the confines of Matter from which it ultimately emerges in the souls of the "righteous" after the throes of evolution are ended at the close of the cycle. So we read of "the Lamb (symbol of sacrifice) slain from the foundation of the world" of Matter. "In the Brahmanas, Vishnu is identified with sacrifice (Yajna)," as Sir Monier Williams points out (in *Hindu Wisdom*, p. 323); and the Divine Being is described as confining himself in avatars or incarnations, for the salvation of humanity. These avatars are the spiritual centres formed in the desires, emotions and mental qualities of humanity, so that the souls may be constantly raised towards perfection, and the lower qualities, or demons, be destroyed.

In the *Prasna Upanishad* we read in the first question ;— "Prajapati (the Lord of creatures) was desirous of creatures. He performed penance and having performed penance, he produced a pair, Matter and

Spirit, thinking that they together should produce creatures for him in many ways."

The symbol of "performing penance" has the same meaning as "sacrificing." The Unconditioned becomes the Conditioned· duality arises. the one germ becomes two polarities. In the Chinese sacred myth, Fuh-he (the Logos) is "the Sacrificer", he limits and offers himself up for the sake of his universe, *i e*, he exists as the totality of Spirit and Matter, Life and Form in the cosmos "In him we live and move and have our being" (*Acts* 17, 28)

It is rare to find a modern writer recognising in any way the teaching of ancient scriptures on the great subject of Involution and Evolution. It is therefore with much pleasure I cite a passage from Mr Paul Elmer More's article on "The Dualism of St. Augustine" in the *Hibbert Journal* for April 1908 — "Speaking broadly, Mani's system may be divided into two great periods—one of involution, or mingling of spirit and matter, adapted from Zoroastrian sources, and the second of evolution, or the separating of spirit and matter, borrowed chiefly from the Christian fa[illegible] Mr. More indicates the ancient teaching, but [illegible]ther explains invo[illegible] nor credits it as a cosmic fact, and I dissent [illegible]om his assertions of adapting and borrowing. In the New Zealand myths there are the same ideas of mingling and separation of spirit and matter, where adapting and borrowing are quite inadmissible as explanations.

Turning now to the Yi King account, we find in a Chinese commentary on the first two chapters, a short and clear explanation of the Involution and Evolution taught in the sacred book It must first be understood that the terms *Khien* and *Khwan* are many times stated to mean the active and passive elements of being, and therefore can be correctly rendered Spirit and Matter — (Appendix I, Section I, Ch. I)

"The method of Khien is to change and transform, so that everything obtains its correct nature as appointed by the mind of Heaven; and thereafter the conditions of great harmony are preserved in union. . .

(Ch. II) Complete is the great and originating capacity indicated by Khwan. All things owe to it their birth; it receives obediently the influences of Heaven. Khwan in its largeness supports and contains all things. Its excellent capacity matches the unlimited power of Khien. Its comprehension is wide and its brightness great. The various things obtain by it their full development." (Sacred Books of the East Vol. XVI, p.p. 213-214).

I will paraphrase slightly this translation by Mr. Jas. Legge, as follows:—

The spiritual method of changing and transforming matter is the process of Involution, and results in the attainment of perfection of nature and conditions of great harmony in the union of the active and passive elements. (This assertion of perfect harmony is the equivalent of the pronouncements of "good" and "very good" in Genesis I.) Every incoming of qualities must be in perfect harmony and all must be completely adapted to the Divine purpose and end. There is no strife or self-will in the golden age of Involution.

The next passage relates to the receptivity of matter. When the process of involution is complete, matter becomes the originator, the mother to which all qualities now owe their birth, and it is obedient to the influences of the Spirit within. Matter in its largeness, *i.e.*, on all the planes of thought, desire and sensation, supports and contains all things that stimulate the soul. Its adaptive capacity is proportionate to the unlimited power of the Spirit which informs it. The various energies and qualities arise and unfold from it, and they obtain by means of it their full development.

In interpreting the first chapter of Genesis it must be remembered that plants and animals are the symbols of the qualities that are involved. "In his *De Gen. con. Manich*, I. 20, Augustine interprets the dominion given to man over the beasts, of his keeping in subjection the passions of the soul." "Confessions" (Pilkington's Translation, p. 377).

To return to the symbol of the Egg. The Egg is the circle O —the primal Divine Idea of the Cycle of Life, laid in the celestial Water which is the symbol Truth-Reality. Mother Night, the Darkness Divine, brings it forth, or the Bird, symbol of God, lays it.

"In the beginning this (Brahman) was non-existent. It became existent, it grew. It turned into an Egg The Egg lay for the time of a year. The Egg broke open. The two halves were one of silver, the other of gold. The silver one became this earth, the golden one the sky." (*Khandogya Upanishad*, Prap 3.) In the Finnic "Kalevala" the Divine Duck lays the Cosmic Egg of heaven and earth in the Water. In the Greek Orphic Theogony, the Egg opens and from it appears Phanes, Light, and in the Egg are revealed the upper and lower diacosms, the ideal and the sensible worlds.

In *Manu* I., 5., &c., it is said :— "This universe first existed only in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, as if immersed in sleep. Then the Self-existent, having willed to produce various beings from his own substance, first with a thought created the waters, and placed on them a particular seed or egg. Then he himself was born in that egg in the form

of Brahma. Next he caused the egg to divide itself, and out of the two divisions framed the heaven above and the earth beneath." In China, far away from India, we read of "the Yin and the Yang; of the separation of darkness from light; and that all things were produced from an egg first formed in the water." (Kidd, *China*, p. 167) Mr. C. T. R. Allen explains that "Heaven represents the male (Yang) principle, and Earth the corresponding (Yin) female principle, on which two principles the whole of existence depends." (*The Book of Chinese Poetry*, Pref. p. 27).

When Involution is complete, the symbol of the Archetypal Man is often used under such names as Adam Kadmon, Adapa, Kaiomarts or Gayomard, Purusha, &c. This means that the perfect Ideal Type of Humanity is contained in the higher and lower Nature. This must be so, if we at all realise the Divine Sacrifice. Osiris was enclosed in a coffer (the lower nature) by Typhon (the limiter): but as Dr. E. W. Budge remarks, "Osiris was to the Egyptians the God-man who suffered and died and rose again and reigned eternally in heaven." (*Gods of the Egyptians*, Vol. 2, p. 126). It is in Humanity *made perfect* that the resurrection of Divinity takes place. We find this taught in all scriptures when they are translated from their symbol language into ordinary terms.

Once grasp the full significance of Involution, and it will be seen that the promise and potency of progress and salvation must lie in the fact of the Perfect Archetype within, which through the evolution of its qualities, brings out in our souls a constantly increasing measure of goodness and truth, as the lower limitations are surmounted. The Spirit enters into Matter during Involution, and arises out of Matter during Evolution.

I cannot in a short article set forth more than a mere fraction of the overwhelming evidence there is to show that all the various scriptures of the world are composed in one language and proceed from One Source. The idea that similarities of statement are due to personal borrowings and copyings is ludicrous in view of the fact that priests, the custodians of scriptures, would sooner part with their heads than accept statements from the despised scriptures of other people! Learned Christian missionaries have studied the sacred books of India and other nations for more than a century past, and yet the Christian creed remains as crude and irrational as it was a thousand years ago. We may rest quite assured that the resemblances in different scriptures are *not due* to any mutual interchange between religionists who are always antagonists in the field of theology.

[illegible] these remarkable similarities are due to no outward cause: they are due to some inward inspiration. It is ordinary [illegible] both in

India and in Europe that the scriptures are divinely inspired, but unfortunately the opinion is not impartial. Special scriptures are selected for honour, while others are dismissed to dishonour.

Now I maintain that the similarities offer proof not only that all sacred scriptures and myths are inspired, but that they all proceed from one Divine source in the human mind. It is obvious that no human being can by observation have any knowledge of the Beginnings; yet in the various scriptures this subject is a common topic, and the striking feature is that without any collusion, the inspired writers have set down similar descriptions, and often used identical symbols, as Darkness, Light, Egg, Water, Heaven, Earth, Sea, Animals, Plants, &c.

If we investigate the meanings of these symbols we discover the law of their selection and use, and there is revealed to us the Sacred Language by mastering which, we can penetrate through the nonsense of the letter of any scripture to the wisdom which lies hidden within.

I am not speaking of a language so elusive and indefinite that nothing certain can be made of it. On the contrary, it conforms to the law of all languages in that the terms used have distinct meanings, and the same meanings, wherever found in any part of the world. One reason why it has been so long undiscovered lies, no doubt, in the fact that some of the commonest symbols have double and seemingly conflicting meanings in accordance with the dual nature of things (higher and lower). Thus "Serpent" stands for both Wisdom and Desire. "Water" for Truth and Error (illusion). But this duality of meaning introduces no confusion, for the contexts show which signification is to be taken. The language can be learned by any philosophical student who is free from religious prejudice, if he will only set his mind seriously to study it.

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England.

THE VIVISECTOR

(Continued from our last number.)

PART OF CHAPTER XIV.

"Stay there and keep watch, Lord Roberts." Anne held up her finger to him, then she shut the door and lay down on her bed. She felt very exhausted and thankful for the rest, but she knew she could not sleep, her brain was too full of impressions, so she did not close her eyes, but lay looking out of the window, and watching the flickering shadow of a large lime tree outside in the garden as the sunlight cast it upon the wall of her room. She began to think of all the events of the afternoon, of her arrival at the sports, her conversations with the various people, of Mrs. Dayford and her extraordinary ideas. She wondered how it was that Mrs. Dayford had not rushed up with remedies when she had fallen. She usually seemed to be a walking pharmacopœia. Perhaps, however, the pockets of her best dress were not as capacious as those of her blue serge. Perhaps also she might not have heard of the accident, she might have been in the refreshment tent eating ices. Anne laughed at the idea. It was highly improbable, she told herself, that Mrs. Dayford ever eat ices or anything so frivolous—frivolous—could food be called frivolous? She wondered, and as is often the case with a tired brain, she began puzzling over the word and its meaning, until it annoyed her horribly. She tried to change the train of her thoughts, but they always seemed to come back to the same thing. She began to feel more and more annoyed. Just then Lord Roberts, who had fallen asleep outside the door, gave a loud snore and thus made Anne's mind wander off to another subject—Keynsham. She thought of the first occasion on which she had noticed him (she had not seen him in the Church) when he had killed the unfortunate bird. How she had hated him then. He must be almost mad to have done such a thing. She could not understand wanton destruction. Then, to his intervention to-day she owed her life. She could not help admiring him for the prompt way in which he had acted, and he had been kind afterwards. She had been almost rude to him too. She felt she must be more polite to-morrow when he came.

Here her arm began to remind her of its presence by many painful twinges. She wanted someone to be very nice to her; she felt helpless, childlike. Once when she had fallen off her bicycle when out with Percival, she had hurt her wrist and he had been so upset about it. Then and there in the dusty country road where it had happened he had taken her in his arms and kissed her tenderly and called her "My own precious little girl," then he had insisted upon tying it up with his own handkerchief "to make it well," and had led her bicycle until she felt able to mount again. "Oh, Percival, I want you," moaned poor Anne, then she sobbed helplessly, rocking to and fro on her bed. "I can't live on in the memory of you. I want you, I want to feel you, to see your face and touch it and your dear brown hands. Oh, Percival!"

Lord Roberts outside woke up and heard the sobs. He scratched vainly at the door, but could not make it yield. He gave a little short, sharp bark but no one heard him. Downstairs, Mrs. Langridge was busy preparing the refreshment which she was sure Anne needed, and Anne meanwhile cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

At the dinner in Camp which succeeded the sports, Keynsham found himself quite a hero. Few guests were present, and the party that sat down to dine was composed almost entirely of officers of the Militia with a sprinkling of "real soldiers," as Lavinia called them, who were connected with the Militia, or who having retired from active service lived in the Councester neighbourhood. According to custom this was not a "ladies' night," and none of the fair sex were present. Perhaps the real reason lay in the fact that most of the men had taken a very active part in the sports, and felt unequal to the strain of entertaining much after the violent exercise.

About twenty-five men were assembled round the table in the gaily decorated Mess tent—eighteen officers, and seven guests, including Archdeacon Dayford, and two of his subordinate clergy, Drs. Martin and Keynsham, and the squires of two neighbouring villages. Keynsham was seated between Lord Avesham and Captain Holford, and the first words the former addressed to him as they began the dinner with a savoury of olives and caviare, were on the subject of the rescue. "You were jolly quick and plucky," he exclaimed, starting headlong into the conversation without any preamble, as was his custom. "My pony nearly caught you too. If he had, there'd have been two lives gone instead of one. Good Lord, I might have been had up for manslaughter, think of it!" His pink face turned almost pale at the idea. He paused in conveying an

once to his mouth and regarded his neighbour. Keynsham gave a grim smile. All his life he had been accustomed to act. He failed to see anything remarkable in the whole performance and said so.

"Well anyway," said his admirer, "I should have jolly well lost my head and done nothing. Wouldn't you too, Holford?" he enquired, leaning behind Keynsham to make the remark, and in doing so coming into contact with a soup plate which a waiter was about to place before him.

"Damn—I mean I beg your pardon. But wouldn't you now?" He rubbed his injured head and awaited the reply.

Holford forbore a smile. He rather liked this ingenuous youth with his free outspoken ways.

"I expect I should," he said. In his heart he knew he would have been first to the rescue.

Dr. Martin from the other side of the table, with his usual disregard of formalities joined in the conversation which happened to interest him more than the remarks of the farming squire who sat next him, whose only topic of interest appeared to be the rotation of crops.

"Jolly nice girl, Anne Langridge," he said heartily. "It's a confounded shame poor old Sykes died of cholera. She would have made a nice little wife, and now she is just fretting her heart out and losing her looks too. Pity someone else could not turn up now."

"She might not care for anyone else." Holford's voice was very quiet; he bent over his plate and did not watch the effect of his words.

Dr. Martin almost bellowed his reply. "Not care for anyone else? I bet you she would. Women aren't meant to live alone in the world and most of them transfer their affections mighty quickly if they get a chance. Anne Langridge won't be an old maid, I'll bet you anything you like."

The old doctor brought his hand down on the table with a thump that made all the glasses ring.

Roars of laughter greeted his oration. The men were all more or less used to Dr. Martin, and if they were not, they had speedily to become so, and to learn that he did not mince matters.

"Better try your own luck, Doctor," said a young subaltern who had joined the Militia in the vain hope of getting a commission thence into one of the Line Regiments and was during the training the butt of the battalion.

"By Jove, if I were thirty years younger, I'd try my luck," and the gallant Doctor leaned back in his chair with a sigh as if for his departed

Dinner was over at last, and after a game of Baccarat at which the stakes, by command of the Honorary Colonel, might not exceed half-a-crown, so that even the most reckless subaltern did not stand a chance of losing a fortune, the party dispersed.

Captain Holford's way home lay in the same direction as Keynsham's, and the two men walked together down the road leading to the town. Keynsham was the first to break the silence which in the first few yards of the way held sway over the pair.

"So Miss Langridge was engaged and the man's dead," he asked somewhat indifferently. "What a pity for her, that is if he was a nice man and fond of her!"

The other turned and looked at him. He could not read his face in the dim twilight but he guessed that the quiet seemingly indifferent tones veiled real interest.

"Yes," he answered, flicking aside a pebble from his path with the cane he carried and turning away his head again. "It's an awfully sad affair. Sykes was Adjutant here. He was an old chum of mine. I was very fond of him, but we were in different regiments and didn't see much of each other latterly. Then he got sent back to India and I to Egypt, so we drifted apart. We used to write at times. Last time he wrote was five months ago. He told me he'd been sent off with a handful of men to some swampy hole about fifty miles from Almora to report on the movements of a few Nepaulese that had been trying to stir up some of the border tribes to rebel. You see, being almost independent themselves, they always think the rest of the Indian Empire ought to be free, which makes things jolly awkward at times. Poor old Sykes hated it; the place was about as bad to live in as it could be, just on the borders of 'The Terai.' You know it?" Keynsham nodded assent.

"Well, the place was euphemistically called 'in the hills' because it really was at the beginning of the lower spurs of the Himalayas, only it was an awful hole. He told me all that in his letter. Then I heard no more of him till I learnt from Miss Langridge herself that he died of cholera some few weeks ago. The Colonel wrote and told her. It fairly upset me, I can assure you. I should like to hear more of it. The Colonel ought to be written to for more information, but then he was at Simla at the time, 200 miles away as the crow flies and goodness knows how far by road, so he wouldn't know much. They'll have to send another man in Sykes' place, or else recall the men. I suppose they'll send some other poor beggar and he'll die too. Ten to one, they've had a regular epidemic of cholera out there if we only knew it.

Keynsham listened attentively. For a moment he made no remark. He seemed to be thinking of something. "Was your friend the only officer there?" he asked. "Had he no subordinates? What was his rank, by the bye?"

"He was Major and a D.S.O. too. He got it in Egypt with Gordon. They say he was just splendid in that campaign, his only fault was being a bit too risky. He hated cowardice and exposed his men too much at times. I believe he did have some youngster with him. Let me see!—yes, it was young Green. I met him a few times and I've heard of him in Sykes' letters. We might write to him, but it won't be much consolation getting particulars. The poor old chap is gone anyway!"

They were at the crossroads on the outskirts of the town. Holford's way lay straight on to the Market Place where "The Ram," the chief hotel of the small town in which he was staying, stood, while Keynsham's house was down the road to the left, a smaller and quieter thoroughfare.

The two men stood still and regarded one another. They were just beneath a street lamp and the light from it showed up the features of both with great distinctness. Although both were about the same age—nearly forty—they were as utterly dissimilar as they could possibly be. Holford from long residence in trying climates was very grey and slightly bald, but his face retained its youth and his strong well-cut features and clear bronzed skin shone with a cheery jovial expression that even his latent sadness at the death of his friend could not extinguish. On the other hand, Keynsham's thin sharp face and furrowed brow made him look years older than his companion, although his thick abundant hair was as yet scarcely tinged with grey. He looked a hard man, a clever man, and moreover, an unhappy one. Holford noticed him particularly as he bade good-night to him, and then leaving him pursued his way.

"He has a strangely fascinating, and yet a repellent face," he told himself. "I should like to know more of him, and yet I feel I should hate him. People do not have lips like that for nothing!"

He walked on rapidly whistling a low tune to himself, and in five minutes reached "The Ram" and entered. In the hall he met the porter. It was nearly twelve o'clock and the man was waiting for his return to close the hotel.

"Afraid I am rather late," said Holford cheerily. He had known the old man for years and was always friendly to him, and the friendliness was appreciated.

"It don't matter, Sir. It's a pleasure doin' things for you, because you're considerate like."

Holford smiled as he passed up the stairs. "Oh, w
to upset people if I can help it," he said.

"No, indeed, Sir, but some does; they jest goes o
to do so. Good-night, Sir," he called lustily as Holfo
disappeared round a corner of the staircase.

"Good-night," came the hearty answer.

"He's a real good sort he is," muttered the old m
and bolted the heavy door of the hall. "There ain't n
now, he's real polite." And with that he walked off to
hot ale, and his somewhat hard and uncomfortable be
of the attics; and the hotel lay in repose with its multitu
of inmates, of which he was the last to retire.

Keynsham had meanwhile arrived at his house, a
somewhat different reception from Holford. As he turn
in the lock of the small front door and entered, he was m
passage within by his old housekeeper, Dorothy.

"Well, Dorothy," he said rather sharply, "I said
wait up for me. You can go to bed at once now."

The old woman, holding a tin candlestick in which f
candle, drew herself up erect and looked at him. "I v
you, Sir, if you please." She was almost trembling. He
astonished.

"Why now? Surely to-morrow will do!" He p
roughly towards the door of his study and entered.
waveringly by the door, her gaunt elderly form but ha
the feeble candle light. The old wrinkled face wore an
sion. She seemed craving his permission to begin.

"Well, go on then," he said, sitting down in a leath
chair near the window and looking at her somewhat an
to read, so be quick."

She looked at him with a slightly terrified express
fixed his eye on her suddenly seemed to change to somet
pity. He could not understand her. She gathered up
and came inside the door, then she shut it behind her, an
of it still holding the candle. "I wish to leave you, Sir
possible. I give you a week's notice, Sir, as you pay me

Keynsham looked at her sharply from over the
Lancet which he had picked up, but which in the dim
not see to read.

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authority, are guided by utilitarian considerations. Apart from recognised Shastras, there are other floating beliefs in society which create a prejudice against departures from established custom, and it must be helpful to understand the structure of the whole tangle, before one can successfully unravel it, or heroically cut it through.

The influence which a belief in luck has exercised on the position of the widow in Hindu society is a very good example of the extraneous factors which sometimes shape social customs. Ingenious people in our days have suggested that the re-marriage of widows must have been prohibited by wise and far-seeing legislators to give every girl a chance of marriage as a matter of justice. We are reminded how in Western countries, where widows are allowed to re-marry, a large number of maids do not get a chance of marriage, and maids sigh instead of widows. There is also a large number of bachelors in Western countries, and as a matter of fact the disadvantage under which maids labour in consequence of the competition of widows seems to be much exaggerated by the theorists. But assuming that in a monogamous community it is necessary to prohibit the re-marriage of widows in order to give every girl a chance, the Hindus are not monogamous, and there are communities in India in which every girl gets a chance though widows are also allowed to re-marry. Historically the explanation is untrue, though it is open to us to speculate whether the position of widows might not have been the same if the community had been monogamous. On the other hand literature records how from very early times the widow has been regarded as an unlucky individual to be avoided on auspicious occasions. The Vedic hymn chanted at the time of a marriage addresses the bride as follows: "Not inauspicious enter thou thy husband's house; not fierce of eye, no slayer of thy husband, bring wealth to cattle, radiant, gentle-hearted." It is not the murder of her husband that is apprehended in this benediction, but his death caused by her ill luck. In those days it does not seem to have been customary to consult horoscopes. One way of determining the good or the bad luck that a girl was likely to bring to her husband was to make balls of earth taken from different places—an altar, a field, a tank, a cowpen, a gambling place, a burning ground, and so forth—and to ask the bride to choose one of them. From the choice made by her the diviners foretold the kind of good or bad luck that she was likely to bring to her husband's family. If the girl chose the ball made of the earth taken from a cemetery, it was thought that she would bring death to her husband. Not a few proposals must have been rejected in this way, just as horoscopes come in the way of desirable alliances to-day. The old method of determining the girl's luck was the more unjust of the

In the days when the Atharva Veda was compiled the re-marriage of a widow was permitted, but a penance or expiation was prescribed for such marriages. The reason of the expiation is not stated, but it may be surmised that its object was to avert the evil consequences of an alliance with a woman on whom Fortune had already frowned. It is not possible to fix with anything like precision the period when the re-marriage of widows was formally interdicted. In sacred books supposed to have been compiled before the fifth or sixth century B.C. the presence of widows in marriage processions is deprecated. Their re-marriage might have been allowed, but they were considered unlucky individuals, whose very presence on auspicious occasions was supposed to forebode ill luck to others. It is easy to imagine how terribly the belief in luck must have handicapped these unfortunate members of society. There is a vague prejudice against giving a girl in marriage to a widower too. In this case the widower is not considered unlucky, but there is some apprehension the departed spirit of his wife, if it has entered neither heaven nor another birth, molesting her successor out of jealousy. We do not find much of this kind of belief in the literature of the early Aryans. But the Atharva Veda affords ample proof of the readiness of the Aryans to receive such theories of possession by departed spirits from whatever source they might have emanated. It is quite possible that the prejudice against marrying a widow was deepened by the belief that her husband's departed spirit might pester her or her new husband. It is not impossible that the custom of burning a widow with her husband's corpse originated in a desire to placate his spirit, and to prevent its return to the house where she might dwell. There was a difference between the way in which the superstition affected men, and its effect upon the position of women. A horse, a cow, a house, or a ring is supposed to bring ill luck to the owner. The horse's, or the cow's point of view is ignored. Where woman is regarded in the nature of a chattel, her owner thinks that she might bring him ill luck. The reverse of that probability is forgotten. Hence a belief in luck was apt to prejudice a widow, but not a widower.

Those who have been unfortunate in this birth seek to fare better in the next. The doctrine of Karma and of re-births has its own influence on the life of a widow. Her ill luck is attributed to her Karma of a previous birth; she works it out by a life of self-abnegation and suffering, and hopes to be more fortunate in another birth through meritorious works performed in this. The secularist propounds that she is shorn of her hair and her ornaments lest she should be attractive to men and fall into temptation. This explanation is falsified by facts. While tresses, nose-rings, and wristlets may tempt the male human being, and engage the thoughts of its wearer beyond the degree that is good for her, figure and feature,

[illegible] possess a power which is in many [illegible] independent of the aid of *kunkum* and gold; and as a fact [illegible] widows do fall into temptation. If the cases are exceptional [illegible] sporadic, the reason is to be found not in the scalp, but in the [illegible] within and public opinion. A more effective way of safeguarding [illegible] could easily have been invented. Gosha, or covering the whole face, or painting it black would save a widow from temptation more effectually than bare arms and a shaven head. What is enjoined is a life of ascetic devotion. All ascetics, Sannyasis and [illegible], sacrifice their hair and their personal adornments, and a widow is asked to do likewise. No special form of ugliness has been invented for widows: they imitate the female ascetic, and with hopes similar to those cherished by ascetics. Historically it is probable that the position of widows, and of women generally, has been vastly influenced by the popularity achieved for the ascetic ideal of life by the Buddhists and Jains. Among the religious observances which aid self-mortification are fasts. Vaishnavas of both sexes fast regularly once a fortnight on Ekadasi day, when health permits. The rigour of the fast depends upon the religious fervour of the acquirer of merit, and not upon his or her civic condition. But as widows, in consequence of their proved misfortune and adverse Karma, seek to acquire a special degree of merit, and as considerations of health do not affect them equally with wives and mothers of babes, they fast more rigorously than the more fortunate members of their sex, though they do not necessarily outbid the male orthodox members of their family. There are a few religious observances which are supposed to be efficacious in securing lasting wifehood in the next birth, and which are therefore practised with special care by women. They involve, however, no physical hardships of an exceptional nature.

The practical consequences of all these facts and considerations are obvious. As long as the belief in luck and in Karma survives in its popular and orthodox form, the proposals to improve the position of widows meet with resistance. Indeed the lives of even [illegible] widows sometimes turn out to be unhappy. Men who have to lose much in society do not ordinarily enter into unpopular [illegible] alliances. Most of those who brave popular odium and [illegible] widows happen to be men of limited means: exceptions only [illegible] the rule. In the lives of poor men, especially when society [illegible] askance at them, there are moments of depression when they [illegible] inclined to blame their fate. If the belief in luck survives, [illegible] begins to doubt whether after all he did [illegible] [illegible] marrying an unlucky individual, and domestic unhappiness [illegible] Such unfortunate cases, besides causing unhappiness [illegible] individuals immediately concerned, prejudice [illegible] [illegible] of widows. Humanitarian [illegible]

restrained and often overpowered by superstition, and reform without enlightenment falls back in fear of the phantoms of darkness. As a matter of fact it is generally men of sufficient enlightenment who have outgrown the belief in luck and the stars, that venture to marry widows in the present state of society. Reform without enlightenment is almost a contradiction in terms. Experience has shown that the two must go hand in hand, and proved the futility of expecting that a mere interpretation of the Shastras in favour of the remarriage of widows will overcome all the prejudices that stand in the way of the reform.

It is well known that economic causes often powerfully affect domestic and social customs. It is not easy to determine how far they have contributed to the prevalence of early marriages among certain Indian communities, but it is usually stated that the addition of a girl to the family is often found to be convenient among those who are too poor to employ servants. It is a curious circumstance that in the West poor people generally marry early, while the rich marry comparatively late. Among Hindus the case is precisely the reverse. In the West the standard of comfort has steadily risen and is rising, and intellectual pleasures, which create a distaste for domestic responsibilities, are also multiplying. In India the joint family has in the past been one of the most potent factors that has influenced the age of marriage. The husband is not bound to maintain his wife out of his own earnings as long as he remains in the family. The ruling lady in the family is glad to secure the services of little docile girls, instead of introducing into the family grown-up young women with wills of their own, and prepared to challenge her authority. Young men, too, if they are allowed to make a choice, may be fastidious as they are likely to be among the richer classes, and it may be difficult for parents to get their girls off their hands. Women being treated as creatures fit only to be dependent on the stronger sex, it must have been found a convenient arrangement for the parents to manage the transaction when the parties to a marriage were too young to object. Early marriage is not a peculiarly Brahmanical custom; there are non-Brahmanical communities among whom betrothals are made with the regular marriage ceremony at a much earlier age than among Brahmans. Indeed even babies in the cradle are sometimes given away in marriage. It is said of the Prophet of Arabia that, far from encouraging polygamy, he set a limit to the number of wives that a man might marry, and thus minimised the evil that was already prevailing in his time. It is a question worth considering whether the Indian sages, who laid down that a girl becomes entitled to be called a Kanya at eight years of age, did not really intend to arrest the tendency, which they might have observed in their time, to marry girls at an even earlier age. The tendency might have [illegible] spontaneously among the Aryan [illegible]

communities, or it might have been due to imitation. Anyhow it was observed several centuries ago, and deprecated too, according to one account, as early as in the time of Goutama Buddha. At that time, however, early marriage was not obligatory : it seems to have been exceptional. The account referred to assumes the form of a prophecy that in times to come early marriages would be more frequent.

It will be seen from the above considerations how the economic changes that are taking place in the country and other allied causes must necessarily affect the system of early marriage. There are few school-boys to-day who do not discuss their social customs in their debating and mutual improvement societies. The leaven is working among them. The defence of the prevailing system, on the score of its relieving inexperienced youths of the responsibility of making a wise choice of a partner in life,—a defence which some Englishmen too have put forward—has not quite lost its ring of plausibility for many. But the question will not remain a matter of theory. Several causes have undermined and are undermining the joint family. With its disappearance, and with the responsibility of maintaining his family thrown on every young man who wishes to marry, added to the steady rise in the standard and cost of living, and the spread of female education, which creates new wants not only for men, but also for women—with so many difficulties to combat, the young men of the future will find no pleasure in being provided with a wife at an early age, nor will their mothers, educated as they will themselves be, appreciate the amenities of surrounding themselves with little girls. Their own capacity for domestic work is declining : what help can they expect from girls at school ? The custom of paying a bride-price will in the same way disappear from among the communities that observe it. Many other customs—the system of caste itself—supported as they are by adventitious considerations, will be undermined and will disappear under the new conditions which have begun to operate upon them.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Many startling crimes have been committed in the name of patriotism in this country during the last one year and more. They were confined to Bengal where the partition of the province, which the Government would not annul, was supposed to have driven the younger bloods to desperation. Several innocent lives have been lost, and the country stood aghast at the audacity and fanaticism of the young man who attempted the assassination of the Lieutenant-Governor. The string of the most surprising revelations that have followed one another in regular succession might be said to have almost blunted the sense of astonishment. But so unexpected and so daring was the assassination of Sir William Curzon-Wyllie by an Indian student in London that it has made the stupefied sensitive enough to feel more stupefied. That there was a party of Indian extremists in London was known for a long time past. It was suspected that the inspiration emanating from that source was giving life to the movement in Calcutta. The Government of India had forbidden the importation of the organ of that party into India. Arrangements had been discussed and settled in England under the auspices of the India Office to provide guidance to Indian students in that country and to save them from falling under the influence of the extremists. Sir William was taking a leading part in the crusade: he was perhaps in communication with parents and guardians in India and bringing to their notice the danger which was menacing the future of the young men in whom they were interested. He was marked out for destruction. Horrible as was the crime, it was doubly so in the circumstances in which it was perpetrated. It was really a parricide. Sir William had placed

himself *in loco parentis* to the young Panjabi, and was solicitous about his well-being. The unappreciative recipient of the care treated the fatherly friend as a foe: he approached him in response to a trustful invitation, he spoke to him as an invited friend—and with a callousness which could hardly be expected from a young son of chivalrous Panjab, he lodged a bullet in the head of his confiding benefactor. Patriotism! Oh what things are done in thy name!

It was a notable omission that no Minister of the Crown addressed the Imperial Press Conference on Indian affairs. Lord Rosebery invited Parliament to suspend its sittings for a few months, leaving the government of the country and the Empire in the hands of the permanent officials, and to make a tour of survey round the Empire on which the sun never sets. He told the noble lords and the hon. members what they were likely to see in each of the important Colonies, but India was excluded from the range of their survey. The noble speaker explained the reason at the outset: he thought that Englishmen at home knew less about India than Indians knew about England, and he asked the Indian delegates to tell British democracy how a distant dependency, with an ancient civilisation of her own, should be governed. In other words, he was so diffident of passing any judgment on Indian affairs that he would rather listen to what others had to say than say anything himself. Personally Lord Rosebery has never pretended to have studied Indian questions: the last time he spoke on them was some years ago when Tibet was invaded by Indian troops. Notwithstanding his imperialism, the noble lord feared at the time lest an "impulsive Viceroy" should create endless complications by his foreign policy. Lord Rosebery's original diffidence must have been heightened by the strange tidings of the events that were happening in India, whose true meaning few in England could understand. The Secretary of State was the only person who could speak with knowledge and authority on the delicate topic, particularly because every speaker is solemnly reminded that though thousands of miles away, he must imagine himself to be speaking within hearing of Indians. The Secretary of State spoke on literature and journalism. The only political opinion expressed by him was that there was

too much reason to believe with Lord Rosebery that Europe was tending towards rebarbarisation. Is it impossible that a thought should have crossed his mind at the moment that India was also on the point of rebarbarisation ?

Lord Rosebery had every reason to hesitate to speak on Indian affairs when the difference of opinion on the Government's policy was so great that on the one hand Mr. Balfour had disclaimed any responsibility for the proposed reforms, and on the other Mr. Mackarness had introduced a Bill practically condemning the deportations on which the Government of India relies so much for the maintenance of the peace. Lord Morley fully realises the mischief caused by the policy of depriving His Majesty's subjects of their liberty without trial, and on mere untested police information. The responsibility of acting on such information is particularly great when the police bungle so egregiously as they have done in some of the cases brought up before the courts of law in Bengal. But both in the case of the reforms and in that of the deportations Lord Morley points to the results in justification of his policy. The reforms have relieved the tension, which means that the organs of the moderate party of the Nationalists have expressed themselves for the present satisfied with them ; while the comparative absence of anarchist crime since the deportations is attributed to the absence of persons whose activities must have been reported by the police and others to be conducive to "internal commotion." Somehow there is comparative peace in Bengal, and the fact is more important than the reason.

CORRESPONDANCE.

A CORRECTION AND A CRITICISM.

SIR,—May I venture to correct an error which has crept into Professor Macmillan's article on "An English Indian Poem" in the June No. of *East & West?* In the course of the article the writer says that Mrs. Sarojini's poems have had the advantage of being introduced to the English reading public under the auspices *of Mr. Edmund Gosse.* This statement needs correction. Her poems were introduced to the English-reading public by *Mr. Atthur Symons.* Mr. Edmund Gosse has edited Toru Dutt's poems with an appreciative critical sketch of her life and work.

The Professor is unjust to Toru Dutt's merits as a poet, when he observes that "her Ballads of Hindustan and her French poems give evidence of extraordinary talent, *if not genius.*" It may be unhesitatingly affirmed that Toru Dutt's poems exhibit *unmistakable proofs of genius.* Her poems must convince any reader of the genuineness of her poetic spirit. I may quote the following estimate, from Mr. Edmund Gosse's introductory memoir to her *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan:*—

"It is difficult to exaggerate, when we try to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honours which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who, at the age of twenty-one and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth."

Yours faithfully,
P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

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SUB TEGMINE FAGI.

[*A baking July afternoon, a country bye-road, a disabled motor, a sulky chauffeur, no shade. The late occupants of the tonneau. father and daughter, stand silent, cowed by circumstance and entirely dependent upon a greasy providence, temporarily latent under the body of the vehicle.*]

At last—

Father (American): "Wal!"

Daughter (less obviously so): "Well!"

Chauffeur: "G-r-r-r!"

A pause: Then.

D. (with intense relief): "Here's somebody coming!"

F. (much emboldened): "Mr. Chauffeur!—Chauffeur! How long is this going to take you?"

C. (grumpy): "How 'm I to know? Hour. Hournaff."

[The travellers look at one another. An ancient man comes up, grey and gaunt, in faded tweeds and sixpenny straw hat. He stands and takes in the situation.]

Ancient Man: "Trouble, I'm afraid. Hot? There's a tree in my garden close by. (To the chauffeur.) Hi! You chap below there! Long job? Well, stop at my gate when you've got her to go. (Turning to the occupants.) If you will come with me, you will be in the shade."

[The two follow him through a wicket hard by. Within is a small lawn with a beech tree under which are a couple of garden chairs, backed by a little box in British taste, a door in the middle flanked by windows right and left, with three in a row above. There are common flowers, roses and lilies.]

D. (to the world at large):—"Oh, how lovely and cool! Outside, it is like a bit of—the Great Desert!"

F. "Here, it is like a bit of Italy, two thousand years ago. A beech tree—and a welcome. 'Sub tegmine,——'"

A. M.: "I'll go and get another chair" (goes).

D.: "Popsy! I believe he understood you!"

F. (with rapid generalisation): "In England everybody is educated."

D.: "What is he? He is far too shabby to be the village schoolmaster. Popsy! I don't place him."

A. M. (returning with chair): "I am sorry my wife is not in. I feel selfish in having an incident all to myself. They are not too common here. May I develop this one, in her future interest, by following Virgilian precedent and assuming community of shade to involve conversation?"

F.: "I am glad, Sir, that such is your desire. Virgil supplies me with an introduction. '*Nos Patriam Pugimus*.' We are Americans on that European tour which I may call the sacrament of our, so-called, culture. My young friend and daughter here (for she stands to me in a double relation) has just admitted to me a curiosity which may find expression in the very next word of the poet. She is unable (she says) to *place* you in that scheme or conspectus of English society which she desires to complete in the course of the next fortnight. 'Tu?' *"

D.: "Popsy, you are as base as—as Arnold! I hope this gentleman will believe that our bad manners are individual, not national."

A. M. (amused): "Three words explain me. Anglo-Indian, Official, Retired."

F.: "Is that so? I rejoice. On the Pacific slope, we consider the relations between the old country and her great Asiatic dependency to be a subject of absorbing interest as involving issues reaching far beyond——"

D.: "Oh, don't, Popsy! You must excuse him, Mr.——Anglo-Indian. He is a Professor and he misses his class. Please, Popsy, learn here and lecture when you get home! This gentleman has lived in India and knows all about it. And when Mrs.——Anglo-In—"

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* Virgil Eclogue I.

A. M.: "Cobb is shorter."

D.: "So many thanks—when Mrs. Cobb returns, he will not be able to help making fun of your ignorance. It will be his *duty*."

F.: "I propose to discount that calamity by adopting the attitude proper to the American of popular literature. I will be exclusively interrogatory. Mrs. Cobb, on her return from her regretted absence, will learn that two Yankees, father and daughter, requited hospitality by inquisitiveness pushed beyond even Transatlantic limits. This curious young——"

D. (indignant): "I am not curious, Popsy! I only wanted to know. And he is not a Yankee, Mr. Cobb! Nothing would induce me to have a father who was a Yankee. And I do so want you to tell me everything about India."

F.: "You will, then, tell our host all about America! Pray begin, East and West, and let me (to speak in character) have the pleasure of hearing you 'swap lies.'"

D.: "You are to lead off, Mr. Cobb."

A. M.: "But you know your Rudyard Kipling, Miss—Professor."

F.: "Hoskenpetter is shorter."

D.: "It isn't, Popsy! Not by *syllables!* And I very much prefer my official title.—Yas, Mr. Cobb, I know my Rud——. But you are not a 'Plain Tale from the Hills,' I hope".

A. M.: "I plead an alibi. I never saw a hill—in India. But here is some coffee."

[An elderly female servant brings a tray with four cups.]

F.: "Your fourth cup encourages me to hope that we may yet have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Cobb."

A. M.: "I fear not. But your Slave of the Lamp*outside—— Ann! Carry this cup to the motor-man in the lane, with my compliments."

F.: "Sir, I am rebuked. Yet I have heard of Indian hospitality."

A. M.: "Since my retirement, I have learnt hospitality to be a virtue rather of the East than of the West. Its natural habitat is the desert."

* Arabian Nights. Aladdin.

D.: "When I said the road from which Mr. Cobb rescued us was like a bit of the desert, I evidently invoked its genius. There, Mr. Cobb! I am not the daughter of a Professor of Humanities for nothing!"

A. M.: "California has made strides since Bret Harte, Miss Professor."

D.: "And Anglo-India, I hope, since Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Cobb."

A. M.: "You are talking to an Antediluvian about X rays! Rudyard Kipling, Japan as a world-power, Lord Curzon—all these volcanos have risen from the depths since my time."

F.: "You are happy, Mr. Cobb. The political firmament is black with menace, while you enjoy your 'blest retirement'."

A. M.: "'*Deus mihi hæc otia fecit*'*! I do not apologize for quoting Latin, Miss Professor. But my '*otia*' are sometimes disturbed by anxieties about my '*deus*.'"

F.: "Phyllis, why did I teach you Latin if you are unable to cap a quotation from the first, the very first Eclogue? *Iste* deus, qui dit, da, Tityre, nobis.*"

A. M.: "I am polytheistic on a large scale. My beneficent deity is three hundred millions strong. Every Native of India contributes, I suppose, fractionally, to my pension. In the days of Piety, his altar would have stood at my door. Still, I am grateful to his Multiplicity and regard the sinister phenomena we have just mentioned with disquiet."

D.: "What! Rudyard Kipling! He isn't proper, exactly, perhaps. But sinister! Why?"

A. M.: "He stands for inflation of the ruling race. And, consequently, for the constant provocation to wrath of the ruled."

D.: "And what does Lord Curzon stand for?"

A. M.: "Despotism, and the example of Japan comes as a dangerous encouragement to the national aspirations of a people chafing and kicking under the double exasperation of the two."

F.: "There, at least, I can allay your anxieties, Mr. Cobb. Lord Curzon says that the great majority of the Indian people have [no asp]irations at all. They only want to be let alone."

* Virgil Eclogue I.

D.: "I can quote 'Alice' if I can't quote Virgil. They are like the Mock Turtle.* 'Tis all his fancy, that! He hasn't got no—aspirations.' Poor people! They only want to be let alone."

A. M.: "Except by a Viceroy, of course. Well, but what did his lordship go on to say? That in his opinion the party of Sedition would be heard of again and in more dangerous forms He paralleled the ominous hush in Europe with that now brooding over India. He hoped the developments he deprecated might be in the distant future, but he thought they were nearer than some people imagined. He desires the 'unswerving repression of sedition.' It is the fashion to say that bombs are laid (like eggs) by boys who believe it is the duty of the Government to provide every educated youngster with a place in a Government office. Education, disappointment, bombs. That is the sequence. If you suggest 'bombast,' as a more likely climax, you are told that the *prima materies* of bombs is bombast and Education is still responsible. There is a certain truth in it. Education increases susceptibility. The 'unswerving repression of—' racial arrogance would do more to allay the state of constant irritation in which sedition is generated than the most drastic measures taken for the extirpation of sedition itself. Lord Curzon sniffs danger in the air and attacks its early manifestations. Its cause escapes his notice.

D.: "Rudyard Kipling escapes anyone's notice, Mr. Cobb! Try another!"

A. M.: "Triads are popular with Minute-grinders. Let us call the causes of the danger sagaciously scented by Lord Curzon, three-fold. Racial inflation, 'Hukm hai' and Malopportunity."

D.: "Hook who? And why is he to be hooked high?"

F.: "Phyllis, we have encountered Merlin! Sir, expound."

D.: "'Wise saws' want illustration by 'modern instances.' † Shew me what you mean."

A. M.: "You have read Tennyson's 'Falcon,' ‡ Miss Professor? You ask me to go one better and slay my self-conceit for the entertainment of my guest. Hospitality can go no further. Well, the

* "Alice in Wonderland."

† "Wise saws and modern instances." Shakespeare.

‡ "The Falcon" Tennyson. A gentleman in extreme poverty kills his pet falcon, a bird of great price and almost his only support, to entertain the lady who pays him an unexpected visit

head clerk of an office I was once in charge of in India (a native, you know) was very much my natural superior. He was really an able man. His English put my Hindustani to shame. He had at his fingers' ends every Act, every circular, every minutest Regulation that concerned the work. A thoroughly well-educated man, too. I have understood, from a native point of view. Quite capable of—"

D.: "Bossing the show."

A. M.: "Exactly—at a moment's notice. His pay was about a tenth of mine, I suppose. My justification to myself of this anomaly was something like this. 'If a real pinch comes, he will crumple up. His race does. My race doesn't. A wooden cannon ball is better than an iron one in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. And the thousandth may never come. Still—we prefer iron.'"

D.: "Of course we do! Pay, position—everything is justified by that."

A. M.. *(dubious)* "Ye-s-s, only—"

F.: "Sir, your illustration is convincing. Your one point of superiority necessarily outweighs all his."

A. M.: "Yes-s, only—"

D.: "Mr. Cobb, you are exasperating!"

A. M.: "Bear with the fantastic scruples of a conscience of tardy development. Listen. Event depends much upon expectation, doesn't it? My head clerk knew what was expected of him in the case of a row. I knew what was expected of me. The conduct of both of us would (probably) have justified expectation. I don't mean that he admitted this view, at all. But it was probably good enough to go upon, all round."

D.: "Well! And a very satisfactory state of things too."

A. M.: "Very. My racial superiority was a fact, effective, because it was undeniable. From Marathon on, all history affirmed it. Then Russia goes and puts theory into practice with Japan. Away goes the basis of racial superiority. East has stood up to West in open fight and has won. Marathon and Salamis may go to bed. 'Japan' is written (they tell me) in ink invisible to the sh eye, in every office, every bazaar, every camp of native troops India. The balance of expectation has shifted. India expects every native Indian to—act like a Japanese hero. Now——"

F.: "Pardon me, Sir, am I right inferring from what you say that in the case of what you call 'a row,' the wishes (at least) of your head clerk would have been *adverse* to English rule."

A. M.: "In that particular case, certainly. He was highly educated and intelligent. And I think it may be assumed generally that, in that class at least, what we call disaffection, what he would probably call 'national aspiration', is in proportion to education and intelligence."

F.: (shakes his head): "An ominous state of things!"

A. M. (shrugs his shoulders): "Do you think so? But what I want to come to is this. Let me speak as if I were still in charge of the office, as if he (now probably one life nearer Nirvana) were still drawing tens of rupees to my hundreds and carrying out my orders with the usual submissiveness of the native to the European. Externally, our relative positions are the same. Essentially, they are quite different to what they were. He expects to rise to the top if the pot is stirred. I expect to find my position at the top disputed. The two expectations are correlative. Now tell me. What ought to be my attitude in the face of this sudden upheaval of his—pretensions?"

F. · "Stand unmoved. Rooted in colossal calm!"

D.: "Let your attitude reinforce the traditional belief in your racial supremacy." (With slightly exaggerated exaltation). "Raise the standard of Anglo-Saxondom higher and ever higher as the surge of seditious feeling swells more menacingly around it."

A. M.: "I thank you both. I think, Miss Professor, that the spirit of your advice had already begun to inspire European officialism before the Japanese triumph came to complicate our relations with the 'subject races.' Rudyard Kipling was perhaps unintentionally its prophet. You have done your Italy?—Then I am sure you admired the magnificent swagger of the bravos in Luca Signorellis frescoes at—?"

D: "Well, say, Orvieto. I did, Mr. Cobb, and the sight of them roused Cain in my republican bosom. (We may not be elegant in our expressions, Mr. Cobb, but we *are* expressive.) But you don't mean to imply that your nice, gentlemanly Indian officials are like those—superb *spadassins*! I got the expression in a guide-book, I don't believe it."

A. M. : "Externally? I fear we have not the physique. Morally—well, you see, Baglione, or Malatesta, or whatever the particular tyrant's name was, surrounded himself with agents of an appearance and bearing most proper to impress upon his subjects an idea of his—irresistibility. Caps and feathers and swords and swagger commended themselves to his exaltedness as the right thing for his end and—there you see them on the wall. Human nature might be trusted for their display. You can fancy the burgher of Perugia very submissive indeed when these gorgeous creatures strutted down his street. The time for all that sort of material exhibition of wealth and might and prepotency has gone by. (Lord Curzon thinks otherwise perhaps!) But its place has been taken by a sort of spiritual arrogance quite as galling."

F. : "How, Sir, and to what end?"

A. M.: "Well, in past days (as I have understood from men of old time and in part observed myself) the tenet of race superiority was kept in the background by Anglo-Indian officials, just as a well-bred person keeps to himself some article of his faith he may be ready to go to the stake for, but sees no reason for inflicting upon casual acquaintances. An acquaintance of mine of old standing is a Roman Catholic. I never knew it till the other day, and then it came to me from a third person. All these years he has been believing that the doom of fire hangs over me as a heretic. But why hurt my feelings by unnecessarily referring to it? Well, there comes back to my memory at this moment, oddly enough, a native expression. I can only render it by, 'banging upon the drum of authority." Anything like that was considered in those days supremely 'bad form.' The fact of racial superiority remained for what it was worth. The authority of the Englishman was exactly as final as it is now. But you would never have guessed it. It was politely ignored and its existence was as little irritating as such a fact can be."

"Then comes your topsy-turvey Tyrtaus, * Rudyard Kipling, and proclaims on the house-tops what had been in Anglo-Indian official society a sort of esoteric doctrine. '*De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*' A man six feet high may be on the

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* Tyrtaus was the man lent to Spartan Athens at a pinch, in compliance with an oracle to that effect: a broken-down school-master who happened to be a poet roused to Spartan patriotism to an irresistible pitch.

best possible terms with a dwarf. Dwell loudly on the difference in their height and strength, and irritation is soon set up. Why inflame the pride of the Spartan when he was living among his conquered subjects on very much the same terms as an old-fashioned English squire among his tenants and labourers ? Well, after Rudyard Kipling, comes the Japanese success and Lord Curzon. Now here is an extract from the *Spectator*, a paper of great weight and authority among men of weight and authority, a paper still, I believe, considered in India to represent the sanest side of the English character. It is from a 'leader' (June 13th 1908) 'The New Indian Press Act.' The writer tells what he calls a 'luciferous' story. (If, Miss Professor, you will pass by 'lucifers,' and 'Lucifer,' with their inevitable associations of fire-lighting and intolerable arrogance, you will come to the meaning of the 'discreet and learned' writer. It is, simply, 'illuminating.' But a word in common use would have been unworthy of the climax to which the reader had been brought.) Well, here is the story in short. An Egyptian Pasha wrangled obstructively with his English 'adviser,' until he was told that the advice was 'an order.' Then he submitted at once, with remonstrance at not having been told so at starting. 'In that story lies a great part of the secret of Eastern administration. We must make the native feel that "it is an order," for till we have done so, he will not really feel happy, comfortable, and well governed.' 'Hookm hai,' is 'it is an order' in Hiudustani. Miss Professor, I appeal to you. If you knew a man who went about telling everybody who cared to listen, 'The secret of my domestic felicity is very simple When I and my wife differ, I just say, 'This is my order. No discussion, if you please.' What would be the result ?"

D. (laughing but emphatic): "The result would be that his domestic felicity would not be of long duration."

A. M.: "The story seems to me 'luciferous' in the sense not intended, at any rate, by the editor."

F.: "I fear that this pleasant interlude to our journey cannot be much prolonged. Will you forgive me if I—abuse what remains of it ? Tell us what you think ought to be done to avert the dangers of the imminence of which Lord Curzon seems impotently conscious. Tell us what will be the—end."

A. M. : " Old men have the privileges of age. If the evening of life does not bring 'mystical lore,' at any rate it brings leisure to watch the shadows cast by 'coming events.' Well, I have watched the passing of severa phases of English opinion with regard to our occupancy of India. The first I remember was that England had been providentially appointed the guardian of India—in the interests of India, the guardianship to determine as soon as the minor should have reached 'years of discretion'—an indefinite date. By which party it was to be settled did not appear. The estate of the minor was judiciously administered by the guardian. It became in time very like any other of his out-lying properties. The idea of resigning it to his ward became more and more nebulous and remote. But now, to retain possession has become with us a point of *conscience*. Listen to Lord Morley. It is a fine passage. He tells us of the 'savage stings of our consciences when we hear, as we assuredly should, through the dark distance the roar and scream of confusion and carnage in India. We have accepted the duty of governing her and must perform it steadily *to the end*.' The idea of Empire having become part of our national religion, every obligation must bow to the supreme duty of upholding it. Now her geographical position renders the retention of India a *necessity* to the existence of Britain as a world-power. Besides, here is English commonsense for you. 'Nor indeed would the British pocket have cause to congratulate itself on the change' (of India from English to Russian or German rule). When the British pocket and the British conscience are at one—"

D. : " Mr. Cobb, you are a truly unsatisfactory person ! India *must* be held ! India will very probably blow up (for you seem fully to share Lord Curzon's dark forebodings). What ought to be *done ?* Come, you will not be sent to the Tower. What would you *do* if———? "

A. M. : " If I were Commander of the Faithful ! Well, I would shut up Tyrtaus in a box, like Daphis. * Bees might feed him but he should feed no more—bumptious boys with gas. The Press should be rigidly controlled——."

* Sicilian shepherd of poetical fame sung by Theocritus. Fed by bees when imprisoned in a chest.

F.: "Oh, you do go in for Press Acts, then?"

A. M.: "I mean the *English* Press. We burked the Mikado. because Japan was formidable. Let us banish from our papers the perpetually recurring jeers about Baboo English and the like. Let "luciferous" stories be punished by the exclusion of offending papers from railway bookstalls. Common courtesy enjoins it. If common courtesy does not apply to the relations between England and India, perhaps we might lend an ear to the still, small voice of common sense. The Rev. Mr. Yorick (the Professor knows him, I doubt not) was in the habit of making jokes at the expense of his neighbours. *He* soon forgot them. His neighbours did not. The ball of mockery is returned as a cannon ball of hatred. Well, I would suggest most respectfully to the masters of public-schools that 'some mollification' is desirable for the highly Kiplingized young giants they send forth to carry the gospel of Imperialism through *all* lands. And, in India, I would slacken the screws all round. The machine is already beginning to kick—dangerously."

D.: "But how about bombs? How does Haroun-al-rashid propose to deal with dynamite?"

A. M.: "The only force that can cope with dynamite is public opinion. Give that fair play. Every intelligent native knows that what saved India to England in the great Mutiny was—the outrages that accompanied it."

F.: "The outrages?"

A. M.: "Certainly. They quadrupled the English fighting power. They made impossibilities possible, they justified in the eyes of Europe "methods of barbarism" in its repression which would have enlisted the sympathies of the whole civilized world in favour of Indian "aspirations," had not those aspirations been hopelessly sullied by the means employed to realize them. India is fifty years wiser since then. The only thing that *can* drive men to outrages fatal to that progress which must infallibly, sooner or later, realize their ambition is—the intolerable galling of the asserted racial superiority of their rulers."

D.: "So, according to you, India will one day shake off English rule?"

A. M. : "I think not. She will *slip* it off, if she can only 'let things slide.' Our whole system seems to me to involve progression in that direction. India has been hitherto managed by those rough and ready methods of which Rudyard Kipling is the prophet. But rough and ready methods require hole and corner circumstances. Now the more the rail and the wire permeate India, the more severe will be the criticism of every arbitrary action of the executive Kiplingite. Publicity is fatal to personal rule. Little by little, we shall come to realize that there is no longer in India any place for the 'strong man' of fiction, that 'John Nicholson' (of the Mutiny fame) belongs to the past as completely as Theseus, that the shoal of Johnny Sprats who have been posing in that character must sink to the ordinary level of law-abiding humanity. If this process is not rushed on one side, or *needlessly* resisted on the other, the transference of power must take place as inevitably (and as insensibly, I *trust*) as the submergence of the casual meadow flowers of the spring by the rising tide of tall grass that is the *natural* growth of the ground. India is producing yearly in progressively greater numbers men of natural ability, education and administrative capacity equal to the highest average that England can shew. This outturn is calculable and its steady increase is absolutely incompatible with the permanence of the existing state of things. I don't see any escape from the natural conclusion."

D. : "Now isn't it all something like us in California? *Now* we have universities and professors (only this one has gone to sleep) and everything handsome about us. The reign of the border ruffian is at an end. He did his work and when it was done—he disappeared. Law-abiding citizens did sometimes perhaps somewhat masterfully overcome a natural reluctance to go on his part. He was picturesque but there was no room for him. Now you mean, I take it, that India has no more use for strong men. They rasp her feelings, she wants ordinary citizens performing ordinary duties, such as a Native Indian can do as well as an Englishman. *d* cheaper. Is that so?"

A. M. : "There or thereabouts. The parting genius * is with sighing sent from his favourite haunts. He hugs his Kipling to his heart still, still models himself (I am told) upon the heroes of

* Milton. "Ode on Christ's Nativity."

his favourite author. He 'tertium quids' and offends native prudery, he affects domination and shocks the natural politeness of the Oriental, he carries his Imperialism like a banner and forgets that the side of Imperialism seen by members of the Imperial race is *not* the same as that seen by—subject races. But he has plenty of good sense and *when* he sees———"

A prolonged tooting is heard at the gate.

F. (awakes and rubs his eyes): "Dear me, I have been half asleep, I fear. Well, you young people have settled India, I suppose. I thank you very much for your hospitality, Mr. Cobb. Our years preclude the hope of our meeting again—in the flesh. But—Phyllis, you *surprise* me! I did not intend the slightest reference to what is, after all, an all but established fact, spiritual intercourse———"

Another and most imperative tooting is heard at the gate.

D.: "Hurry up, Popsy! Good-bye, Mr. Anglo-Indian. Americans always do come back——like swallows. I shall look you up again and taunt you with your prophetic—failures."

A. M.: "You will probably find 'To Let,' on the gate I now have the regret to open for your departure. Good-bye."

D. C. PEDDER.

England.

SHIKORBASHINI DEVI.

(*Concluded from our last number.*)

The elder ladies have the privilege of lifting the veil, and a charming little ceremony it is, that of lifting the veil from a bride's face. Often compliments are showered upon her who stands with downcast eyes, but the national training must here, as in all other cases, assert itself. She dare not grow vain who is thus complimented, but she must try the harder to make her heart as pure as her face is fair. And if she be plain—then there is always a time-honoured story, a maxim to indicate that the face matters but little if the heart be pure. So whether pretty or plain, it is always the inner nature that gives true beauty.

"And now, daughter-in-law, look up and let us see your eyes," said one to Shikorbashini. She lifted her long silken lashes, and the light of a thousand stars shone on her who looked. "Yes, those are the right eyes," came the reply, and there was the ghost of a smile around the bride's pretty lips.

Meanwhile, the maid-servant, whom Shikorbashini's mother had sent along with the procession, sat in the middle of the room and took care that the conversation did not lag. They are great historians, these old factotums, they know everybody in the community since the third and fourth generation, and can tell you all manner of details about him. Woe betide him who stinted at either his son's or his daughter's marriage, for Hori Dasi* will repeat it on him to the end of her days and transmit the knowledge to her grandchildren.

It is a remarkable thing that in this land of caste there exists a democracy so broad that it would put the average western socialist agitator to shame. The caste works like a great unit. Even as the

* [Na]me commonly given to the women of the serving caste

different members of the body have each their function to perform and yet could never be separated from the whole, so different caste divisions each perform their work. In his place every caste member is respected, his rights no power in the land can break.

But to return to our little bride. After a few days she went again to her parental home, busy, oh so busy, telling all the new things she had seen, and the new impressions she had received. But the time of courtship had commenced, and the two young people must meet often. And oh, the excitement when the son-in-law visited. Or again the young bride went to her father-in-law's house for several days at a time.

At first Shikorbashini felt quite shy in her new home, but everybody was so kind to her, so cheerful that she soon felt quite at ease. The training commenced now in good earnest, however: she dared no longer jump about, but must walk with quiet, measured step; she dared not look about her carelessly this way and that, but with drooping lashes the young bride must walk about; her head must no longer be uncovered shoes could no more be worn, and the *shindu*, that crimson mark just above the forehead where the hair is parted, which most of all denotes wifehood, this dared never be left out, it would mean bad luck to go without it. She had always to show due respect to her husband's parents, salute them with joined palms, never sit down in their presence, etc., etc.

Her husband had four brothers elder than himself, so Shikorbashini was the fifth daughter-in-law, and cheerful times they had together these five sisters-in-law. Together they chatted and told each other those tender secrets that stir the heart at youth, for there is much romance behind those stern gray walls, and the zenana rings with courtship.

Of course, she made numerous mistakes in her new surroundings, which did not a little to heighten the merriment of the house, while the old joined in the frolic with the young and even the father-in-law heard of it to his great amusement. There was a merry twinkle in his eyes when he spoke to her one day, but Shikorbashini saw it not. "Well, little daughter-in-law, how do you like the ways of our house?"

A pout around her lips indicated that her little ladyship was not quite pleased.

"But remember, you are my daughter now," and Shikorbashini felt

the touch of a tender palm on her head. "You know you are not your father's child any more. You will always live in my house, you must get accustomed to its ways."

This was confidence inspiring. Meanwhile, the mother-in-law gave orders that the little new daughter was not to be made to do anything that seemed as yet too new to her. "She is young, let her get used to our ways gradually." These words contain indeed mainly the reason why Hindu parents want the sons' wives when they are young. Furthermore, it devolves on the mother-in-law to see that the young wife's character is moulded to suit her husband's, so there will be no cry of incompatibility of character later on.

But we have never yet seen our Shikorbashini with her young lover.

There was a long verandah that led to the family worship room. The waning day brings darkness quickly in this land, for twilight is but short in the vicinity of the equator. Our little bride reserved for herself the task of dusting this worship, room in the evening. She walked the long verandah quite fearlessly, bearing a small lantern to light the way. She opened the heavy lock, and it fell to the floor with a loud sound. But why falls it just that way every evening? What does it mean?

What does it mean? Hark the call of the wood-dove to its mate through the quiet woodland in the evening hour; lo! the twin-stars on the nightly sky, that shed their light and seem lost in each other,—what does it all mean but a call of a soul to soul? Below was the study room, and from it disappeared a stately youth, soon to emerge from the stairs near the *takur ghor.** I do not know his name, nor does it matter, for Shikorbashini will never pronounce it, nor will he hers, for those names are too sacred to be pronounced. In fact, the necessity for it is absent, for husband and wife are one, and separate names need not be employed.

But he came, and they met, and a long time it took to brush the room. He dared not enter it, because before entering that sacred place, one must bathe and wear a silk garment. So the little maiden had the better of him. She went inside while he sat on the threshold and dared him catch her if he could. The moonbeams glistened through the vine-clad lattice that screened the verandah ere they returned, and at the threshold still they lingered, and then departing both went their way sedately and with downcast eyes.

* Worship-room.

And in those balmy nights when whispering winds breathe languorous love, nights such as the mystic Orient alone knows, then when the house was still and sleep rested on its inmates, often two quiet figures would steal aloft until they reached the broad terrace. And there alone by the moon-kissed leaves of the quivering vine that scaled the balconies and found its way to the very roof, there silently they stood together and gazed—gazed into the outstretched world of space, and their souls soared upward until all sense of separateness was lost, and heart gave unto heart those sacred vows that youth and the moonlight know so well. And naught was near save the great Eternal Presence, and the mysterious black nightbird that soared through the moonlit stillness, was the only earthly thing that saw, or did not see. For all is so wrapt in the brooding on the eternal verity in this strange land that even beast and bird are drawn unconsciously into that which makes one forget the world below. And oft they lingered till the East shed crimson tints, and the *kaw* of the relentless crow heralded the break of day.

But there were other times, times less dreamy. There was a party and Shikorbashini and two of her sisters-in-law went. Her mother-in-law made her hair and dressed her, and oh, the pride they take, these Indian mothers, each to have her son's wife outshine all the others. Shikorbashini, being still young, was specially entrusted to the care of her eldest sister-in-law. The reception at the party was most cordial and compliments were lavished. "Whose pretty daughter is this?" It is never "Whose wife is this?" Ah, it is a proud position that of daughter-in-law. If fate is ever so cruel as to throw a young wife back into her parental home, her position in society is much lowered, and she becomes an object of general pity. But in her husband's father's house she rules and is honoured.

In due time they returned home, Shikorbashini and her sisters-in law. On entering the house they saw a youthful figure standing near, and Shikorbashini lingered behind. Would *he* not admire her in her beautiful attire; would she not tell him first all she had seen at the party? But courtship is a very private affair in India; to show affection before others would seem lewd or even repulsive in Hindu eyes. And yet romance is ever active, but the Hindu is sensitive to delicate impressions. What ecstasy feels not the young lover when he sees the crimson footprints made by the newly tinted lotus-feet of the maiden he adores. In Western lands the lover sends a timid glance to the ivy-clad window, but the young Hindu spies the crimson imprint of her feet, and his young heart laughs.

Over twenty minutes had elapsed before she arrived upstairs, and there she found the whole family awaiting her with wistful smiles upon their faces.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed her father-in-law with feigned surprise. "Did I not send you under the protection of my eldest daughter-in-law? And has she gone off and left you to come home alone?" meanwhile the little bride stood with drooping lashes, delightfully tantalized, a charming combination of smiles and lace and gauze and blushes. One must have seen them, these exquisite little girl-brides, to understand the patriarch when he stands threatening at the zenana door. "We want none of your Western ways, our women suit us as they are."

Thus passed the days in peaceful happiness and lengthened into months and these into years. But Shikorbashini knew it not, for youth and courtship do not record numbers, she only felt that time was passing sweet. Three years went by unnoticed, and our little heroine had entered on her sixteenth year. There was an atmosphere of dignity around her as in the twilight hour she sat on the cool verandah, and the light that shone from the midnight lustre of her glorious eyes bore witness that a new experience had stirred her soul. The hour to which the Hindu woman looks forward with most ardent anticipations, that hour had come to her, the keynote of her life had been sounded, for Shikorbashini now was a mother. How Madonna-like she looked, this youthful mother in her flowing robes, her infant boy resting upon her arm, the boy the gift of the gods, who would be her mainstay through life, for between mother and son there is no separation in India. Son he would more than comfort and support her, he would perform for her the sacred rites long after her soul had quitted its fleshy abode

Two months later she dressed him in red garments and put marks of sandal wood paste upon his pretty face, for the name giving ceremony. The feast was prepared, the invited friends and relatives arrived, and the family priest performed the ceremony, while the little one laughed and received the blessings of the elders and the caresses of the young.

Duties increased with motherhood, and every night saw Shikorbashini at the shrine, performing her religious duties, now no more playfully as in the days of her courtship, but with earnestness and devotion, often spending a long time in prayer and meditation.

She took many vows—the vow of Savitri, the perfect wife, the vow of the faithful daughter-in-law, and others. On those days she ate not,

but silently dedicated her inner life to the object in view, until in the evening the priest performed the ceremony and told her that the gods had accepted her prayer.

Thus moved the days, as all zenana days do, quietly, uneventfully, with less occupation than the Western woman has. but more of the contemplative life.

But sorrow came, and her child, her heart's idol, became ill and grew worse from day to day. Her mother in-law applied her own remedies, and when they availed not, called a physician. Still the fever abated not, and the case became more serious. Then Shikorbashini in her agony went to the temple of Kali. There she poured out her soul in ardent prayer. She wounded her chest and let the blood drop out at the feet of the goddess, and when her little one recovered, after days of tender nursing, she felt sure within herself that it was the votive offering of her heart's blood that had saved him.

And in of time sons and daughters were given her whom she reared as she had been reared, ever with tenderness and words of reason. Between husband and wife the tie grew ever stronger until their lives became so blended that separation even for a day seemed impossible to bear. He came to her for advice in all the affairs of his outer life, for woman's counsel is highly prized in this land. She attended to many social duties, her charities and her household with strict compunction and assisted her husband in the management of his estate. In time she became the head of her house, where she ruled with quiet dignity, ever serving as she ruled. And thus she lived until her hair grew gray, and the relentless hand of time knocked heavily at the door.

And did it find her unready, did she fear to face the future? The Hindu smiles at what the world calls death. When the shadows lengthen and the Western sky grows scarlet, know we not then that even has come and night is near? And when the lady feels the touch of age, knows then not man that the evening of his life has come, and that sleep will seal his eyes ere long? For is it not all in accordance with Eternal Law? A child alone shrinks from the inevitable.

Thus Shikorbashini knew her time was coming. Still the prayer left not her lips, "Let me precede *him* into death." An illness seized her, she knew it was her last. Husband and sons called doctors and remedies were given. But the strong woman smiled and only repeated what she had told them before. "My time has come to leave this earth."

She set the day which would be her last, and calm and with unfaltering voice gave orders for the last rites to be performed. And husband and sons obeyed her bidding. They performed the religious ceremony as prescribed by their caste. The night that followed found her awake but calm and peaceful, and when the soft dawn kissed the still sleeping earth, a strong soul went hence in perfect consciousness and without struggle. It was the *Purnema** day, a day auspicious for them who enter on the realms of space. And ere two hours had elapsed, a body was taken to the Ganges riverside, and after the form was cremated the ashes were committed to the mother's sin-laden flood, to be carried to the main.

And they who wept felt strength coming from the very tears they shed. For she who had gone hence had left them a rich legacy. She had taught them how to live, she had taught them how to die, and all who had known her prayed to be able to face that hour as she had faced it.

Thus did she live and die, this strong Hindu woman. And are there many who live their lives behind the grey zenana walls. world knows them not, but they have kept a great race alive. As live, even so do they face death, calmly ready to proceed on journey that leads the soul on its mysterious path through the space, through many lives on many stars until the *Great* reached.

* The day that precedes the full-moon night.

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

Calcutta.

WIDOW MARRIAGE IN BENGAL.

केवलं शास्त्रमाश्रित्य न कर्तव्यो हिनिर्णय. ।
युक्तिहीने विचारे तु धर्महानि : प्रजायते ॥
बृहस्पति ।

"No question should be decided with the help of the Sastra only; a judgment that is not based on reason causes the decadence of righteousness."—BRHASPATI.

AFTER more than a century the metropolis of British India is again astir with agitation over the widow marriage question. The late Pundit Isvara Chandra Vidyasagara inaugurated the movement by publishing his first pamphlet on the subject in 1853. The Indian Legislative Council legalised the marriage of Hindu widows by passing Act XV. of 1856, and the remarriage of the first Brahman widow was celebrated in Calcutta with great *eclat* in November of the same year. The triumph, however, of the reformers was only short-lived. The Hindu community opposed its *vis inertiæ* to the infant movement. Widow marriage not only failed to find a footing among the upper classes, it fell into disuetude among the backward Namasudras of Bengal.

The recent occurrence of a few cases of widow remarriage among the Brahmans and Kayasthas has led some educated members of the latter community to organise a campaign for stamping it out by socially segregating those that "had given their widowed daughters in marriage." Their reasons for doing so are embodied in a resolution passed in one of their meetings—"That widow remarriage was never permitted in Hindu society and was not according to Hindu Sastras." I purpose in the following pages to show that these statements are absolutely baseless, and, coming as they do from a body of highly educated men, they are ridiculous in the extreme.

I do not know whether the authors of this resolution are ready to recognise the existence of Hindu society outside Bengal proper; if they do, they should be reminded that widow remarriage is still permitted all

over Northern India, the Aryavarta of the ancients, outside Bengal. Mr. Gait writes in his Report on the last Bengal Census (§ 422): "The remarriage of widows is forbidden by the Hindu religion and amongst the highest castes the prohibition is strictly enforced. But in Bihar and Orissa all other sections of the community allow their widows to marry again, and the practice is quite as common amongst the clean castes as it is amongst those who are generally regarded as impure." In the United Provinces not only the clean castes but also among *dvijatis* or twice-born castes the Omar and the Dosar Bania allow their widows to marry again. In these provinces, though the Brahmans themselves do not practise widow marriage, they permit it by tolerating it among castes from whom they take *pakki* food and water.

In the Punjab and Gujarat widow marriage is allowed among the higher ranks. "In the Punjab, where," says Mr. Rose, "widow marriage is not a question of caste but of status within the caste. Thus Jats almost always allow widow remarriage, but families of high social standing and, locally, certain tribes disallow it. Some Ahir families also disallow it. On the other hand Brahmans in certain localities practise it, and so do the lower grades of Khatris."* Among the Rajputs of Gujarat the Kâthis allow widow remarriage, "though some of the higher families do not generally practise it." Widow remarriage is more widespread among the Brahmans than among the Rajputs of Gujarat, as is evident from the following notes from Mr. Bhimbhai Kriparam's account of the Hindus of Gujarat (Bombay Gazetteer, Vol. IX., Part I):—

The Audichyas or Northerners constitute the most numerous class among the Brahmans of Gujarat. According to their caste traditions their ancestors migrated to Gujarat from the north in the tenth century A.D. "A special branch of the cultivating Audichyas is settled in Vagad in Kachh. This branch, because they carry cooked food to the fields, smoke the *huka* hubble-bubble, and allow widow-marriage, are held degraded and treated as outcasts. Still they are allowed to give their daughters to Audichya Brahmans of Halavad in Kathivada, whose daughters, again, marry with Dhrangdra Audichyas, and the daughters of Dhrangdra Audichyas with the Audichyas of Viragam, Ahmedabad and Siddpur, who are the highest Gujarat representatives of their caste." Rajgors or Raj-gurus who "are priests to Rajputs and Kathi chiefs," have considerable influence over the Rajputs," "allow widow [illegible]ge and eat with Banias and Kanbis." The Sarasvat Brahmans of

* Report, Census of India, 1901, § 744.

Kachh and Kathivada came from the Punjab. "The Sindh and Kachh Sarasvats, who are the largest class of Kachh Brahmans, and the Sorathiya Sarasvats, who have a great local name for learning, allow widow-marriage." Four other classes of Gujarat Brahmans, viz. the Bhojaks, Jethimal Modhs, Parajiyas, and Topadhans, also allow widow-marriage.

The survival of the custom of widow marriage among so many Hindu castes in close touch with the highest caste Brahmans, at a time when some of them are setting the example of giving up the practice for elevating their social status, indicates that the custom must have been even more widespread in the past. As regards the Sastric aspect of the question, the Sastric texts for and against it were very carefully examined by the late Pundit Isvara Chandra Vidyasagar in his two books published more than half a century ago. The famous text enjoining widow marriage and beginning *nashte mrite* is quoted as Manu's by Madhava* and also occurs in Nárada Smriti 12-97 and Parasara Smriti 4, 28. To this must be added Devala's injunction to the same effect quoted by Kamalakara.† The opponents of widow marriage rely on three or four *Puranic* texts which enjoin that remarriage of a married woman, raising issue on one's elder brother's widow by a younger brother, inter-caste-marriage, the employment of Sudra cooks by Brahmans, and certain other customs are forbidden in the Kaliyuga. Professional Pundits and Hindus regard all these texts as the words of infallible sages which are binding on the Hindus of all ages. But that excuse is not available for men who have received University education to try to frighten away those who may like to keep up social intercourse with the relatives of the remarried widows by issuing a *futwa* that widow marriage "was not according to Hindu Sastras." It is conceivable why in matters social educated men should not like to move out of relation with the orthodox Hindu community that is guided by Sastras as interpreted by the professional Brahman Pundits. But when such men, instead of relying on the Vyavasthas of the Pundits, endeavour to lead society in the name of the Sastras by holding meetings, passing resolutions in the orthodox parliamentary style and publishing them in the English dailies, their right to do so cannot but be questioned.

It must not be understood that I deny the right of the educated Hindus to take the lead in social affairs. It is rather their reluctance to accept the leadership, partly out of diffidence and partly out of indolence

* Parasara—Madhava, Vol. I. p. 491 (Bib. Ind.)

† Rao Saheb V. N. Mandlik's *Hindu Law or Mayukha* and *Yajnvalkya*, Bombay 1880, p. 434, note 4.

coupled with their double-dealing—their outward conformity with the social usages and disregard for those usages shown in private life—that has brought Hindu society to its present state of degradation and impotency. The occupation of the Brahman Pundits, the professional guides of the Hindu society, has ceased to be a paying and an honourable one. Only the intellectually most backward sons of the poorest Brahman families are now sent to the *tols*, and the Pundits, who under the existing circumstances fail to do their duty independently and conscientiously, deserve our genuine sympathy. But the leadership of the Hindu society can no longer be left solely in the hands of these discredited and half-starved men brought up in medieval traditions. It is high time that educated Hindus should come forward and take the lead. But if they care to trouble themselves with social questions, they should endeavour to grapple with them, not with the help of Sastric texts and interpretations of texts suited to their taste, but in accordance with the true spirit of our age, and the Brahman Pundits should be taught to view the questions from the same standpoint.

What, it may now be asked, is the spirit of our age? The spirit of the new era inaugurated by English education is to question all things and to demand a reason for their existence; and the sole reason for the continuance of anything that is likely to satisfy the modern spirit is that it tends to promote the welfare and strengthen the stability of society. Since the death of Keshav Chandra Sen and Isvara Chandra Vidyasagara in Bengal this spirit has manifested itself almost extensively in connection with things political. But educated men who view political questions from one standpoint and social questions from another simply make themselves ridiculous.

Though utility is the sole test by which an existing usage or a proposed change should be judged, yet we must not ignore Sastric texts when dealing with a social question. Though no educated man can reasonably accept these texts as commandments of infallible guides, they deserve careful study for the light they throw on the history of the social institutions and usages with which they are concerned. In the absence of other sources of Hindu social history, the Sastras as sources of history are entitled to as much veneration from the educated social reformers as they receive from the Pundits for a different reason, as the repositories of binding injunction and prohibition. Of course social history cannot tell us what will be most conducive to our future social well-being and what will not. It cannot determine for us our social ideal. B[illegible]ial history, in so far as it enables us to deduce the laws of socia

evolution from the record of what has been, also enables us to approximately forecast what is to be. Such a forecast of the social future is necessary for the determining of the limits within which our reforming activities should be confined and for ascertaining what is beyond our reach. Let us see what light the texts forbidding widow marriage and the closely related usage of *niyoga* or raising issue on a widow by her deceased husband's younger brother throw on the history of enforced widowhood and on the future of this institution.

The professional Pundits follow a very good rule in determining the authoritive character of Sastric texts. They accept only those among the texts as authoritative that are quoted by old-compilers of digests (Nibandha-karas). By this means they safeguard themselves against being led astray by later interpolations. The earliest compilation (Nibandha) that we still possess is the Mitakshara of Vijnanesvara, who was a courtier of King Vikramaditya Chalukya of Kalyana (A.D. 1076-1126). Commenting on Yajnavalkya 1, 68-69, wherein Niyoga is permitted, Vijnanesvara writes: "This injunction relates to a maiden who is promised (to the bridegroom-elect but not actually married); thus say the teachers." The text of Yajnavalkya suggests nothing of the kind. Therefore Vijnanesvara, a cautious writer who did not approve Niyoga and was yet reluctant to twist the text to suit his taste, cites the authority of his own teacher or the teachers of his age, who did not like to see the widows break their vow of chastity and reconciled themselves to the injunction of the Rishi by supposing that it must refer to a girl who is engaged but not married. But Vijnanesvara himself does not seem to have been satisfied with this explanation. He discusses the question of Niyoga more fully in connection with Yajnavalkya 2, 127, quoting Manu 9, 59-60 where Niyoga is distinctly enjoined, and 9, 64-68, where Manu contradicts himself by as distinctly forbidding Niyoga, and then naively observes: "As Niyoga is enjoined as well as prohibited, therefore, it must not be supposed that it is optional; for those who practise Niyoga are censured (निन्दाश्रवणात); in treatises on the duties of women adultery is said to be the root of many evils; and asceticism is preferable (संयमस्य प्रशस्तत्वात्)." Here Vijnanesvara gives his own reason for disapproving Niyoga. He views it in the light of adultery (व्यभिचार), the injunctions of Manu and Yajnavalkya notwithstanding, and frankly expresses his preference for asceticism (संयम) for a widow. Enforced widowhood owes its existence to the contempt for the pleasures of life and preference for asceticism felt by the better mind of India. But one thing noticeable in connection with Vijnanesvara's endeavour to

justify his disapproval of the breach of the vow of widowhood is that while he cites the authority of teachers of his time and Manu, he does not quote any of the stock texts quoted by all the later compilers that forbid the breaking of the vow of widowhood in the Kali Yuga. The most obvious conclusion from this remarkable omission is that these texts were not in existence at the time of Vijnanesvara. Had they been in existence a careful writer like Vijnanesvara could hardly have failed to quote them and thereby reconcile the puzzling contradictions of Manu to which he draws our attention.

From another passage in Mitakshara it appears that widow remarriage was widely practised in Vijnanesvara's time. In Yajnavalkya 2-51 it is ordained that a योषिद्ग्राह, one who takes the wife of a deceased person as his own, should pay the debts of the deceased husband. Commenting on this Vijnanesvara writes: "There can be no *Yoshidgraha*, for it is ordained, 'Nowhere is a second husband advised for a chaste woman (*sadhvi*),'" (Manu 5-162). But though as an idealist Vijnanesvara was most reluctant to recognise the existence of any but the ideally chaste woman as conceived by Manu within the pale of the orthodox community, for which his digest was intended, yet he could not shut his eyes to facts. He says:—

"योषिद्ग्राही यद्यपि शास्त्रविरोधेन न संभवति तथाप्यति क्रान्त निषेध: ।"

"Though there can be no second husband of a woman in opposition to the provision of the Sastra, yet he exists by violating the prohibition."

Such a violator could hardly have obtained recognition at the hands of Vijnanesvara, had not the violation of the law relating to Manu's ideal *sadhvi* (chaste woman) been customary in his age. Vijnanesvara then quotes Narada's definitions of three classes of Punarbhu, 'remarried woman'; viz., a girl who is married for a second time before the consummation of her first marriage, she who goes astray and is therefore given away in marriage to a second husband by her guardians in accordance with the usage of the country (देश धर्मान वेक्ष्य), and she who is given away by her relatives to a *sapinda* in the absence of the younger brother of the deceased husband. It was *desadharma*, usage of the country, that permitted remarriage.

The texts forbidding Niyoga and remarriage make their first appearance in the *Chaturvarga-chintamani* of Hemadri, who was a minister of Mahadeva, the Yadava king of Devagiri (A.D. 1260-1271), and are reproduced by all later writers. These texts must have been composed during the century and a half that intervened between Vijnanesvara

and Hemadri. They belong to a class of texts that were evidently fabricated in the age of the Nibandhas or compilations to reconcile the divergences of the Dharmasastrasor *Smritis*. Different *smriti* works grew up into and were exclusively studied by different *charanas*, or *sakhas* or schools of the different Vedas. This was the practice even as late as the time of Kumarila Bhatta (about A.D. 700); for he writes: "We find that, barring the Puranas, the *smriti* of Manu, and the Itihasas, each of the *smriti* works —such as those of Gautama, Vasishtha, Sankha, Likhita, Hārita, Apastamba, Baudhayana and others—as also each of the works on *Grihya*—is prescribed to be studied exclusively like the *Pratisakhyas*." The *smriti* of Manu was not an exception to the rule. It originally belonged to the Manava-sakha of Krishna Yajurveda, the *Srauta* and the *Grihya sutras* of which school, connected with the *Maitrayana samhita*, are still extant. But the *smriti* of Manu early obtained general acceptance and that is the reason why apparently contradictory injunctions such as those relating to Niyoga, are found in it side by side. The other *smritis* continued to be studied by different Vedic schools confined to different localities, and although the injunctions contained therein were considered universally acceptable in theory, the authority of each was practically confined to the particular Vedic *sakha* or sect and localities in which the Brahmans of such *sakha* lived.

When the Vedic schools were dissolved, and the regular study of the Veda with the Vedangas was abandoned by the Brahmans of different Vedic sects, mainly through the influence of the Puranic religions and the Dharmasastras came to be accepted as equally authoritative for all people, the difficulty of deciding which of the divergent injuctions was to be followed in practice was keenly felt. To remedy these evils the medieval Hindu Kings caused their court Pundits to compile Dharma-Nibandhas or digests wherein all the useful texts were collected, interpreted and reconciled. According to tradition the *Kamadhenu* of Bhoja, King of Dhara (*cir* A.D. 1010-1050) was the earliest Nibandha compiled. Every court of the age had its Nibandha-kara or compiler of digests and every sovereign aspired to prepetuate his name by causing Nibadhas to be compiled and dedicated to himself. These Nibandha compilers were selected from amongst the most learned and pious Brahmans who preferred *sanyama*, asceticism, to *bhoga* or self-indulgence—*nivritti*, suppression of desire, to *pravritti*, desire. When these biassed doctrinaires undertook to reconcile the divergent Sastric injunctions, they

* Tantra Vartika 1. 3, 15

naturally endeavoured to establish the undisputed authority of injunctions that encouraged asceticism, by explaining away or assigning to a different *yuga* injunctions of an opposite character. This may be illustrated by Vijnanesvara's treatment of *anugamana* or widow-burning. Yajnavalkya neither enjoins nor forbids widow-burning. Vijnanesvara commenting on Yajnavalkya 1-86, quotes Vyasa, Sankha, Angiras, and Harita in support of widow-burning. He then disposes of the texts (attributed to Paithinasi, Angiras, and Vyaghrapada by Madhava) that distinctly forbid the burning of Brahman widows by stating that they refer to burning oneself in a separate funeral pyre, and supports this explanation by an apposite quotation attributed to Usanas by Madhava. These reconciling texts appear too good to be genuine; and the same remark holds good of the texts that give inventories of usages, including Niyoga remarriage, and intermarriage, that are forbidden in the Kaliyuga.

But though the explanations of the Sastric texts contained in the Nibandhas might be forced, and the genuineness of the texts supporting these explanations not above suspicion, yet compiled as the Nibandhas were under orders of the sovereigns, and very probably put in force by the state, they had a far greater share in shaping social life than the original Dharmasastras ever had. The sanction of the state was never sought for the Dharmasastras that were composed by the teachers of the Vedic schools primarily for the use of their pupils, and the attitude of the laity towards them is best expressed in a famous stanza of the Mahabharata, which tells us: "The Vedas differ from each other and the *smritis* differ from each other; and there is not a Munia who has not got peculiar notions that differ from those of others; the religious truths lie hidden away. The path trodden by the great men should be followed." Before the introduction of the Nibandhas individual communities and castes enjoyed greater freedom than they do now. Social affairs in all ranks of society were managed by *panchayats* or communal assemblies, as they are still managed by the lowest classes of Hindus who have not yet come under the influence of the Brahman Pundits. Asvalayana speaks of *janapadadharma*, "usages of the country" and *gramadharma*, "usages of the villiage" in connection with marriage in his Grihyasutra (1. 7. 1.) The *smritis*, as originally promulgated, embodied rather the ideals of the Brahman dreamers, or their ideas of what ought to be, than the rules of conduct actually followed in life. Yet, with the exception of Apastamba, all other *smriti* makers whose works were authenticated by preservative commentaries and are still extant, were more tolerant of human frailties than the authors of Nibandhas; for they recognise eight

forms of marriage and twelve kinds of sons. Therefore Hindus enjoyed a good deal of social liberty under the mild regime of the Rishis.

But the Nibandhas compiled by intolerant doctrinaires and enforced by despots put an end to social liberty in the upper classes of society and gave to Hindu social institutions that rigidity which they still retain. Then came the Moslem conquest which made the case still worse. The Nibandhas that were composed under the Hindu Kings had to be adapted to the wishes and predilections of the rulers and the rules laid down in them were to some extent liable to modification by the Rajas. But when the Rajas were removed by the Musalmans, and all eyes were turned towards the Brahman Pundits for guidance, the doctrinaires of the *tols* had their own way. They persuaded themselves and their followers to believe that the Moslem conquest marked the culminating point of the Kali-yuga and the only path of self-preservation open to them was the strict observance of the Sastras as expounded in the Nibandhas.

The Nibandhas have exercised greater influence in Bengal than in any other part of Northern India, and not long ago the Bengalis changed their customs of inheritance at the instance of a compiler, Jimutavahana the author of *Dayabhaga*, who lived above four hundred and fifty years before. That is the reason why the suppression of widow remarriage, has been far more complete in Bengal than in other provinces of the north. But though suppressed in one form, it survives in Bengal in another form still. In the lower grades of society a widow who wants to marry enters the order of the Vaishtavas (Vaishnavas) and then takes a Vairagi husband to herself. The Vaishtava widow remarriage is so far countenanced by the upper classes that even Brahmans, to say nothing of the Kayasthas, take water from the Vaishtavas recruited from the clean castes.

To sum up, the two factors that have led up to the suppression of widow marriage among the upper classes of the Hindus are preference for *sanyama*, asceticism inherent in Hindu nature, and obedience to Sastras enforced by the Brahman Pundits backed by the Hindu Rajas at the outset of the new era that may be termed the *Nibandha Period* of the Indian social history. The question that arises out of this historical survey in connection with widow marriage is, Is it possible to revive the practice now? The answer to this is to be found in the answer to another question, Do Hindus still retain the spirit of *sanyama* and of obedience to the Sastras of their ancestors who suppressed widow marriage? I shall request those opponents of widow marriage who have received English education to answer this question. If they

answer this question with a 'no,' as I believe everyone with eyes to see and ears to hear must, then, instead of boycotting those members of their own castes who have married their widowed daughters with one hand, while taking water from the widow-marrying Vaishtavas of Bengal and the Ahirs, Kahars, and Kurmis of Behar and the United Provinces, with another, they should concentrate their energies on getting the girl widows remarried.

In conclusion, I shall touch on one other objection of the opponents of widow remarriage. It is often argued that as the marrying of unmarried girls is now a matter of very great hardship among the upper classes, the competition of widows will increase the hardship much more, and in consequence many of the girls will have to remain unmarried through life. This might have been the case had the females outnumbered the males. But we learn from the Report of the last Census of India (§194): "With very few exceptions, the females outnumber the males in all European countries, but in India the reverse is the case, and in the whole country taken together there are only 963 females to 1000 males." Then as regards Bengal we are told (195): "In Bengal practically the whole country west of the Bhagirathi, where the Dravidian element is strongest, shows an excess of females, while to the east of that river, males preponderate almost everywhere . . . . The higher castes of Hindus have usually fewer women than those of lower status." Now if we set off widows against widowers it cannot be said that the revival of widow marriage is calculated to disturb the natural proportion of sexes. The difficulty of marrying girls among the upper classes arises out of qualitative and not quantitative considerations. The supply of bridegrooms with necessary property and educational qualifications is much less than the demand.

RAMA PRASAD CHANDA.

Rajashahi.

THE BLACK FOG.

THE black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the city like a flood ; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens it lies entrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, the baleful Acheron and Cooytus environing Tartarus, where the thin shades cluster and move, like those now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible—at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us : it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by—a woman, announced, perhaps, by

rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes, perhaps a man, declared by the thud of a cane on the flag-stones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs, now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red haloes. These are pedestrians preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot ember. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog—like beacons before the sea-castle of some mediæval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the side-walks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralls the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed and this central heart of the trade of the whole Earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us

shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; we pass, lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life. London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar rising up out of the vistas of fading Time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and unsubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother has been swallowed up in the mists.

"I've lost my mother, where is my mother?" she cries.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asks the tall spectre of the constable.

"I live in Fulham, Sir," she replies, "please, Sir, which is the way to Fulham?"

The policeman points into the darkening wastes. "You cannot find it now," he says. "Better wait here, then come to the station with me."

"Where are you, little girl?" says a voice and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity, "where are you. I'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me."

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places

her hand in his ; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still ? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized ; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them, do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on ! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii and only my foot-fall echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death himself, is a great leveller. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night is lifted for a space and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet sombre solemnity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting sound grows

thinner and ever thinner in the upper air and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets, the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swarth black with its crime and misery, above the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions in a dream or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is a high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues, the old beloved national hymn: "God save the King." Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the lustre fades and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called forth undefined ideas of the olden agony or a slight, almost unconscious, response in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and—Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? Down from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea, to the cloud, then down to the hills again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet, or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil

be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting ignorance, we stalk upon the highway of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind, adrift on the desert seas of mere conjecture. Yet all nature about us is content and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other living things is full of beauty and joy.

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths—to be borne onward in some careless, rudderless boat past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge once again into the elements of its mighty vase to be reformed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing spectres move, below, in distinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city—bearing what burthens? Steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

> What merchandise? Whence, whither, and for whom?
> Perchance it is a Fate-appointed hearse,
> Bearing away to some mysterious tomb
> Or Limbo of the scornful universe
> The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
> Of all things good which should have been our portions
> But have been strangled by that City's curse.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

California.

THE LORELI.

(From the German.)

My heart hath a burden
  That cannot be told,
There dwells in my memory—
  A legend of old—
'Tis cool—and it darkles—
  Fast floweth the Rhine,—
The rock-summit sparkles
  At even's sunshine !

Aloft sits a maiden
  So marvellous fair !
Her gear glistens golden
  And golden her hair,
She combs it with golden
  Comb, as she sings,
And her song with a wonder-
  -ful witchery rings !

In frail skip, the Fisher
  Who floateth below
Is seized by the spell of
  A magical woe,
He sees not the dark reefs
  Half hidden from sight,
He only looks upward,
  To gaze on the height !

The waves swallow Boatman
  And wherry 'ere long,
And this hath the Loreli
  Done with her song !

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"The far Future has been my world always."

From a letter written by Tennyson.

"That world of perfect chrysolite, a pure and noble heart."

Another quotation from a letter of his.

THESE detached sentences are significant of Tennyson both as idealist and man. They also seem to us to contain a suggestion of the secret of his power to win affection as well as admiration. When we had the honour of writing to India about her Great White Queen, we dwelt on the unity between Queen Victoria's life as queen and as woman. Tennyson was not only a favourite poet of hers and her Laureate, he was a personal friend in so far as royalty can indulge in personal friendships, and it is permissible to think that one of the attractions the Queen found in his character was the consistency of his life in practice with the idealism of his life as poet. We speak of him as Tennyson, not because we disparage titles, but because there seems to us an incongruity between social titles and genius; for genius has a rank of its own. We cannot help sympathising with Mr. Tennyson not wanting "to alter his plain Mister," as well as with the chivalry which forbade his rejection of the honour. Now that a hundred years have sped by since the little darkhaired babe was born in Somersby Rectory, who became the best loved poet of the Victorian era, it seems as absurd to speak of him as Lord Tennyson when considering him as a poet as it would do to speak of Mr. William Shakespeare when [illegible]ssing Hamlet.

We do not propose to consider Tennyson in any other light than as poet, but we repeat that the poet and the man were so indissolubly one that the more closely we regard the poet the more

clearly we see the man. We have given above two cullings from prose writings of Tennyson as indicative of the man; here is a quotation from one of his poems describing a poet typically:

> And he sat him down in a lonely place,
> And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
> That made the wild swan pause in her cloud
> And the lark drop down at his feet.
>
> * * * *
>
> And the nightingale thought 'I have sung many songs
> But never a one so gay,
> For he sings of what the world will be
> When the years have died away.'

Here he distills for us the essence of poetry, the indefinable quality which distinguishes it from mere verse. He considered that "Merlin and Nimuë" (=the Gleam) gave his literary biography to the world. This little poem tells us that the "Gleam"="The light that never was on sea or land," had illumined his "inward eye" from childhood to old age.

> Great the Master,
> And sweet the Magic,
> When over the valley,
> In early summers,
> Over the mountain,
> On human faces,
> And all around me,
> Moving to melody,
> Floated the Gleam.

And when life advanced, and sympathy failed and disillusionment happened, still the prompting was heard:

> The light retreated,
> The landskip darken'd,
> The melody deaden'd,
> The Master whisper'd
> "Follow the Gleam."

And the Gleam mocked him not, for is it not a Light surer than that of the visible sun?

> And broader and brighter
> The Gleam flying onward,
> Wed to the melody,
> Sung thro' the world.
> * * *
>
> And so to the land's
> Last limit I came.
> * * *
>
> I can no longer
> But die rejoicing,
> For thro' the Magic
> Of Him the Mighty,
> Who taught me in childhood,
> There on the border
> Of boundless Ocean,
> And all but in Heaven
> Hovers the Gleam.

The versifier sees the sunshine; very prettily he can make the sunbeams dance for us and bring to our ears the tilt of the birds' song. But the poet who sees the Gleam looks upon a vision that shall endure after the visible, sensible world is crumpled up like a scroll of worn-out parchment. His eyes behold the Ideal, consummated only after what we call the Real has perished and which will then be recognised as the true Reality, the translation of the prophet's message.

The versifier shows us the things that are seen, and gives us the music of audible sounds. The poet is a prophet. He holds the key of the cryptic message of existence. He hears the inaudible music of the mystery of life, sees the colour of the invisible web of life, translates the mute language of the soul of man. Herein is the secret of his power—his double power of invoking the music of the universe, music inaudible by the multitude—and of awakening the latent faculty of hearing in that multitude. In and by this power he plays upon the emotions as a musician plays on the strings of an instrument responsible to his touch. Even to the many to whom this secret music is only muffled sound, or mere vibration, the poet's

touch is a force surprising them to tears or laughter they know not why. To those who have ears to hear but not power to understand and give utterance to the mystic songs of life, it is ecstasy to them to meet one who unwinds the harmonies and translates the speech addressed to their souls. To such as these the poet is interpreter and mouthpiece ; prophet and inspiration. He unstops their ears and unties their tongues. Of course there are the many who have no ears to be unstopped, no eyes to see the "Gleam," men to whom a poem is prose cut up into tunes with a rhyme at the end of each—a wanton waste of time and words. But even to these deaf and blind pilgrims poets have their prophetic office to fulfil. The most prosaic of us have hearts to feel with, and in moments of crisis and stress, when the chords of emotion are stretched to breaking point, and throats ache with choked cries, the simple words of a master of lyric or elegiac poetry will exercise an irresistible power over them.

It is a truism to say that there are orders of poets as there are orders of prophets ; those that appeal to the emotional many, and those who sway the intellectual few ; those that touch the sentiment of the most prosaic or those who are poets' poets alone.

Tennyson defies classification to some extent. Viewed in some lights he may be called a popular poet, for he could play upon the hearts of English people as on the hearts of one man with certain subjects for his theme. Take, for example, his dedication to the Idylls of the King, written not long after his own Queen had been widowed :

> Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure ;
> Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
> Remembering all the beauty of that star
> Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
> One light together, but has past, and leaves
> The crown a lonely splendour.
>
> "May all love,
> His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
> The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
> The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
> The love of all thy people comfort thee,
> Till God's love set thee at his side again."

And in many of his lyrical poems and those written before his rank as poet had been established, the ears of the non-critical and the sentiment of the superficial were charmed by his "airy, fairy Lilian," his "shadowy dreaming Adeline," by *Mariana* and *Oriana, Sleeping Beauty*, and other graceful fancies and melodious nothings. But he was, and is, and ever will be, more than a popular poet. His *In Memoriam* alone would have put him amongst the poets intellectual, had it not appealed to something subtler than our intellect; his Arthurian poems touched the springs both of chivalry and mysticism, though their aim is that of a practical idealist, if we may use such a term, rather than that of a mystic, and poems too many to number, but of which we may take *Maud* and *Locksley Hall* and *Two Voices* as a type, are poems for the thoughtful few rather than for the undiscriminating many. From these works of Tennyson may be picked out either in entirety or in parts, as examples of the poems to be appreciated fully by poets only, containing words and thoughts which lose their aroma in an unsympathetic atmosphere.

So large is the space we have to travel over in his life of more than eighty years, a life which, as we have seen, the poet lived contemporaneously with the man, that we have to submit to limitations. We must resist the temptation to trace the development of Tennyson's poetic gifts until his poesy became a full, rich stream. Those who love him will be able to do this for themselves and to guide others in the way of knowing him better than we can do t in one little essay. We must also refrain from gathering too many of the flowers of his verse, however sorely we may be tempted to pick them as specimens of his manifold variety. If we let ourselves go unchecked in our retrospect of his life as a poet and of our own life as enriched by him, we should overpass the boundaries of our readers' patience. We will, therefore, keep straitly to the aim we marked out for ourselves. We will bring forward the poem which seems to us to show why and when Tennyson began to broaden out in the exercise of his mental gifts and poetic art; then pass on to the poem which marked him off from other poets and which has given him unique influence over certain classes of minds; next touch up[illegible]his Arthurian idylls, and finally indulge ourselves by throwing c[illegible]m to the winds and revelling in those poems which hold

sway over us personally, *just because they do* and for no other reason whatever!

The poem which seems to us to reveal why Tennyson rose above the graceful melodist and poet of sentiment, is *The Palace of Art*. We see in this poem what we can see in others that preceded it, his concrete treatment of abstract thoughts and his pictorial representation of ideas, but we see more, we catch sight of the principle underlying his art. He invites us into his confidence. He is young enough to be explanatory. He affixes a preface just as artists in the infancy of painting indicated the personages they depicted by names written on scrolls issuing from their mouths. He calls his poem an allegory of a soul:

> A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain
> That did love Beauty only.
>
> * * * *
>
> And knowledge for its beauty; or if Good,
> Good only for its beauty; seeing not
> That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
> That dote upon each other, friends to man.
>
> * * * *
>
> And he that shuts Love out in turn shall be
> Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
> Howling in outer darkness.

All lovers of Tennyson know the poem. It begins:

> "I built my soul a lordly pleasure house,
> Wherein at ease for age to dwell."

And at first it seems that a soul could not help revelling

> "In her high palace There."
>
> * * * *
>
> "Full of long-sounding corridors it was
> That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
> Thro'which the livelong day my soul did pass
> Well-pleased, from room to room.
> Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
> All various, each a perfect whole
> From living Nature, fit for every mood
> And change of my still soul."

Some of these rooms "were hung with arras." These tapestries depicted various phases of Nature, scenes of legendary incident, historic events, also diverse poets, prophets and wise men.

> "And thro' the topmost oriels' coloured flame
> Two godlike faces gazed below;
> Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
> The first of those who know."

Nor was the soul silent under these influences of beauty and knowledge.

> "No nightingale delighteth to prolong
> Her low preamble all alone,
> More than my soul to hear her echo'd song
> Throb thro' the ribbed stone."

* * * *

She held commune with herself over her riches:

> "O all things fair to sate my various eyes.
> O shapes and hues that please me well!
> O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
> My Gods with whom I dwell!"

No wonder that she waxed complacent and boasted:

> "I take possession of man's mind and deed,
> I care not what the sects may brawl,
> I sit as God holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all."

This complacency lasted three years, "on the fourth she fell":

> "Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
> Fell on her, from which mood was born
> Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
> Laughter at her self-scorn."

* * * *

Then her pride recoiled upon herself and she was in silence and alone:

> "Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
> With blackness as a solid wall,
> Far off she seemed to hear the dully sound
> Of human footsteps fall."

> "So when four years were wholly finished,
> She threw her royal robes away.
> 'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
> 'Where I may mourn and pray.'"

This poem seems to explain how it was that the magic of the "Gleam" dominated the artist's work but never dazzled the poet's heart. It illuminated the common things of life so that Tennyson could bring the homeliest details into his domestic poems and yet escape slipping into commonplace verse as a rule, though he slid down into it occasionally and came perilously near doing so sometimes. He realised that the poet's high prerogative, like that of every other reigning monarch, is to serve. To perceive the cryptic beauty of life is the artist's rapture. As artist he might be content with that, just as the soul was at first in the *Palace of Art.* As mystic and idealist he acknowledges the brotherhood of mankind, and diffuses the light and the glow of his own sacred fire. He is obedient to the instinct that impels us to share that which touches our emotions keenly. For instance, who has gazed on the beauty of natural scenery in places rarely accessible by travellers and has not felt the wish to communicate to others the joy awakened by a beauty of a freshness comparable to the radiance of early dawn? The power to execute the wish belongs to genius only. A poet absorbs the beauty, then gives it out in language which breathes out the atmosphere of aloofness which gave the scene its distinctive charm. Prose might describe the view; only poetry could reflect the beauty. The same thing may be said of sound. When Tennyson was staying with his friend, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, he paid a short visit to Killarney. A short visit but long enough for him to hear the bugle sounds when he was on the lake, and to give us their undying echoes in that song in the *r[illegible]nces*:

> "The splendour falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story;
> The long light shakes across the lakes
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
> Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

Tennyson's sense of a poet's service due to his fellows was probably strong because of the combination of practicality and

mysticism, of sound common sense and other-worldliness his character presented.

Like his brother-poet, Robert Browning, he proved his sagacity in business matters. Mrs. Jameson paid a tribute to Browning's commonsensible management of his rather knotty affairs after his marriage. Mrs. Proctor declared that nobody on earth could be more practical than the three poets she had known—Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson. For some time after the uprootal of the Tennyson family from Somersby Rectory, Alfred had to fill the place of head of the family. He neglected nothing that came within the scope of his duties. Why it should be surprising that a mystic surpasses an ordinary person in dealing with affairs that need extraordinary capacity we know not, but many people think a practically sagacious poet a contradiction in terms. Yet it takes a wise man, not a fool, to be a mystic. To manage affairs effectively requires a knowledge of the right values and relative importance of things, and only a mystic appreciates such knowledge as this.

Superficial critics delete Tennyson's poetry of passion because it glorified natural affections and married happiness, but it seems to us that so far from Tennyson's poetry lacking passion it enlarges the area of love. The Gleam he followed was the light of Beauty. Ideal Beauty is Love, for Love alone is Light and Life. Ideal love is limitless in its capacity for serving and suffering; love that will sacrifice everything but its own essence, Truth, for its object and will give up even that object itself for the sake of Right, must be passion, whether it be the love of a man for a maid, a son for a mother, a brother for a sister, or a friend for a friend. The love that has its beginnings in natural affection, or from the effect of environment on persons thrown together by circumstances, is necessarily more prosaic than that which is evolved by sudden propinquity or undefinable attraction, than the love that has to tell

"Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,
And vows, where there was never need of vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation—"

The love—on the other side—of the happy Princess who leaned on her lover's arm and went

> "Across the hills and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple hive
> And deep into the dying day."

Being more prosaic it needs more genius to illuminate it—to change the honest stubble fields of ordinary affection into rich fields of cloth of gold ; genius of a kind that can absorb the atmosphere of love, and distil the very essence of the passion that inspires self-sacrifice and the surrender of the beloved one.

> "God gives us love. Something to love
> He lends us ; but when love is grown
> To ripeness, that on which it throve
> Falls off, and love is left alone."

So Tennyson wrote very early in life. So also he could write of love, the passion that "could hold passion in a leash," the love strong enough to break from that to which it was drawn by an overwhelming affinity of desire because Duty lay between the impact.

> "For Love himself took part against himself
> To warn us off, and Duty loved of Love—
> O this world's curse—beloved but hated—came
> Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and mine,
> And crying, 'Who is this ?' Behold thy bride,
> She pushed me from thee."

Such being Tennyson's conception of love it is not strange that the seal set upon his poems to mark them off from those of any other who has sung dirges and written elegiacs should be that impressed by Friendship in *In Memoriam.* From the days of David who lamented in deathless words the death of the friend whose love for him "was wonderful, passing the love of women" to the present hour, men have poured out their sweetest songs in "farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead," but Tennyson's monument to his friend, Arthur Hallam, "dead e'er his prime," is not merely an outpouring of his own heart's grief, not a tribute to the loveliness of his Jonathan, it is the record of an almost Dante-like journey into the depths of pathos and perplexity ending in the quiet triumph of a

deathless hope. And the record is made, not to find relief in words, nor to indulge in morbid scrutiny of personal feeling, but to make his grief and loss the type of the bereavement that may fall to the lot of any man, and to work out for humanity, in so far as humanity's feelings are in unison with his own, solace and assurance.

Everyone knows the story of the friendship between Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam, a friendship personal, social, intellectual. Everyone knows with what peculiar promise Arthur Hallam's manhood opened. The tablet to his memory in Clevedon Church, Somerset, records that he "was snatched away by sudden death at Vienna, September 15, 1833." *In Memoriam* was published in May 1850. Thus we see that the publication was dictated by no impatient sigh for relief, still less from any desire to lay bare the inmost wounds of an unhealed heart. During Tennyson's advance from youth to middle life he had learned to look at grief and loss in their relations with others as well as himself, and to know that a poet's experiences are not for himself alone; he lives and loves, he suffers and enjoys for the enrichment of humanity. Doubt and materialism were in the air. The nascent interest in science was not helping, but rather hindering the religious instincts of the day. Tennyson determined to make known what his communings along the shadowed way of Doubt had done for him.

The welcome given to *In Memoriam* was not warm or sympathetic popularly considered, but individual readers were impressed and grew more and more fascinated by both the soul and the body of the book the more they read it.

The "splendid faith (in the face of the frankest acknowledgment of every difficulty) in the growing purpose of the sum of life and in the noble destiny of the individual man as he offers himself for the fulfilment of his little part" was what impressed a scholar and a mystic—Bishop Westcott. Professor Sidgwick, representative of the scientific scepticism of the day, found the most important influence of *In Memoriam*, apart from its poetic charm, to lie in the "unparalleled combination of intensity of feeling with comprehensiveness of view and balance of judgment, shown in presenting the deepest needs and perplexities of humanity." "What *In Memoriam* did for us," the Professor affirmed, "was to impress

on us the ineffaceable and ineradicable conviction that humanity will not and cannot acquiesce in a godless world." This conviction was impressed the more strongly by reason of the "reverent docility to the lessons of science" observable in the poet. Mr. Gladstone speaks of *In Memoriam* as "one long soliloquy," but, though the singer is himself a large part of the subject, the poem never degenerates into egotism. "He speaks typically of humanity at large."

Tennyson himself distinctly repudiates the poem being an actual biography. "It is founded on our friendship," he said, "on the engagement of Arthur Hallam to my sister, on his sudden death at Vienna just before the time fixed for their marriage, on his burial at Clevedon Church. The poem concludes with the marriage of my youngest sister Cecilia. It was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia* ending with happiness. The sections were written at many different places as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubt, and suffering will find answer and relief only through faith in a God of Love. It is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him."

This explanation justifies our reiteration that the poet is a prophet, seeing, hearing, feeling not for himself alone, but for his generation, for humanity at large. He may shrink—as we all do—from laying bare intimate facts, but he overcomes the shrinking.

> "I sometimes hold it half a sin
> To put in words the grief I feel;
> For words, like Nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the Soul within.
>
> But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
> A use in measured language lies;
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
>
> In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
> Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
> But that large grief which these enfold
> Is given in outline and no more."

The temptation is great to linger disproportionately over this poem, unique in subject, treatment, and division into parts, each finished and distinct from each, yet all fitting into each other to form a perfect whole. Our pen trembles with desire to quote, to copy the pictures, the landscapes, the tender delicate touches of Nature and of the human heart and mind, but where and when should we stop if once we began ?

We must content ourselves with an allusion to that haunting lyric which epitomises, so to speak, the impulse that impelled the writing of *In Memoriam* and then see how the long thinking out of the greater poem stirred Hope into fuller activity.

We allude, of course, to :—

"Break, Break, Break
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
  And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, Break, Break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me."

We see here the sweetness and richness of love refusing to become indifferent to beauty and interest and pathos although bereavement has so wrenched life out of touch with Nature and human life as to quench the sea's colours and rob laughter of mirth. We feel the struggle with the unshed tears, the suffocation of the swelling ache in the throat. We do not arrive at the victory over pathos.

We pass on to *In Memoriam* to find there is a change of key-note, and this note swells, revolves and ends in a perfect chord of faith, hope, love.

> "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thus the poet protests at the beginning and he prays :—

> "Forgive my grief for one removed
> Thy creature whom I found so fair.
> I trust he lives in Thee and there
> I find him worthier to be loved."

At the end, having faced sorrow and grappled with the doubt of any future life of communion between soul and soul, he can say:—

> "Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
> I have thee still, and I rejoice;
> I prosper, circled with thy voice;
> I shall not lose thee tho' I die."

At the beginning the poet raises his face to "Immortal Love."

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

At the end he can break forth thus :—

> "O living Will that shalt endure
> When all that seems shall suffer shock,
> Rise in the spiritual rock
> Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,
>
> That we may lift from out of dust
> A voice as unto him that hears,
> A cry above the conquer'd years
> To one that with us works, and trust,
>
> With faith that comes of self-control,
> The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul."

To have written at the length we have written about Tennyson and not touched on his Arthurian poems is almost a disloyalty to an early love. Tennyson outside his Idylls and Holy Grail is not the Tennyson we knew and loved in our youth. Perhaps we have steered clear of the magic water of the lake from out the bosom of which King Arthur drew Excalibur, because we know our disinclination to drop a subject dear to us is as overwhelming as that of bold Sir Bedivere to cast away the sword whose haft "twinkled with diamond sparks,"

> Myriads of topaz lights, and acinth work
> Of subtlest jewellery.

We have but to peep between the leaves of the poems and we feel the old, old glamour stealing over us. We catch a glimpse of Arthur smitten by the colours, from the window above his throne, of the Lady of the Lake "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." We hear the mystic footsteps of Sir Gulahad's "goodly charger" as "borne through dreaming towns" he rides. We follow Sir Percival fascinated by all that he saw and by all falling into dust. We hold our breath when Lancelot in his madness said—

> "I will embark and I will lose myself
> And in the great sea work away my sin."

Once more we are in thrall. We must go forward "up into the sounding hall" to see—nothing,

> "Only the rounded moon
> Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea."

The spell is on us—with Lancelot we climb a thousand steps and when with him we have gone through a furnace seventimes heated, lo! the Holy Grail "all pall'd in crimson samite and around

> "Great Angels, awful shapes and wings and eyes."

Again the attraction to the king is drawing us. We linger for a moment beside Enid in her "faded silk," beside the lily maid floating down with quiet brows in her last sleep, the stream to Camelot, we pause at Amesbury to see the pale queen Guinevere, but our heart is with the wounded king after "that last weird battle in the West."

We hear him breathing hard, we see Sir Bedivere receive him on his shoulders, kneeling on one knee. We go with them,

> " Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
> And barren chasms, and all to left and right
> The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he bared
> His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
> Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels—
> And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
> And the long glories of the winter moon."

We cannot leave them. We must watch the placing in the barge the three Queens with their crowns of gold receiving him ; we hear " a cry that shivered to the tingling stars," we listen to Sir Bedivere's lament, and then to the words, familiar to us from our infancy, that Arthur "slowly answered from the barge,"

* * * *

> " Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day. "

Yes, the glamour and the *Gleam* is here still for us, because we were bathed with the light of it in our youth. The question is, have Tennyson's Arthurian poems the power to awaken in the youth of the twentieth century the response they evoked in the nineteenth ? We think not. " The old order changeth giving place to new, " said Tennyson's King Arthur. For their melodious charm these poems must always have an honoured place in the hearts and minds of lovers of poetry. But because of the artificiality of Tennyson's treatment of his Round Table these poems cannot appeal to human nature for all time, in the same way as that in which *In Memoriam* appeals. The time in which he put forth his Idylls was ripe for his allegorical treatment of the subject. He caught and fired enthusiasm to noble purpose. Men did not criticise, they felt and lived out their feeling, exalted by the emotion stirred by the poems. Now other influences are at work, other methods in use, other chords to be stirred in other ways. We read and admire the poetry, but we can criticise Tennyson's treatment of the subject. King Arthur is too blameless to be heroic now, Sir Galahad too bloodless to stir our blood. The whole palace is too neat and the whole atmosphere too sentimental. "So be it

The snow drop only, flowering through the year
Would make the world as blank as Wintertide."

We have left ourselves little time to speak of Tennyson's power of gladdening us with Nature's jewels, sights and sounds and fragrance, bringing them to us with his own peculiar sureness of touch; little space to cull at randon from his wealth of blossom. No matter; each lover of Tennyson will have his own herbarium.

We have often thought that a person shut up from year's end to year's end in a narrow room, with no windows to speak of, would not be shut out of Nature if he had his Tennyson by his side. Nay, if he were blind and had stored his memory with Tennyson, his inner walls would be hung with landscapes.

It is not, however, the definite pictures that are to us the very corona of his flowers of poesy, but those delicate touches which suggest a vision too subtle to be definitely described, *e.g.*,

"Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown
Full quire, and morning driven her plough of pearl
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea."

From "Love and Duty."

"For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Through all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
He whispers of the beauteous world."

In Memoriam, lxxviii.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March,

* * * *

"Come: not in watches of the night
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light."

Ibid, xc.

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume;

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

Ibid, xciv.

To one to whom the berries of the spindle-tree are dear this simile is graphic indeed:

"Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower,"

for it reveals the four pink folds of the berry bursting open to reveal a coral bead within.

We wonder how many lovers of Peace have quoted:

"Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."
The Golden Year.

A lane of beams inevitably suggests moonlight on the sea. How fond Tennyson was of moonlight! It would be interesting to prove this by collecting his allusions to moonlight and descriptions of it. It used to be said that the moon shone brighter where he lived than otherwhere, and when he died the "full moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light."

Thus the great poet passed into the light "not of sunlight nor of moonlight," the light of his "Gleam" that he had followed with unfaltering footsteps till the call came for him to "cross the Bar."

" When the dumb Hour clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back
Silent Voices of the dead
To the lowland ways behind me
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On and always on!"

The Silent Voices.

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

Note :—The two characteristic poems, *Maud* and *Locksley Hall*, have been omitted, not through lack of appreciation but of space to do justice to their charms.—J. R.]

LINES ON THE MURDER OF SIR WILLIAM CURZON-WYLLIE.

. . . "the Parsee, Dr. Lalcaca, who in vain gave his life to save another's.'
Daily Paper.

One took of life in blinding hate ; one gave
Atoning life, another life to save :
O India ! far as love surpasses strife
Your gift of life outweighs your theft of life.

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER.

London.

SYMBOLISM IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.*

MARRIAGE AS AN INSTITUTION.

Milton thus sings of Marriage in an episode of, what Mr. W. Tegg † calls, "grave and majestic beauty."

> "Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
> Of human offspring, sole propriety
> In Paradise of all things common else!
> By thee adult'rious lust was driven from men
> Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
> Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
> Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

Marriage being thus "the chief concern of human life," and being "the hinge of all kindred, or the strongest link in the chain that binds mankind together," ‡ there is no wonder, if "in all ages and in all countries a halo of interest attaches to the marriage ceremony." §

The marriage ritual of the English Church is spoken of as a "curious cabinet of antiquities," but, as Rev. Thurston has said, the rituals of other churches also present curious cabinets of antiquities. ||

The symbolism observed in the marriage ceremonies of some of the different nations of the world forms the subject of my paper. The subject

* A part of this paper formed the subject of a lecture, delivered before the Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association, at Sett Minâr on Thursday, the 21st of January, 1909.

† "The Knot Tied," by William Tegg, p. 5,

‡ Ibid p. 4.

§ "Marriage Customs," by England Howlett. The Westminster Review of 1893, Vol. CXL, p. 602.

|| "The Marriage Ritual of Toledo" by Herbert Thurston, S.J. The "Nineteenth Century and After of July 1906," Vol. LX., p. 114.

is very vast and extensive, but I will chiefly dwell on the symbolism in the marriage rites, ceremonies and customs of other nations, which are similar to those observed by the Parsees. Some of the Parsee rites and ceremonies, referred to in this paper, are not observed now by the Parsees of Bombay, but they were prevalent here till about 30 or 40 years ago, and they are still prevalent, to some extent, in some of the Gujarat centres of the Parsees. While speaking of these, I will draw largely from my paper on the Marriage Customs of the Parsees*.

As one of the Ritual books (Li Ki) of the Chinese says: "that which is most important in ceremonies is to understand the idea intended in them." † It is the comprehension of the symbolism in the marriage ceremonies that leads us to understand the idea intended in them.

Symbolism plays an important part in framing the early history of society. As M'Lennan says "the chief sources of information regarding the early history of civil society are, first, the study of races in their primitive condition; and, second, the study of the symbols employed by advanced nations in the constitution or exercise of civil rights." ‡

WHAT IS A SYMBOL?

As Bishop Weldon, the late Metropolitan of Calcutta, said in one of his Masonic speeches, "A symbol is an external means of impressing truth. The teaching conveyed through the eye is more forcible than that conveyed through the ear." According to Coleridge; "A symbol is a sign included in the idea which it represents; an actual part taken to represent the whole, or a lower form or species used as the representative of a higher of the same kind."

Carlyle says: "It is in and through symbols that man, consciously or unconsciously lives, works, and has his being: those ages moreover are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolical worth and prize it highest."

"In a symbol there is concealment and yet revelation: hence, therefore, by silence and by speech acting together comes a double signficance."

* "The Marriage Customs of the Parsees. Their comparison with similar customs of other nations," a Paper read before the Anthropological Society of Bombay in 1899 (*Vide* Journal of the Society, Vol. V., pp. 242-82).

† Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XXVII. The Li Ki. (Book IX., Sec. III) by James Legge, p. 439.

‡ "Primitive Marriage: An Inquiry into the origin of the form of capture in Marriage Ceremonies," by John F. M'Lennan (1865) p. 5.

Mr. Sidney Hartand, while speaking of the symbolism of a particular marriage custom of Bengal, says: "The symbolism of to-day preserves the serious belief of yesterday, and what in an age more or less distant was a vital motive inspiring an appropriate cause of conduct survives in the conduct it has inspired long after it has itself ceased to be active and powerful." *

DIVISIONS OF THE SUBJECT.

There are three things which generally serve as a proof of marriage or which certify the celebration of a marriage, and symbolism is observed in all these three :—

A.—Mutual Payments.

B.—Witnesses.

C.—Ceremonies.

We will speak of marriage symbolism under these three heads.

A. MUTUAL PRESENTS.

Under the head of mutual presents fall :—

(*a*) Money-payments.

(*b*) Rings.

(*c*) Dress.

(*d*) Articles of food.

We will at first speak of the symbolism observed in these various forms of mutual bridal presents.

(*a*)—MONEY PAYMENTS.

In many nations, marriage is preceded by a kind of mutual money payments by the marrying couple. The payment begins from the bridegroom or from some members of his family on betrothal. Among the Romans and the ancient Christians, this payment was known as *arraha* or earnest-money. Among the ancient Jews, the payment of a silver-coin was an essential thing in the betrothal.

This money payment is now taken as a symbolic expression of good will, affection and earnestness on the part of both the parties in the celebration of the marriage contract. But, according to some, it is the remnant of an old custom of very early primitive times when maidens were purchased. Money-payment in those times was symbolic of purchase-money. Just as you pay a certain sum now, when you enter into a contract for the purchase of some property, the money paid on betrothal

* "A marriage custom of the Aborigines of Bengal: A study in the Symbolism of Marriage Ceremonies," in the "Asiatic Quarterly" of January 1893, p. 211.

was the earnest-money paid for the purchase of the bride. Latterly, this money-payment was taken, not as the earnest money for the purchase o the bride, but as a pledge to assure the bride that she was henceforward to share her husband's property of which his cash money formed a part.

The money-payment varied among different nations, and, even among the same nations, at different times. But it seems that, the elders of the people generally fixed, at least, the maximum or the minimum for the payment to the bride. For example, in the Parsee ritual, the officiating priest speaks of " 2,000 *dirhems* of white pure silver and 2 *dinars* of red gold." Compare with these the words of the priest in the Christian ritual according to the rubrics of the Manuale of 1554. " Then let him (the priest) count the arrhæ which ought to be thirteen pieces (*denarios*); and when they have been laid upon a plate, together with two rings, let him perform the blessing of the arrhæ and the rings " (*). Both the Parsee and the Christian rituals seem to fix the money-payment and the silver coin referred to the same, the *dinar*."

The fact that this money-payment was a token of union appears from the words used in an ancient Christian ritual: " I give you these arrhæ (money coins) in token of our marriage (en senal de matrimonio)"† It served as "a religious symbol of fidelity."‡ (2).

(*b*)—Rings.

The gift of rings is another form of money-payment. So, it is taken by some to be a remnant of the old custom of purchase-money. Before the invention and use of money, people's property consisted of gold, silver, and such other metals. They invested their earnings in rich metals. In olden times, when property was not safe, people invested their earnings in ornaments, which, for safety's sake, they carried on their bodies, so that they may not be stolen. Hence began the custom of putting on ornaments. Thus the gift of rings, bracelets, chains, &c., were something like money-payments.

Some anthropologists trace the custom to times earlier than these, when brides were purchased. In those earlier times maidens were captured for marriage. Marriage then was wife-catching. So, the ring then was a symbol of the wife's captivity. Golden chains, bracelets, &c.,

* "The Marriage Ritual of Toledo," by Rev. Thurston, the *Nineteenth Century* of July 1906, p. 122.

Ibid p. 122.

Ibid p. 118.

are the remnants of those old times when the husband put these on the bride as symbols of his capture.

(1) Thus the first stage in the signification of the symbolism of a bridal ring is that of wife-capturing.

(2) The second is that of purchase.

(3) The third stage is that of handing over charge or authority. It brings us to time of more refined ideas. It was the time when signet-rings came into use. Signet rings, *i.e.* rings bearing seals on them, presented to brides on betrothal and marriage, signified the same thing as the presentation of a bunch of keys. It signified that the bride was, from that time forward, to have the charge of the goods of the household of her bridegroom. The Parsee word now used for a wife is મોહુરદાર, *i.e.* seal or signet keeper. This word signifies the above ideal It is with this idea, that St. Clement says "He gives a gold ring, not for ornament, but that she may with it seal up what has to be kept safe, as the care of keeping the house belongs to her." *

(4) Lastly, as man's feelings became more refined the bridal ring began to have a spiritual significance and stood as a symbol of *endless indissoluble union.* It typified fidelity, safely-guarded modesty, union, and protection. It was with this idea of spiritual significance that latterly bridal rings came to be blessed by priests officiating at marriages. The ancient Romans and Greeks used the bridal ring on betrothals only.

The circular form of the ring has its own signification. A circle has, as it were, no end. "So the ring signifies endless indissoluble union."

At one time, among the Anglo-Saxons, the bridal ring was placed by the bridegroom on the middle finger of the bride's left hand. † But now it is generally put on the fourth finger. The explanation given for the custom is as follows :—

"The ring is given by the espouser to the espoused, either for a sign of mutual fidelity or still more to join their hearts by this pledge; and therefore the ring is placed on the fourth finger because a certain vein, it is said, flows 'thence to the heart.'" ‡

* Smith and Cheetham's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. *Vide* the word Marriage.

† "Marriage Customs." by E. Howlett. *Westminster Review* of 1893, Vol. *cxl., p. 602.*

‡ Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities (word Ring) (1880) p. 1808.

Among the early Anglo-Saxons, the bridegroom placed, on betrothal, a ring or a *wed* or pledge on the maiden's right hand. On marriage, the bride transferred it to the left hand. During the reigns of George I. and George II. the wedding ring was often put on the thumb. In the Christian marriage service the ring is put on the book. This custom is the relic of an old custom when the priest blessed it by sprinkling holy water over it in the form of a cross. This is still the practice in the Roman Church.

In Middle Ages, the bridegroom placed the ring first on the thumb of the bride, then on her first finger, then on the second, reciting each time the name of the three persons of the Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Lastly, with the word Amen, it was put on her third finger.* The bridal ring was put on the left hand of the bride to distinguish it from the ring put on the right hand by the virgins espoused to the Church.

The Doges of ancient Venice threw on the Ascension day each year a ring in the Adriatic and performed the great ceremony of wedding Venice to the Adriatic. The ring was dropped as a sign of compact.

In early Christian times, the ring was held to be a badge of an office. Thus we hear of Episcopal rings, Bishop's rings, and "The Fisherman's ring." The ring presented to the Pope on his being elected by the cardinals is known as the Fisherman's ring. Fish was held to be an emblem of faith.

From the fact that money-payments or gifts of rings certified marriage contracts, the ceremony of betrothal was spoken of in various ways expressing money-gifts or ring-gifts. The following examples show this :—

(1) From the fact that a ring was always used in the ceremony of betrothal, "annulus," the Latin word for ring, was used for a betrothal by some Roman writers. Ring was considered among the Romans as "an earnest of faith." According to Gibbon, † in the fifth century A.D. a ring was considered a pledge of affection. It was sent as such by Honoria, a grand-daughter of Emperor Theodorius of Rome to Attila, the barbarian Hunnish invader of Italy.

(2) As said above the word "subarrhare" (*i.e.* to give earnest-money) came to mean "to espouse" or to betroth.

* "The Marriage Ritual of Toledo," by Rev. Thurston. The *Nineteenth Century* of July 1906, p. 121.

† The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Chapter XXXV, Vol. II., (1845) p. 367.

3 Similarly, among the Parsees, the words રૂપીઆ પેહેરાવવા and વીટી પેહેરાવવી *i.-e.* "to present money" and "to put on rings" have come to mean "to betroth."

(C).—Dress.

Among all nations, the bridegrooms put on, on marriage occasions, a dress, of a type different from the ordinary dress. Among eastern nations, they put on a loose flowing dress. The *Jâmâ pitchori* or the Sâyâ, which the Parsees, Hindus and Mahomedan bridegrooms put on, is a kind of a loose flowing dress. A loose flowing dress is, in all ages, considered to be necessary for solemn and state occasions. In courts, churches and universities, the gowns and robes, which are similar flowing dresses, play an important part. The folds of such dresses carry the idea of a kind of mystery, modesty, respect and rank. Women, therefore, generally put on such flowing dresses.

The colour of some kind of marriage dress is generally white. White colour is generally the symbol of purity, innocence and faithfulness.* (*a*) The Roman bride used to wear a white gown on the occasion of her marriage. (*b*) The ribbon-knots, which the guests put on among the Romans on marriage occasions, were also white in colour.

A shawl forms a part of the marriage dress of a Parsee bridegroom. It serves as an insignia of the position occupied by him at the time as *var-râjâ* or the bride-king. In India, a shawl is held to be a symbol of respect and greatness. Up to 50 years ago, the leading members of the Parsee community carried shawls over their shoulders. The head priests of the community still carry shawls as the insignia of their office.

(D)—Articles of Food. Fish.

Among the Parsees, curd, sugar, cocoa-nuts and fish form the principle articles of food which are mutually exchanged on marriage and such other joyous occasions. Among these, the first three are common to many Indian communities.

Among the Parsees, fish is used as an auspicious present for joyful occasions. Fish is buoyant so, it is the symbol of buoyancy and sprightliness. Among the ancient Christians, it was the emblem of Holy spirit. Hence it signified truthfulness. It also symbolized discipleship.

"The fishes in the Church's net, or caught by the hook, correspond exactly to the lambs of the fold, or to the gloves which also represent

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* Among the ancient Christians, the baptized were clothed with albs or white arments immediately after they were removed from baptismal waters.

the faithful in ancient Christian tents or dwellings."* So the fish represented the believer in the church.

GIFTS TO THE KINSMEN OF THE COUPLE.

Not only do the bridegroom and the bride exchange money-presents and gifts, but the kinsmen of each party are given presents in money and clothes by the parents of the other. This custom is prevalent among Parsees, Hindus and other oriental nations. The custom of presenting gifts to the bridesmaids in Europe is a somewhat similar custom. This custom is said to symbolize the old custom of purchasing brides from a family, clan or tribe. In old times, very strong ties of relationship existed between families, tribes and clans. A man or woman was a member of a family or clan which claimed him or her as his own. So when a bride from one family was taken into another family, not only had the bridegroom's family to please the parents, but also all her other kinsmen who were members of the family. So, the money-payments or gifts, which were, as it were, the purchase-money for the bride, had to be made, not only to the parents, but also to all the members of the family.

In different tribes or clans, or in the same clan or tribe at different periods of its history, similar payments had to be made to the parents and kinsmen of the bridegroom, who, according to a peculiar custom then common, passed, after marriage, into the family or clan of the bride. So, the parents of the bride had to purchase the consent of the parents and the kinsmen of the bridegroom by money-payments or gifts. The custom, prevalent among some oriental nations, of giving presents in money and dress to the kinsmen of each party, such as *kâki, mâmi, fui* (aunts), *kâkâ, mama, fuâ* (uncles), and to such other relatives, and the custom, prevalent in the west, to give presents to the bridesmaids, is a relic of the above custom of the purchase of the bride and bridegroom.

The feasts given to the castes on marriage occasions in India is a relic of the old state of affairs when a person was believed to belong to the whole clan or caste. So, their consent had to be obtained, in case a new member in the form of a bride or bridegroom, was to be received, or when a member was to be given away in marriage to another class or caste. This consent was purchased by money-gifts which were. latterly turned into caste-dinners.

Mr. Sidney Hartland says on this point: "If the consequences of marriage were the severance from the family, or clan, of one of its members, and the union of that member to another family, or clan, so as to become one flesh with it, it is obvious that each of the two families or

* Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, Word "fish."

clans had a very important interest in the transaction. The marriage could affect not only the two principals; it would extend to every member of the family, or clan, forsaken, and every member of the family, or clan entered. Such an interest as this would entitle every member of both to be consulted: and, in the one at least, their assent would be required to its validity. Such assent would be shown, as we have already noted, by the presence and assistance of the kindred at the act of marriage; or it might be signified by gifts. But, however shown, it would in many cases have to be purchased by gifts; and these sometimes constitute the price of the bride." * . . . . Bride-purchase is a custom which has been, at some time or other, practised almost all over the world; and where we do not find it still in all its ancient force we frequently find the relics of it. As, in the progress of civilization, the bonds of the family are drawn tighter, the power of the father over his children increases, and that of the more distant kinsfolk decreases. The substantial price in such cases is paid to the parent, and the other kinsmen are recognized only by a smaller, frequently a nominal, present. Lastly, the gifts on both sides are transferred into a dowry for the bride, and into wedding presents intended for the behoof of the happy couple. In various nations the application of the marriage gifts is found in all stages of transition, from the rudest bargain and sale up to the settlements so dear to English lawyers, and the useless toys which the resources of the newest culture enable us to bestow upon our friends on these interesting occasions, to assist their early efforts in housekeeping.†"

This custom reminds us of the "marriages of contributions" of ancient Wales, and the "penny weddings" of ancient Scotland. In Wales, a herald went round, in the town, announcing the marriage, and saying that presents would be received very thankfully and returned on similar occasions. Individual givers of small cash-payments did not feel the burden of the payment, and to the marrying couple and their parents the total amount of these individual small presents was most welcome, as it enabled them to pay off their wedding expenses and to put up a new house. In the case of the penny-weddings of Scotland, at times, the people of the whole village paid in their small contributions, and took a part in the wedding festival. In some cases, the neighbours collected among themselves and presented to the marrying couple sufficient corn that would last during the whole of the first

* Asiatic Quarterly Review of January 1893, p. 205.

† Ibid, pp. 205-6.

year of their married life. In Old England, they say, the noblemen in possession of the adjoining estates presented meat, and the milkmen, milk, cheese, eggs, etc., for the wedding feasts. The school-masters, and the priests generally, lent their cooking utensils. The parties receiving these presents kept a note of such presents and were generally ready to give similar presents on the occasion of marriages in the families of those who had given them these presents. In Cumberland they placed a plate in a prominent spot at the place of marriage, and the assembled friends put their mite into it. In some parts of ancient Europe. on the marriage day, the bride used to sell ale to her friends and to her husband's friends at fancy prices. The money so acquired helped them in putting up a new house. In ancient Egypt, the bride held in her hand a soft substance called *hena*, and the friends put in silver coins in that substance.*

Up to a few years ago, among the Parsees, a person, generally a near relative or friend, acted as a clerk or collector on marriage occasions. He took his seat in a prominent place with a note-book in his hand. Near friends and relatives, instead of troubling the couple and their parents with their small or large money-gifts, paid them into the hands of the clerk or receiver and made him enter the sums in the note-book. The memo kept by the receiver proved of use to the parties, when on similar occasions of marriages in the families of their friends, they had to do a similar thing in return.

Entertainments, known as "Wedding Biddings," were known in England till the end of the 18th century. Therein, all the guests were expected to bring in presents. They expected presents in return on their own marriages. " In some districts, the bidding was publicly done by a herald with a crook or wand adorned with ribbons, who gave a general invitation according to a prescribed form. "†

A public herald, of this kind, going round the town to bid the townsmen to attend a wedding is known among the Parsees at Naosari as Râv (રાવ), *i.e.* a crier.

(B).—Witnesses to the Marriage.

Next to the presentation of gifts, it is the witnesses who certify the celebration of a marriage. The undermentioned are held as witnesses among various nation.

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* " The Knot Tied, " by Mr. Tegg.

† "Marriage Customs," by E. Howlett. *Westminster Review* of 1893, p. 611.

(*a*) Relations and Friends.
(*b*) Fire.
(*c*) Departed dear ones.
(*d*) Musical Bands.
(*e*) Marriage feasts.

(*a*). Among the Parsees, as among many other nations, both the bride and the bridegroom have their near relations and friends as witnesses to the marriage. But besides these, there are some things that are symbolically taken to be witnesses to the marriage.

(*b*). Fire is, among several Eastern nations, held to be such a witness.

Among the Parsees, the word "*divo*" *i.e.* a light, has come to signify a betrothal rite. In the morning of an auspicious day after the preliminaries of the betrothal, a light, especially that of clarified butter, is lighted in a glass lamp in the house of each party. The ladies of each of the two families go in turn to the house of the other and place a silver coin in the lamp there. This occasion known as the "*divo*" *i.e.* "the day of light" is held more important than the preliminary betrothal day. The lamps lighted in the houses of brides and bridegrooms and the silver coin thrown in the lamp by the respective parties symbolize the betrothal and the union, of which the lights are, as it were, witnesses.

Among the ancient Greeks, the bride's mother carried in her hand the bridal torches kindled at the family hearth, and the bridegroom's mother also carried torches and awaited the procession from the bride's house. * Among the ancient Romans also nuptial torches played an important part. A child carried "a torch of white thorn" before the bride.†

Fire is present before the marrying couple among the Parsees in a vase. It is also present in the form of two burning candles, one by the side of the bride and the other by that of the bridegroom. Fire is a symbol of purity and plenty. Among the ancient Greeks fire and water were held as symbols of purification, and the bridegroom himself held them in his hand while welcoming his bride in his house.

According to some, the Romans held them before the bride, as "necessaries of life," signifying that he would supply her with all necessaries of life. Again among the Romans, the marriage ceremony was

* "The Home-life of the Ancient Greeks," by Blümner, pp. 139-40. "The Archaelogia Graeca or the Antiquities of Greece," by Dr. Potter Vol. II., p. 282.

† "Marriage Customs," by E. Howlett. Westminister Review of 1893, p. 603.

performed before the altar of their Atrium where their sacred fire was burning. In some parts of Australasia the brides carry fire to the houses of their bridegrooms.

In Hindu marriage ritual, fire played an important part. Before the sacred fire, to which an oblation of clarified butter was offered, were placed a millstone and a water jar. This fire was understood to be a witness of the union of the couple, and, as such, it was perpetually maintained in olden times. Great reverence was shown to the fire and it was never blown upon with the mouth. "Nothing impure was ever thrown into it, nor was it ever used for warming the feet." * Fire was an emblem of God's "creative, fostering, and disintegrating energies, a type of His three eternal attributes, Life, Light, Joy." "At Hindu marriages in Kunoor, in the Central Himalays, it is customary for the *Purohit* (family priest) to worship the fire and read the marital vows. These are repeated separately by the bride and the bridegroom; each agrees to live with the other in harmony, they making the fire and the sun their witnesses" † Among some Indian tribes the mother of the bride welcomes the cavalcade of the bridegroom with a vessel of water surmounted by a lighted *chiragh* (*lamp*) upon her head. ‡

(*c*). Among the Assyrians, the father of the bridegroom invoked "the double of Nebo and of Merodach, as well as the double of the King Assurbanipal, and prays them to grant long years of happiness to the young couple. Only a freeman has the right of conducting this symbolic ceremony, or of calling upon the gods to witness a marriage which is being celebrated in their name." §

Thus, we see that, even the spirits of the departed great men were invoked on marriage occasions to stand, as it were, as witnesses to the marriage. The "double" of the departed ones among the ancient Assyrians resembles the Fravashis or the Farohars of the ancient Iranians. These Farohars of the dead are invoked on marriage occasions among the Parsees in the religious ceremony known as "*varadh patra*" (lit. a leaf of Increase), so called, perhaps, because its celebration was believed to fetch increase or prosperity.

(*d*). The Pahlavi Dinkard speaks of the presence of musicians, as intended to announce to the outside public the celebaration of the marriage.

* "Relgious Thought and Life in India," by Monier Williams (1883) p. 364.
† "Panjab Notes and Queries," Vol. II., n. 244.
‡ "The Development of Marriage and Kinship." by S. Wake, p. 431.
§ "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria." by Maspero, p. 230.

It says that those who wish to form an union "should make arrangements therefor, and should inform all the people of the city, by means of the drums and pipes used on the occasion of marriages, that they are going to marry." * A similar reason for the presence of musical instruments at a marriage is assigned by the Yazadis (Notice sur les Yazadis, Journal Asiatique, January-February 1896, p. 119).

The ringing of Church bells in some places, for example, in the rural villages of Lincolnshire, at the conclusion of the publication of the third bann, seems to have a similar signification as that of the announcement of the marriage by musical instruments.†

(*e*) Among the ancient Greeks, the marriage feasts were believed to signify, that they served as an evidence of marriage. " The second end of this entertainment was, that the marriage might be made public ; for all the relations of the married couple were invited as witnesses of their marriage, and to rejoice with them."‡

(C) Rites and Ceremonies.

Under this head we will speak of the following :—

(*a*) Planting the Mandap branch.
(*b*) Marking the foreheads of the couple.
(*c*) Marking the door-posts of the house.
(*d*) Orientation or turning to the East.
(*e*) Throwing of rice over the couple.
(*f*) The clapping of hands.
(*g*) Presenting water before the couple.
(*h*) Garlanding or crowning.
(*i*) Breaking articles of food, like cocoa-nut, eggs, cakes, wineglasses, &c.
(*j*) Sacred baths.
(*k*) Curtaining and veiling.
(*l*) Hand-fastening.
(*m*) Skirt-fastening.
(*n*) Circling and tying the knot.
(*o*) Feet-washing.
(*p*) Eating together.

(*a*). **Planting the *Mandap* branch.**—In India, the Hindus, and even the Parsees of the Mofussil, have a ceremony known as that of *Mâdav* saro.

* " Dinkard," by Dastur Peshotan B. Sanjânâ, Vol. II p. 97, Chap. 80.
† " Marriage Customs," by E. Howlett Westminister. Review of 1893, p. 608.
‡ " Archæologia Grecia, or the Antiquities of Greece," by Dr. Potter, Vol. II, p.283.

Formerly, and even now in the mofussil, they used to erect a *mandap*, *i.e.* a kind of pavilion near the house for the marriage festivities. This was generally done a few days before the marriage. The foundation of the *mandap* was laid with some ceremony. A green branch of a tree, generally a mango tree, was first planted by a gaily decorated servant. Nowadays, though no *mandap* is erected, the ceremony is gone through, as a relic of the old custom of erecting a *mandap*. The tree has been generelly held as a symbol of fertility and fecundity. So, it was planted at the commencement, on building the *mandap*, to wish fecundity to the marriage.

The same idea is no doubt to be traced in the form of survival, in the custom of giving a branch of laurel to a bride which is found, according to Mannhardt, at Carnac in Brittany, in the introduction of a decorated pine-bough into the house of the bride, met with in Little Russia, as well as in the ceremony of "carrying the May" adorned with lights, before the bride and bridegroom in Hanoverian weddings" *

* "The Sacred Tree," by Mrs. J. H. Philpot. p. 91.

(*To be continued.*)

JIVANJI JAMSHEDJI MODI.

Colaba, Bombay.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

A teeming nation lowly bend in sorrow
And shed their heart-felt tears, for him that loved
Their land as long as human breath allowed,
And shared their civic struggle, day and morrow,
First flashed the light of Freedom's radiant glow.
The angel-voice that ever calmed their fears,
The head with all the wisdom of the years,
The guiding hand of Love—who did not bow
To them in revered worship? Who shall fight
The battle—now this soul has sought its peace—
Or lead triumphant, workers merged in grief
That mourn their trusted leader, noble chief;
And who shall waft across the distant seas,
The vision of the coming day of Light?

P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

THE VIVISECTOR

(Continued from our last number.)

Chapter XVI.

On the morning following the Gymkhana Anne breakfasted in bed. She had wanted to get up, but Mrs. Langridge, who had been peeping into her room all night, and had heard her talking considerably in her sleep, was sure she had not properly rested, and would hear of nothing of the sort. She herself brought Anne's tray and letters. It was Sunday and by this post the Indian Mail, if late, sometimes came in the old days. Anne turned her letters over carelessly as if looking for one she knew could not be there. She forgot that Friday had brought her all she would ever receive. Mrs. Langridge watched her anxiously, then tried to turn away her daughter's thoughts from the letters by further inquiries after the injured arm.

"Are you quite sure, my darling, that it is not more painful? I am so anxious about it."

"Quite sure, Mother." Anne sat up and began to open her letters. A thin grey envelope in a large bold hand was the first she remarked upon.

"Mrs. Dayford," she said enquiringly. "What does she want?" She opened it leisurely. Mrs. Langridge was busy buttering toast for her daughter's consumption and had not noticed the remark. She raised her eyes as Anne drew from the envelope a card. "Oh, I had one too," she remarked putting down the piece of toast. "Shall you go, dear?"

Anne read the invitation aloud in a somewhat amused voice.

"Mrs. Dayford requests the pleasure of Miss Anne Langridge's company at a Drawing Room Meeting at her house at 3-30 p.m. on the 10th of June, the object being to listen to a lecture on 'The Cruelty of Vivisection' given by Professor Knowlson. A collection

will be made for the benefit of the London Anti-Vivisection Society. Tea will be served."

"Why has the old dear suddenly started this, I wonder?" said Anne. "I didn't know we needed it here. We aren't vivisectionists, and we aren't brutes, unless of course the new doctor is one," she added in parenthesis.

"I'm sure he isn't," said Mrs. Langridge quite hotly. "Think how kind he was to you yesterday. I thought he was a most charming man, and he's coming to-day again, you know."

Anne made a little wry face and began to eat her toast. "I wish he wasn't," she said, "I don't like him." Then reverting to Mrs. Dayford's card, "Shall you go dear on the 10th? I should like to rather. We might take the dogs too, she added jokingly. "They would approve of the subject. And 'Tea will be served.' You know that would be charming for them. I like them to have outings sometimes, otherwise it's dull for them."

Mrs. Langridge pretended to be horrified. "Dogs," she exclaimed opening her mild blue eyes wide, and trying to frown. "In that Drawing Room! Why the Archdeacon would be horrified. He is not fond of dogs."

"Then he shouldn't have Anti-Vivisection meetings unless he adores animals. He must be a fraud. If I didn't just worship animals, I couldn't be bothered with lectures about their sufferings. I should find them too gruesome, but we'll go together, won't we?" she added cheerfully.

Mrs. Langridge nodded assent. She was thankful to find Anne so lively this morning, for she saw by her eyes that she must have been crying considerably the night before. She put down all this change in Anne's spirits to her own ingenuity in taking her to the sports. The tears had only been due to the pain in the arm, she told herself; really Anne was much better. If she rested now and took great care of her arm, it would soon be well. Physical ailments were much easier to deal with than mental ones. The old lady watched her eat her breakfast in a very contented frame of mind and Lord Roberts, who, since the first opening of the door in the early morning had been curled up at the foot of his mistress's bed, watched too, and received sundry morsels for his pains. He approved of Anne's taking breakfast thus, because she paid far more attention to him on these rare occasions than when she was seated at the dining-room table. For once in his busy restless life he sat still, and was a contented dog. Anne finished her

breakfast with Mrs. Langridge watching her. The old lady took up the numerous open envelopes that had contained her daughter's letters, and glanced at them in an absent fashion. As she picked up a small delicately scented rough white envelope and glanced at the writing she enquired, "What does Gladys say, dear?"

"Not much, but you can see her letter." Anne tossed her a few thickly written pages which she began to read at once carefully, adjusting her spectacles as she did so. Gladys was her favourite niece, the only child of a brother of her late husband who lived in London. At present she was enjoying to the full the joys of her first London season, and the letter contained chiefly descriptions of an endless succession of gaieties in which she was involved. At the end, however, a paragraph appeared to particularly interest Mrs. Langridge for she read it aloud.

"You were telling me"—so ran the letter—"of a Lavinia Fitzhardinge who is staying in Councester and who is engaged to that nice man Mr. Leverett. I have recently met two of her sisters. They are amusing, but intensely weird people. Both of these sisters were married recently at Registry Offices, one to a divorced Earl, the other to a bankrupt Viscount. They seem quite to look down on Lavinia for being engaged to a plain respectable Mr. They said they still hoped the dear child would break off her engagement!"

Mrs. Langridge gasped as she finished reading.

"My dear, what dreadful people! Poor Mr. Leverett, and he is so infatuated. If only Lavinia would break off with him he would be free. What a pity she doesn't. I don't think I can invite her here again. Fancy having sisters like that. It isn't respectable."

Anne laughed. "I don't think she will do us any harm. She is quite good here you know and with three chaperones she surely can't go far wrong. Mrs. Dayford was quite taken with her you know, and she offered to play 'Sammy' at the next 'Band of Hope Tea.'"

Mrs. Langridge got up and prepared to remove the breakfast tray. "Well dear, you know best," she said, "but she seems a suspicious character."

"Afraid I might get contaminated," said Anne gaily. "I assure you I won't be led by Lavinia. I am going to get up now," she added springing out of bed. "Send me Jane, please, to help me, as my arm won't let me do much."

"Won't you lie still a little longer and rest?" Mrs. Langridge paused as with the tray in hand she opened the door.

"No indeed, thank you. I am quite rested." She kissed her finger

tips to her mother smilingly and then began to dress somewhat fumblingly. With the assistance of Jane, however, she was ready to go downstairs in about three quarters of an hour after her mother left her, and soon found her way out into the garden which was bathed in the glory of the hot June sunshine.

"After all," said Anne to herself as she settled down with a book in a comfortable chair beneath the lime tree resonant with the hum of bees in its myriad pale green and white flowers: "There is much in the world to make us happy—only," she sighed, "human love and human companionship are the chief joys."

Dr. Keynsham did not arrive at Mrs. Langridge's house till late in the evening. He had had a very busy day in spite of its being Sunday, and a long round of patients to visit before coming to the one that interested him most.

Anne and her mother were sitting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Langridge knitting—she had been to church once and did not approve of idling on the Sabbath—and Anne, whose arm forbade any work, listlessly toying with a novel which she was pretending to read. She had on a soft white dress trimmed with old lace, and Keynsham started as he entered the room. He had never seen her in anything but black and the sight of her in white astonished him. He realised that on some occasions at any rate she was beautiful. She was beautiful then, with the masses of her bright hair dressed high and gleaming in the soft lamp light, the delicate folds of the white dress clinging round her tall form, and a bunch of pale pink roses tucked into her belt. She rose languidly as he was announced and held out her left hand. "It is good of you to come," she said half apologetically. "There is really nothing the matter, only Mother wished me to see you again."

She sat down again and after a few words to her mother Keynsham came forward to examine the arm. As her sleeves were loose and finished at the elbow with a frill of lace and chiffon, the bandages were easily disclosed. She shut her eyes as he carefully unrolled them, and he looked up into her face. It looked tired and sad, he thought.

"Does it hurt much?" he enquired.

"Oh no," she replied hurriedly, but he thought he heard an accent of pain in the voice. He finished undoing the bandages even more cautiously than he had begun. At length the arm was disclosed. It was terribly swollen and discoloured. Keynsham gave a low whistle as he saw it, and Mrs. Langridge came closer and inspected it minutely.

"It looks dreadful!" she said. "Anne, my dear, how it must have been hurting. Why didn't you tell me?"

Anne glanced at her mother calmly. "I never see any use in talking about pain, one's own pain I mean," she said quietly. "It doesn't make it any easier to bear, only harder I think."

Dr. Keynsham shrugged his shoulders, "You are a brave young lady," he said warmly. In his own heart he knew there was nothing he admired more than a capacity for bearing pain well. He even admired animals, who under his experiments did not flinch or whine. He loved bravery above all virtues, and had no sympathy to spare for the weak and incapable. He touched the injured arm very tenderly with the tip of his forefinger. Anne did not stir.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked sharply. "I want to know really so as to ascertain the amount of damage done."

"Just a very little." The answer came reluctantly. She seemed annoyed at having to own it.

"Ah, I thought so. This arm is very tender. I fear that the muscles are more injured than I imagined at first. One cannot always tell in a case of this sort as well as in a break of the bone or some straightforward evil. I had a patient laid up for a year once with a strained muscle on the knee. It was a hockey accident that."

Anne watched his face narrowly while he was speaking. "I don't think you need try to frighten me," she said. "I always get over things very quickly, don't I, mother?" She looked appealingly at the old lady, who was anxiously watching the doctor as he manipulated the bandage again after having applied a dressing of arnica.

"Yes dear, you are strong fortunately, but this is a very nasty business. You must not use your arm at all. Be sure you promise me!"

Dr. Keynsham smiled. "A little later the treatment will be to use it all you can," he said. "That will require some courage you know."

"I shall be pleased to use it again," said Anne decidedly. "A little pain won't matter when I know it is getting well. It will do me no harm."

"Well, perhaps not. The world's not altogether a painless place, you know, and the sooner one learns how to endure things the better!"

"Yes," Anne answered laconically, but she was interested nevertheless. This man was interesting even if at times repulsive. Yes, he was repulsive; she looked again at his thin lips, his deeply set eyes and shivered slightly. "He is very kind and sympathetic to me," she

told herself, "but to some people he might be very much the reverse. If I were a poor woman in a hospital, I should hate him!"

Keynsham gave a few general orders to Mrs. Langridge concerning the arm then he prepared to depart. Anxious as he was to become further acquainted, he knew that in his capacity as medical man it would not do to stay too long. He would find other opportunities of seeing Anne, and of discovering whether she in any way reciprocated his feeling for her. He knew he was not really in love with her. He had never been in love with anyone save his goddess Knowledge, but he felt something drawing him strangely towards this almost unknown woman. Perhaps it might turn to love. Who knew? He could but see. And with these curious meditations in his heart he said good-bye to the two ladies and took his departure. Perhaps he himself scarcely understood the strange workings of his own mind. His personality seemed at times so multiple that even his strong brain quailed before an analysis of it. Certainly, that side of Keynsham which was so pleasant, kind and sympathetic over Anne's arm, was in no way to be confounded with the one that slew the Yellow-Hammer, or watched relentlessly over the death struggles of little Nelly's retriever, and yet in many an ordinary individual, on these three several occasions, the same feelings, the same side of the character, would have been uppermost. With him, however, things were entirely different, and he knew it. It remained to be seen, therefore, whether he would be always able to show the right side of himself in Anne's presence. Once he had failed; would he fail again, and how far he had been able to banish those first evil impressions, time alone would show.

(To be continued.)

MARGARITA YATES.

London.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Nur Jahan: The Romance of an Indian Queen:— By Sirdar Jogendra Singh. (*Published by James Nisbet & Co., London.*)

" In vain have the limners of Delhi in after times attempted to paint that indescribable grace on ivory and canvas; in vain have the bards of the West tried to describe in rich colours the light of the Harem. The beauty of women mocks the toil of the painter and the poet alike, and the beauty of Mehr-un-Nisa was an inspiration which came with her and passed away with her." [The Slave Girl of Agra].

Thus saith another Indian romance writer, Mr. R. C. Dutt, in rapturous exclamation over the same heroine as of the talented author of the present novel, Sirdar Jogendra Singh.

To readers of *East & West*, the Sirdar requires no introduction. The two novels that he has contributed to its pages have ensured him a niche in the temple of Indian romance writing. Barring Mr. Dutt, he is the only Indian writer who has essayed to travel in the field of native historical romance, and succeeded, so far as we can judge, admirably.

In a few words, this novel treats of several prominent features in the life of Akbar, and the one outstanding event in that of his successor, Jahangir. History does not furnish the many pleasant details which the novelist has woven round those broad events, which are at the disposal of any ordinary student of the annals of India. If we just run our eye over what has been the substratum of history in this work, we would be able to appreciate better the charming picture created by the pen of the Sirdar.

Orme, in his Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, quoting Dow, speaks of the birth of the Empress in the desert and the serpent incident: but there only a few lines suffice for the description; while the opening chapter of the work, which delineates with excrucia-ting exactness the agonies of her parents, and the extremely humane and human spirit running through the amplification, is entirely an original creation. Then there does not seem to be much of a historical foundation for the meeting of Prince Salim and Mehr-un-Nisa. The *Ikbal Nama* mentions that the betrothal of Ali Kuli Beg Istajlu and Ghias Beg's daughter took place at Lahore, though in Orme it is

mentioned that " Salim saw her and was captivated, but she was already betrothed, and Akbar from religious justice would not suffer the bonds to be broken." This slight foundation is responsible for the magnificent descriptions we have in the succeeding chapters, where the entreaties of Jodh Bai to Akbar, including Salim's own endeavours, to influence the Great Emperor to speak even one word to Ghias and Kuli to cancel the betrothal, fall on deaf ears, and he refuses to swerve even by an inch from the straight path of what Orme calls " religious justice." The dialogues on " Swayamvar " and Akbar's views of sovereignty which are interspersed with lighter matters, add touches of seriousness to a narrative which has hitherto been a marvellous running description of Oriental magnificence and splendour. The discourse on Akbar's new religion, the Din-e-Ilahi, and the discussion between him and Abul Fazl on the philosophy of the Hindu religion, is the quintessence of the results of the nightly meetings between the followers of Mahomet, Christ, Krishna, and others, so fully described in the Akbar Nama. Opinions are freely expressed on the present state of Hindu society nominally, by the several characters of the novel, such as Akbar, Jodh Bai, Nur Jahan's mother and others, but the veil is too thin, and one can easily detect in them the author's own views. The murder of Abul Fazl, which Jahangir himself admits in his memoirs, is in several books very minutely described, the murderer being Narsing Deo and not Bir Sing Deo, and would have furnished a fine subject for amplification, but it has been noticed comparatively scantily. Salim's being sent on an expedition against Rana Partap to keep him out of harm's way, after the betrothal of Mehr-un-Nisa to Ali Kuli Beg, seems to have no basis in history, because we find in the *Ikbal Nama* that Ali Kuli Beg, the husband of Mehr, was attached to the suite of Salim in his campaign against the Rana. The fine creation, therefore, of the author's brain, resulting in the *billet doux* sent by Mehr to Salim, is an exercise of the novelist's license. The campaign, it need not be said, is one of the best portions of the novel, and the heart of which Hindu would not swell in finding in the Sirdar a second Toda? Even in the most minute particulars the Sirdar has followed the glowing language of the author of the Annals of Rajasthan, and the meeting of Sakat and Partap riding on his "blue" (p. 147) horse reminds one of the exclamation of Sakat in Toda, when he hails his brother, as, "*Ho, nila ghora ra aswar.*" The disobedience of Salim after his return from Rajputana has the warrant of history. The death scene in the Royal Chamber, and the way in which Salim narrowly escaped from being cut off from the throne, are best described in his own memoirs, and reading the chapter here is like reading the description in its original Persian. Salim seems to have mended his ways after accession to the throne, in spite of the most pessimistic anticipations, for we find him eager to do justice, and modifying the rigor of some of his evil habits. The novel says that for two years, his passion for Mehr slumbered, when all of a sudden he again took it into his head to win her back and through various artifices at last got Ali Kuli (who had already been given the title of Sher Afgan, though the Sirdar skilfully uses the incident of his fighting a hungry tiger in the presence of Jahangir as being the origin of his

title), murdered by Kutbuddin in the Metropolis. History says otherwise. Sher Atgan was in Bengal, and he having disobeyed Kutbuddin was killed in a fight there to avenge him, and after his death his wife was sent to Agra. For four years she remained hidden in the Royal Harem, pining for him, and then like an artful woman, she thrust herself on the notice of Jahangir (who had grown careless towards her), Catrou says, rowing in a boat at Lahore, inflamed his passion, and married him. It may be remarked here that the above historical version seems far more natural than the novel-writer's. The sudden change of feeling from an intense pining for her murdered husband and consequent repulsion towards the Emperor, to a passionate love for him, in the space of twelve months, seems rather unnatural, and mars the otherwise finely drawn character of Nur Jahan. The novel practically ends with her marriage.

Akbar's character in this work is perfectly delineated, but we are afraid, not so Jahangir's. He was an "easy and uncertain tempered" (Keene) man, and hence no one believed him; that is the reason why Ghias refused to betrothe his daughter to him, in spite of his passionate protestations of his love, and Akbar refused to interfere. His evil habits and the toadies and parasites who fastened on him like leeches and his drinking bouts, and even his valour on the field, are all here, but he was something more than a mere drunkard. He was an affectionate husband and parent, and his memoirs furnish us with other fine traits in his character, his liberality, and his love of letters. Nur Jahan is painted here as only a girl with strong passions. But as the author had no need to go into other aspects of her character, her physical courage (she once killed a tiger), her being at home equally on the field or in the sick chamber (her nursing Jahangir during his illness in Kashmir), and her able administration, find no place here.

If Sirdar Jogendra Singh's production is remarkable for anything, it is for the most magnificent descriptions of Oriental scenes, places, and customs. Select any piece at random, that of the Mina Bazar (the fancy fair of Royal ladies, attendance at which has made a black spot to settle on Akbar's fair name), or the Royal chambers, or the betrothal ceremony of Mehr-un-Nisa, or her gorgeous wedding *trousseau*, and you will find that the wealth of words, the crowd of visions it raises before you, and the very minutiæ of the *tout ensemble*, bewilders you. Such a splendour and such an excess of detail we have seen in one other book, in Mr. Upton Sinclair's "The Metropolis." The multi-millionaire of America, revelling in material pleasures, has whole gardens denuded to furnish the flower decoration of his ball room, and forests, thousands of miles away, ransacked to furnish his tables. He feeds lambkins on milk to eat them tender. But we are free to say that there we miss that subtle calm, that quiet repose, that aroma of peacefulness, which in spite of the movements of the different scenes on the stage of this novel, runs like an invisible thread of gold through the satin-like smoothness of the descriptions, in those of the pursuits and pleasures of the materialistic Westerner. The shriek of the steam engine, the smell of the petrol, and the glare of electricity, produce on one a feeling which is the reverse of a subdued

feeling of calmness, which steals on one as one reads passage after passage in Nur Jahan.

A spirit of thorough Orientalism pervades the novel, and the author is saturated entirely with it. Scholarship of the highest and best type alone could produce such a work, and still we wonder how the author has tripped over the correct orthography of such words as Mehr-ul-Nisa, which should be Mehr-un-Nisa, Raweel, which should be Rawal, and Hudhi Ghat, which should be Haeddi Ghat.

KRISHNALAL M. JHAVERI.

Hand Books of English Church Expansion : North India ;—By the Rev. C. F. Andrews, M.A.

In disclaiming any pretentions to originality for the substance of this work, the author states in his preface that his only apology lies in the answer to the question "Is the tale worth the telling?" We think the apology ample, and believe that his readers will answer the question with an emphatic affirmative. Books of this kind are usually dry-as-dust productions and are often disfigured by undue religious bias on the part of the writers. Mr. Andrews, however, while avoiding as far as possible everything that might give offence to those whose religious views are different from his, has given frank expression to the truth as he finds it, and has made his book so readable that it will appeal equally to the general public and to those personally interested in the subject. The plan adopted by the author of grouping his facts about the life history of eminent missionaries, Indian and European, has in this case proved most successful. In the early stages of missionary effort, it is the personality of the teacher which more than any other human agency makes for success. "Example is better than precept' is an axiom as true as it is trite, and the worth of the missionary's message is examined from the point of view of the life he leads. Speaking of the Oxford Mission the writer remarks: "The life itself of the Brethren has been of more influence as a witness of the Faith than the 'work,' as we count work in the West."

The first chapter is devoted to an account of the beginning of English Church work in Bengal. To us who live in the days of the ubiquitous missionary and the military chaplain, the attitude of the 18th century Anglo-Indian towards missionary effort is somewhat surprising: "During the next twelve years (1800-1812) various attempts were made by other missionaries to enter the country, but in every case they were expelled. One Governor-General wrote with regard to missionary work :-'A man might fire a pistol into a magazine and it might not explode, but no wise man would hazard the experiment.' While England was awakening to a new earnestness and evangelical fervour at home, the Anglo-Indian community in Bengal remained cold and resentful of any evangelizing efforts." Though the legal position of the missionary was soon after this date assured by a clause in the East India Company's charter, perhaps a leaven of the old antagonism is still perceptible in the want of sympathy amongst Anglo-Indians for missionary enterprise.

Mr. Andrews has justly given especial prominence to the work of the Indian Christian apostles. These sketches are the most interesting as they are the most instructive part of the book. What a sacrifice their conversion to Christianity meant to them can best be learned from the words of one of them, that great and learned man, Nilakantha Goreh, as quoted by the author: "At this period, I felt as though I were a thief in my father's house. I felt that the very trees and walls and bricks were crying shame upon me, and that I could look no one in the face. . . . . Had I been a murderer, or a great criminal, the feeling against me would have been less strong. . . . You English cannot imagine what it is for a Brahman to become a Christian. *It is very awful.*"

The author brings the reader from Calcutta to the Frontier, touching by the way on the different centres of missionary activity in Bengal, the United Provinces and the Punjab. His descriptions are necessarily brief, but written with such knowledge of and sympathy with Indian life that we should like to quote extensively from these portions of the work, but lack of space forbids us.

To the history of Church Expansion in North India the Rev. Mr. Andrews adds two chapters embodying his own reflections on the bearing of Christianity on the social and political or national outlook. They are marked by a great earnestness, the result of careful study of the New India which is coming into being. The author sees in the new conditions elements of antagonism to Christianity as the religion of the foreigner, but he knows that amongst a people spiritually free the best ideas eventually come to the surface and this gives him hope, provided the Christian church uses well its opportunities. "Christianity," says the author, "if it is to become the faith of the Indian Nation, must be stripped completely bare of its present foreign accretions and excrescences, and be made indigenous; otherwise, it will remain an exotic plant, unacclimatized and sickly, needing the continual prop and support of the West."

We have said enough to show that this is essentially a good book. No reader will leave it down without having derived benefit from it. It is written in the true spirit of Christian charity and inculcates the highest ideals. When we say that the personality of the writer appears in every page of the book, we pay him a well-deserved compliment. We heartily congratulate the Rev. Mr. Andrews, and hope that, for the sake of true Christianity, his book will have a wide circulation.

L. M.

La Norvege Litteraire, par Jacques de Coussange, Paris, Michaud.

A work of this kind on the literature of Norway did not exist in France till now, and does not exist in English yet. It is a compendium of the intellectual life of Norway, in which the author has put into their own element the 12 or 15 personages, representing the different phases of Norwegian thought.

This literature is not ancient, or else it is perhaps too much so. The poetry of her ancient sagas is a strong and powerful tradition amongst her

writers. But for four centuries, from the time of Haakon and Olaf until the union with Sweden, Norway had no literature. Nevertheless, the country gave birth to men of genius, as for instance Holberg, the greatest comic writer of Scandinavia, but as Norway was under the sovereignty of Denmark or united to it, if you prefer to so express it, and the young Norwegians attended the University of Copenhagen, which became the literary centre of the time, so the Norwegian writers became absorbed by Denmark, and were looked upon as Danes. Before the separation between Norway and Denmark there were no purely Norwegian writers except a few peasant poets. But when the convention of Eidsvold (1814) made the country almost independent, there was an outburst of patriotism, which produced some great poets. They exalted the national sentiment, which thus became conscious of its own existence. Sometimes they found their fount of inspiration in the sagas, sometimes again in collecting together and making known popular legends. This nationalistic movement continued till the time of Ibsen and Björnson, who began by writing romantic dramas taken from the history of the nation.

The author, we are pleased to note, has made Ibsen the centre of his book. The English—with whom he has become as one of their own writers—watch with interest the formation of his genius. He did not suddenly appear in all the fulness of his powers. On the contrary, his genius ripened late. He was nearly fifty years old when he achieved his first success with the "Pillars of Society." Circumstances had not favoured him. The kind of work he had written so far had not suited the character of his genius. He had also published some poetry, but lyric effusions were not in his line. At last, in the conciseness of the drama, he found the proper outlet for the expression of his temperament. It was essential that he should condense and be concise in his writings even as he had become in his life: He lived alone, and for a long period in foreign lands.

He was careful to hide his thoughts and his opinions of life, so much so that even in reading his books and watching his plays one cannot guess at them. You can take them merely as realistic pictures of life and as such they are sufficiently beautiful and true. But, following his works through in their chrononological order, examining the series of events with which they deal, calling to mind the lively polemics to which they have given rise and collecting the thoughts of the author on various occasions, you can unearth his ideas. This is what J. de Coussange has done.

The character of Björnson, contrasted with Ibsen, stands out prominent. He has confidence in mankind. He believes that humanity will attain to happiness through science. For him the poet must not speak except to make better those who listen ; and, in truth, all his works have been inspired by his desire to raise the moral status of his fellow countrymen.

By the side of these great writers we find Jonas Lie who has painted the Norwegian home, and in this work has proved himself as tragic as

them. J. de Coussange shows us Johan Bojer, Jonas Lie's young heir, who has gained by the *Power of Faith* a celebrity which has quickly passed beyond the limits of his fatherland.

These great authors by the very fact of their existence have done more for the glory of the Norwegian name than any patriotic exaltation could have achieved. Through Ibsen, above all, Scandinavian literature will represent individualism in the literature of Europe.

J. de Coussange teaches us to understand what is meant by Norwegian literature. Though rapid in its style, his volume nevertheless is founded on facts and indispensable to those who would understand Ibsen. L. M.

Life of Guru Govind Singh.—By Bhagat Lakshman Singh. *The Tribune Press, Lahore : Price Re. 1.*

Guru Govind Singh was the 10th Guru of the Sikhs. It was he who formed the Sikhs into a united nation and practically removed the barriers of caste, receiving everyone into the brotherhood as members of one household. The way had already been prepared by his nine predecessors who had preached belief in one living God and absolute resignation to His will as the only means of salvation. They had made it clear that meritorious deeds, and not the caste, which carried weight on the other side of the grave, but it was left to Guru Govind Singh to fire up the hearts of his disciples by these noble doctrines and teach them to realize it in their lives. The story is beautifully told by Bhagat Lakshman Singh with a distinctiveness of style, purity of sentiments, and breadth of view which do him great credit.

Before Guru Govind Singh had entered his 10th year his father Guru Teg Bahadur was beheaded by the order of Aurangzeb on his presistently refusing to embrace Islam. It is said that Kashmiri Brahmans had come for protection to the Guru and that Guru Govind Singh, though still a boy of 9 years, said to his father, "Thou art an embodiment of virtue, give thy life for these poor people ; who else will protect them ?" and Guru Teg Bahadur went to Delhi and sacrificed himself. Guru Govind Singh succeeded him ; though young in years he was wise enough to see that all the ills which "Hindu community suffered proceeded not from without but from within. Their own social fabric was not based on sound principles. Their religious convictions were not sufficiently strong. Those were the days of rank superstition and awful ignorance, and he commenced reconstruction of the society on a broader and sounder basis. The baptism of the spirit and the sword inaugurated a new era in the history of Indian reform. Peasants hitherto never mentioned in history and deliberately kept in ignorance became preachers of the new Gospel and boldly entered into discussion with the advocates of the old, dead and dying belief."

"Special festivals were organised which were largely attended and at one of the festivals which the hill Rajas of Kangra attended he asked them to join hands with him in his campaign of reform. "Their

ancestors," said he, "were the Lords paramount in the country. Their people were happy and prosperous. In religion, as in arts, nations of the world considered it a privilege to follow their lead. They were no more masters but slaves in their own land; what was this due to? Certainly the land had not changed, neither the elements had grown fickle in their ministrations of beneficence. The same Himalayas fed the streams that watered their fields and gardens and quenched their thirst. The same sun and air refreshed their souls and purified their homes. Evidently, the fault was theirs and theirs alone. They had ceased worshipping God Almighty and had taken to the worship of stocks and stones instead. This had deprived them of the only source of goodness and consequently destroyed fellow feeling in their minds. Their religion was only a hallucination, their social system was still worse. It was based on selfish principles that brought good to few and evil to many, professedly intended to bind people into one homogeneous whole, in reality it engendered and nurtured in man hatred. Did they not daily witness the sight of large crowds of Hindus overawed by a handful of the conquering race? And did they not notice that the members of this race were powerful because their hearts were united, while the Hindus will not suffer for one another's trouble? If they still desired to have place among the living and progressive nations of the world, he would ask them to enter 'the fold of the Khalsa Panth and be saved from the otherwise inevitable extinction.'"

This pathetic and manly appeal failed to move the hill Rajas, but 20,000 people offered themselves to be baptised. The hill Rajas got jealous of the power of the Gurus, their Brahmin ministers saw in the new sect the grave of their supremacy and led their chiefs to fight with the Guru. Many a sanguinary battle was fought in which the newly formed Khalsa defeated the hill Rajas, till Aurangzeb sent a strong army against the Guru, and the Guru had to leave Anandpur. Two of his sons were walled up alive at Sirhind and two of his sons died fighting in the field of battle, the Guru taking his stand at Muktsar, a wild country in those days, and repulsed the Mughal army. As the Guru foretold, the place is now the best wheat producing tract in the Panjab. His disciple Banda destroyed the town of Sirhind and Wazu Khan of Sirhind was captured in a pitched battle and went the way of all mankind. In 1708 the Guru passed away leaving the Khalsa in the hands of God.

The book has a peculiar interest at the present moment when pseudo-politicians are indulging in all kinds of wild talk without removing the inherent defects in the Hindu polity which have brought about its downfall. The life of Guru Govind Singh and the history of the Sikhs show what freedom of thought, simple faith and devotion to one living God can accomplish.

Hinduism and India.—By Babu Govind Dass.

In a handy volume of about 400 pages Babu Govind Dass has not only endeavoured to give the salient points of Hinduism, but has devoted the latter portion of his book to important suggestion for its reform. He has taken up the question of caste, early marriages and many other points which make Hinduism with all its universality of Vedanta into a most astringent religio-social system of the world.

The author does not write merely to speak of the glories of Hinduism as some leading members of the Theosophical Society have done. He writes with a freedom, with a singular detachment, which is highly to be commended. He is no less conscious of its ugliness than of its beauty, its broad theories and narrow cramping practices. He cannot be accused of having been misled by western ideas. Born and bred in Benares, the great centre and the heart of Hinduism, he is as it were steeped in Hindu Dharma. Babu Govind Dass has been all his life a close student of Sanskrit literature and his opinions deserve very careful attention. Moreover, besides he has been ably assisted by scholars like Pandit Ganga Nath Jha, M.A., Professor of Sanskrit, Muir College, Allahabad, and Mr. P. T. S. Iyengar, Principal, Nasringrow College, Vizagapatam. He has done a great service to the Hindu community by placing before it the ideals of Hinduism, good and bad as they are. "The present offers," observes the author, "one of those opportunities in the life of a nation when by a right choice it can immeasurably hasten its evolution on the path of progress and enlightenment or retard it woefully by a wrong choice." The aim of the book, as defined in the preface, is to uncover the sore spots in the Hindu religio-social system, so that God's own light and air may play upon it. The author speaks candidly of the baneful influence of "secreting the skeletons in our darkened chambers," of a "double standard of moral judgment, lax for the great and the powerful and a stringent one for ordinary humanity which is a most flagrant debasement of all true morality." The author goes to the very root of the evil when he says, "It is a criminal and short-sighted love which shuts its eyes to this terrible condition and tries to conserve everything as it is. The fact that Hindu polity is based on an oligarchy buttressed by slavery is conveniently kept in the background." Speaking of the work of the Theosophical Society, which he is still a member of, he says, "The miracle-monger and the guide-to-heaven are ever with us whether in the time-honoured garb of Sadhus or in the modern one of Theosophical or other Spiritualistic teachers. There is no evil for which they cannot provide a panacea, etc., etc. Fearful is the ignorance of the people which has caused this demand and woeful the debauched intellect of the purveyors to this unhealthy demand sapping, as it does, the national life of the country and causing wholesale demoralization."

What is Sanatan Dharma ? is the first question asked by the author. Did Hinduism exist in its present form from time immemorial or has it evolved like other systems in its present form ? If the latter is the case, then Sanatan Dharma, according to the author, is a misnomer. The present day Hinduism which people delight to call by the name of Sanatan

Dharma "is a hotch-potch of practices from varying climes and varying times." Take the Vedas which the Arya Samaj takes as the "Divine Word." "Rishi Vyasa is said to have built the four Vedas as we know them," says the author In places the Vedas "are disfigured by grossly obscene passages dealing with rites and ceremonies to read of which even produces disgust in our minds." Witch-craft is as essential a part of those (the other 3 Vedas) as of this (Atharva Veda), the very same fetish worship and animism is to be met in them (the other 3 Vedas) as in this (Atharva Veda) and the constantly dreaded wrath of the avenging spirits has to be mollified no less there than here. The Aranyakas deal with certain peculiar sacrifices, *e.g.*, the Mahavarat or Pandavik sacrifices, which are so grossly indecent that no modern pen may describe it. Sacrifices of man, cow and horse are mentioned over and over again. "Even the reasons of the existence of the Upanishads are not in sheer hard thinking and intellectual speculations as the modern student might imagine." It is only as a subsidiary to the Vedas that Brahma Veda is introduced.

Speaking of the Smrities, Purans, etc., the author says, "The whole of this literature bears clear traces of having been tampered with, time and often. Their authorship is also very doubtful. Most of these works were intended for particular districts, but modern India pretends to regard the whole of this mass of literature as authoritative." The author clearly traces how the Vedas were supplemented by later books, Shastras, Smrities, etc., "which reduced pure worship to that of a religion of sensual materialism, as shown by the hymn to Durga," the poisonous fumes of which have everywhere choked national life, disseminated by a corrupt and selfish priesthood. Having settled the question of Sanatan Dharma—and according to him there is no such thing which could be given this name—he describes Hinduism as "an agglomeration of everything under heaven and earth from the acutest philosophy to the most barbarous fetish worship, all shapes of the highest ideals are coupled with the most degrading practices and are infolded in its all-embracing creeds." The author then discusses the question of the language which deserves the attention of those who dream of the revival of Sanskrit as a spoken language of the people. Says the author :—"The very name Sanskrit—literally embellished or polished—implies that it never was a spoken language of the people. It has always been the language of the learned, the language of the people was Prakrita, etc." The true Dharma, according to the author, seems to be faith in Ishwara or God who is described "as living in our hearts and is the source of our life and intelligence. Our will is His will, our love His love, our wisdom His wisdom. He is everywhere helping everyone and everything, etc." Coming to the question of caste he quotes Yudhistra as saying, "It was character that made caste, not birth." As for marriage customs he quotes the great medical authority Vagbatta who says, "that marriageable age for a boy was from 21 years upwards and for a girl from 17 years upwards." The author's ideas are particularly interesting on the question of marriage, when a Sikh Marriage Bill is before the Imperial Legislative Council and a great deal has been said by the Hindu press as

to the undesirability of such an Act, as Hinduism provides so many forms of marriage. Says the author :—"The old books describe eight forms of marriage, some of these are so repugnant to modern ideas that they would land a person in jail if he practised them."

Speaking of the arrogance of the Brahmans he says :—"They had succeeded in reducing the citizens of free republics to a low and dependent position whom he regarded as lower than beasts, whose very shadow brings pollution to his sacred person. Some of these ideas still exist in such remote corners as Cochin and Travancore, where people of a lower class run away from the road if a Brahman comes their way. The privilege of the Purohita is thus described in Artareya Brahman. 'He is to be propitiated in the following manner—(1) by servile speech, (2) by washing his feet, (3) by adorning him, (4) by satisfying his belly, and finally by welcoming him to seraglio where he was to quench the burning blazing fire of his upastha.' "

He compares the present position of the people with the much-talked-of past. "It would be a revelation to most of our glib preachers of swaraj, how in those blessed days of swaraj the people were ground into dust and absolutely no regard paid to their sufferings as described by Bana. The work shows the sad, strange contrast in the magnificence of the court and the ignoble wretched lives of the people and the inhuman administration. To be locked up in the King's jail was a fate a thousand times worse than swift death. Human life was so cheap and so uncertain that we read of the court nobles murdering people and hawking about the flesh of their victims as a means of warding off the illness of the king, &c." The author goes on to show how the Brahmans destroyed the warrior class (Chatrias) ; in fact Parsu Ram was born to uproot the whole class. "Manu's treatment of the whole subject throws a lurid light on the gross ignorance and brutality of the times." "A person of lower caste daring to seat himself on a level with a Brahman was to be cut into two at the loins ; if a Shudra happened, even all unconsciously, to hear the Veda being recited, molten lead was to be poured into his ears, and the word Shudra Chandal conveyed a deeper contempt and greater hatred than 'native.' "

The author regards the present political unrest an unrest in the wrong direction, and holds the teachers responsible for a wrong kind of education. "The emotions of the persons wished to be influenced have to be roused in the right direction, and then by raising these persons to a higher point of view and thus producing a wider outlook, can their intellectual assent be secured. This warning is necessary, for every day we see acrimonious discussions carried on, rousing intense hatred and hostility, ending in persecutions and murders. This never was and is the method of great teachers ; real respect to superiors in wisdom, in saintliness, in age, in short, for a worth demonstrated by conduct and courtesy and obedience that reverence begets, is an old Hindu virtue which a false appreciation should not lead us to forget and to despise. From the crown to the beggar in the street the people are organised in England ; what a picture this to contrast with the lethargy one meets at

every turn in India. In the words of Carstairs, England is an organic being, jointed and strung together, being as one, with a mind to think, a heart to feel, and hands to do."

We have given large extracts to show the unusual frankness with which an orthodox Hindu of Benares has dealt with the great religious social system which has slowly killed the Aryan nation and reduced it to the state of practical slavery. What good is it our talking of political freedom and using western shibboleths, when the spirit within is the spirit of a slave accepting and professing unquestioned obedience to the Brahmans and their absurd systems which prevent all healthy growth? "We have become what we have worshipped," says the author, and till we worship something noble, something higher, no life is possible. The author has removed the dazzling curtain and laid bare the cancer which has destroyed the virility of Aryan blood. The open war which the Brahmans waged against the warrior class and other classes, and which at last resulted in the destruction of the once powerful nation, makes clear the aims and objects of the Brahmanical system. It is a book for every Hindu to read and think over. It has been published by the Theosophical Society, Benares, and is cheaply priced. We congratulate the author for his clear and bold style and the deep research and wide knowledge which he has brought to bear on such an intricate subject as Hinduism.

J. S.

India and Imperial Preference.—By Sir Roper Lethbridge (Longmans).

Sir Roper Lethbridge brings to his work the fruits of a iflelong study of economics together with a thorough acquaintance with India's industrial needs. His book, therefore, deserves more than a passing notice. The swing of the political pendulum must bring the Conservatives back to power, and with them a policy of Protection. That such a scheme is conceived primarily in the interests of Great Britain, need not materially affect our judgment of it. Without the co-operation of India, Imperial Preference is impossible, and we, therefore, stand in a very advantageous position for making a bargain. We, on this account, welcome every attempt to make this position clear. Most Indians hold, and we think rightly, that a scheme of Protection unfettered by considerations of Imperial needs would best suit the conditions of India, but as Sir Roper Lethbridge remarks, such a policy is impossible because neither Conservatives nor Liberals would entertain the idea for a moment. He, however, believes that the moral and political advantages arising from the closer Imperial union which would be the natural outcome of Imperial Preference, outweigh any material loss, and there can hardly be a doubt that if India enters into the scheme of Imperial Preference on the terms to which her favourable position entitle her, the ensuing moral advantages will be incalculable. The author devotes a chapter to "Swadeshism." Regarding it as a movement unfriendly towards Great Britain, he cannot approve of it, but admits that it was practically forced upon India by the so-called Free Trade policy, and he hopes that an honourable and sufficient '*quid pro*

quo' will render unnecessary a continuance of the movement. That "Swadeshi" teaches self-sacrifice, the most valuable of all moral lessons, is true, that if it secures a permanent position it becomes a valuable economic asset cannot also be doubted, but such permanency requires the existence of a strong and persistent national sentiment, and the failure of such a movement entails considerable moral and material loss. Moreover, "Swadeshi" must unfortunately connote "boycott," and this is essentially prone to evil. It is on the whole a desperate remedy, and if Imperial Preference shows an advantageous way out, it is to be preferred. From his examination of the exports and imports of India, Sir Roper Lethbridge makes out a pretty strong case for Imperial Preference. He, however, has a tendency to the mistake which in the case of his opponents, the Free Traders, he so strongly objects to—a too credulous faith in the efficacy of their economic ideals. Most English writers on Protection find their enthusiasm in the contemplation of the German Zollverein, but the truly marvellous political and economic effects of this were due to a combination of circumstances which do not, and are not likely to exist in the British Empire. Moreover, the man to whose genius both the German and American Protective tariffs are due was a firm upholder of Free Trade. Litzt saw in the Germany of his time a condition of things which necessitated Protection, and he advocated it not as a panacea but as a necessary evil. The existence of a definite scheme of Imperial Preference would have made the author's task easier. He does, it is true, describe the schemes already existing in Canada and New Zealand, and gives statistics: but the position of India is unique and the statistics are partial and incomplete and do not afford sufficient ground for generalising. The work is, however, to be recommended, and, written as it is in a style easily understandable, it deserves a wide circulation. L. M.

The Voice of the Orient.—By Mrs. Walter Tibbets.

"The Voice of the Orient" by Mrs. Tibbets is a bouquet of delicious flowers gathered by a connoisseur who has wandered over the three continents and known their social world, "been in throne rooms and green rooms, courtesyed to European sovereigns and danced in halls where the great Mughal dreamed" and withal found drawn to the East by uncontrolled, undefined yearnings, wandering as ever, now in "the City of Fate" (Bombay) then up to "the Hill of Doomed Hopes" (Simla) and from there to the desert of Bijaipur, her soul colouring everything in the gorgeous colours of the East as the sun colours the snowy ranges of Kashmere in all the colours of the rainbow. What has she not felt and thought over? Now holding converse with Chand Bibi and dreaming of her great love on the banks of the tank at Bijaipur "with its flowing waters which double on itself in the rills and wind up and down towers and out of peacocks' mouths in bewildering wiles," again placing a flower on the tiny tomb of Rhumba, a courtesan "whose dust lies in Asia's greatest mausoleum in the company and in precedence of two empresses. Strange that the world's greatest dome should shelter one who took between her tiny fragile fingers the world's greatest law and broke it.'

Then Mrs. Tibbets comes to the great question of Anglo-Indian life, "Why should the same conditions of life react so differently on the sexes, why should a man's life be broadened and raised by it, a woman's narrowed and contracted?" Dreams of Eastern and Western love and thoughts on the great question of the sexes and the great and enduring love of a woman "which many waters cannot quench neither can the floods drown it," strange that a man like Edward Carpenter in his book "Love's Coming of Age" should talk of free love, while a cultured lady speaks of the Indian system with sympathy and approval. Truly, in the words of Sunjogta, the Consort of Prithi Raj, "the man of wisdom is ignorant in the book of woman," "we are like lakes," she said, "of which men are the swans, what are men when absent from our bosoms?" Truly "The Voice of the Orient" is rich with life and colour, almost every page of it is crying out with the passions and longings of men and women who have lived and loved and the eternal passions as they still rule the world. The eastern fragrance which pervade its every page has a charm of its own, and the book is sure to interest Indians and Anglo-Indians alike.

J. S.

"**Indian Dust.**"—By Otto Rothfeld, I.C.S., B.A., F.R.G.S. Oxford : Alden and Co., Ltd., the Bocardo Press ; London : Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Rs. 3.

Mr. Otto Rothfeld knows the India of his stories well, and he has the gift of interpreting it interestingly. His is a collection of stories founded on incidents drawn mainly from village life in Rajputana and its neighbourhood. Though the incidents are mostly tragic, the author is by no means morbid, and is equally effective in describing the pleasanter side of village life as seen in his "Bhil Idyll" and "A Bhil Dance." He is one of the very few English writers whose Indian sketches have the true atmosphere. We hope to see much more work of a similar kind from his pen. The last chapter of "Indian Dust" is devoted to an able and appreciative critique of the poetry of "Laurence Hope."

L. M.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A Political Symposium.

Soon after Lord Morley had taken his seat on the box and assumed the reins of the Government of India, the graduates of Fussypore founded a Club under the name and style of the "Morley Club." It was launched into existence amidst great rejoicings. The city was lighted and fireworks were let off in abundance. The pyrotechnical display was followed by speeches in English, Sans krit, Arabic, and Hindi, explaining the object of the new institution. The leading spirit in the movement was Mr. Chidambara Rai Chattopadhyay, B.A., Barrister-at-law, who declared that his stay in England had brought him into contact with politicians of all shades of opinion, that he had heard and read a great deal about Lord Morley, and if there was one thing more than another of which he was convinced, it was that a new era had dawned upon the fortunes of India with the accession of the most cultured, the most experienced, and the most philosophical exponent of Liberalism to the India Office. It was certain, he predicted with an assurance which was received with a sceptical smile by Mr. Dourson of the Abkari Department who had been invited to be present, that within the space of the next five years Lord Morley would effect a yawning breach in the ramparts of bureaucracy, and would bring India as near to the brink of Colonial self-government as he possibly could without driving England to a General Election. The bridegroom was coming, he asserted, and they must all be trimming their lamps; or, in plain prose, all communities must sink their differences, and the object of the Club was, to quote Mr. Chatopadhyay's own words, "to fuse together the inhabitants of the city into an undivided and indivisible political unit, throbbing with the same high aspiration, and

marching forward with the uniform and measured pace of our National Volunteer Corps." Mr. Hyder Imam Ahmed, who was sitting by the side of Mr. Dourson, did not quite appreciate the mention of the Hindu Volunteers, as one could easily see from the twitchings of his facial muscles; but he did not consider it decent and in consonance with oriental traditions to mar the enthusiasm of the occasion by any expression of dissent. He heartily supported Mr. Chattopadhyay, and the Club was started. From time to time the Executive Council of the Morley Club submitted telegrams and memorials to the Viceroy and the Secretary of State on important topics, and on the 1st of July a meeting was called to discuss the subject of communal representation. Mr. Dourson was voted to the chair, as he was acknowledged to be the most disinterested member present, but on the understanding that he was not to make any speech on the question under discussion. Mr. Chattopadhyay, who was rather anxious to make a long speech which would take up nearly the whole evening, inquired if the meeting desired him to be brief, and how many members had come with the intention of speaking. After some discussion it was agreed that every community numbering at least a million in the whole of India was to be represented in the discussion by one speaker, that he was to be the oldest member of that community in the Club, and that he was to be as brief as he could. The right of speaking on behalf of Hindus pertained to Mr. Chattopadhyay, who opened the debate as follows :—

"Gentlemen, you all know as well as I do that this unique institution was recently founded with the noble object of speedily filling up the seemingly broad gaps that had long divided the numerous communities constituting the teeming population of this ancient land." (A Voice: "Oh, how many adjectives!") To spare the nerves of my friend I will endeavour to avoid adjectives. I say "seemingly," because discerning men on a little reflection perceive that there is but one heart beating in this corporation called India. A huge body is necessarily divided into many smaller limbs, and some of these at times quarrel with others, as was the case in the well known fable. But notwithstanding all illusory appearances to the contrary, the diverse population of India is at heart one. India is the sacred birthplace of every kind of monism. Here it was that

under the broad and clear expanse of a tropical sky, the deep-sighted sages of old struck, as upon a mine of gold, on that profound and eternal truth that all existence is one. Where is the fundamental distinction, gentlemen, between Hindus and Mussalmans, Christians and Parsis? Castes and communities are mere accidents, the result of ignorance or Maya: humanity is one. Rice and curry are different, but food is one. (Hear, hear.) Cakes and pudding are different, but sweetness is one. (Laughter.) Judges and advocates are different, but the administration of justice is one. (Renewed laughter.) Pray do not imagine that I proclaim this unity with my tongue in the cheek. (A Voice: "No, it is wagging." Cries of "Order, Order.") I protest most strongly and emphatically in the face of all irreverent buffoons (cries of "Order, Order,") that I proclaim this unity not because my community holds a dominant position in the land, constituting as it does 70 per cent. of the population. It leaves miles and leagues behind my esteemed friend Mr. Ahmed's vigorous and manly co-religionists, who make 21 per cent. of the population; and thinking on the human plane, I might indeed feel proud of the massive strength and unshakeable stability of the Hindu race. Wave upon wave of foreign invasion has dashed against it, but in vain. Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome have disappeared, but the civilisation of the Rishis is imperishable. But while I may be legitimately proud of my heritage, I must assert that ours is a heritage which is not intended to be enjoyed exclusively by any one section of the population. It is open to all mankind. Where, then, is the necessity for dividing and vivisecting the Indian nation, and for tempting each community with the prize of separate representation and reserved seats, and for inaugurating an era of strife in the place of the concord, which, however imperfectly, has hitherto prevailed, and which, it is our desire, shall for ever prevail? Gentlemen, without intending to give the least offence to our broad-minded and sympathetic Chairman, we know who is working behind the scenes. 'Divide and rule' has always been their policy. (Mr. Dourson: "That is rather uncharitable.")—I do not for a moment intend to make a sweeping charge against a whole community or nation. I know that among our esteemed Chairman's countrymen there are many who would be glad to leave India to Indians to-day, provided

the country left an open door to all nations of the earth for trade, as China and Japan and other independent countries have done or have been compelled to do. But at the same time are there not others who doubt the possibility of the British continuing in India with a population conscious of its national unity, and is it a violent presumption to make that this apprehension must beget a desire to see the dawning of that consciousness retarded? The sense of unity exists, but it lies dormant. It can be awakened, it can be educated. This Club was started with the very object of fostering the sentiment of unity. In the policy on which the Government is about to embark I discern a peril to the very existence of this association. We are therefore bound, as a matter of self-preservation and of carrying out the noble mission which we have set before ourselves, to protest against communal electorates. Lastly, gentlemen, I need hardly remind you that our Government seldom undertakes social or religious legislation, and never passes it without ascertaining the sense of the communities that may be affected by such legislation, through Commissions, the District Officers, and other sources of information. Most of the transactions of the Legislative Councils affect all communities alike. They may affect different economic interests differently, but have absolutely no manner of connection with the religion of the people, their past civilisation, or their social or racial traditions. That Hindus and Muhammadans pray to the Deity in different ways, that they venerate different prophets and saints, that in many cases they talk different languages, that they adorn their persons differently, that they expect to go to different heavens—what has all this to do with the problems of agriculture and commerce, of education and sanitation, of taxation and expenditure? Does a rupee mean sixteen annas to one community and fifteen to another? Does an irrigation canal fructify the fields of Hindu and Muhammadan peasants in varying degrees? Communal electorates are preposterous. They will prove a menace to the tranquillity of the land, a source of danger to the harmony of its inhabitants, and a precursor of dissolution and decay and of national extinction." (Cheers.)

Hardly had Mr. Chattopadhyay finished his oration when Mr. Hyder Imam Ahmed sprang to his feet, with an alacrity which

proved to the audience that he had come fully prepared to defend the contrary view. The cheers that were intended to applaud the one were prolonged in order to greet the other. Mr. Ahmed spoke as follows :—

" Gentlemen, I must begin by confessing that I can scarcely hope to emulate my learned friend's inborn eloquence—for, orators are born and not made—and his trained capacity for argument. But I can honestly claim this much, that I yield to none, not even to my learned friend, in the enthusiasm for unity. Islam means nothing if it does not mean unity. Islam proclaims one God[illegible]slam has enforced the brotherhood of man with a success scar[illegible] attained by any other dispensation—(Mr. Dourson here looke[illegible])—Well, I do not deny that the abolition of slavery was br[illegible] about by Christians. But it was a deep-rooted custom, in[illegible] and not invented by Islam. I can substantiate my cla[illegible] st with reference to free men. I was reminded that my[illegible]y makes up only 21 per cent. of the population. To hav[illegible]ed 21 per cent. out of nothing was not a small achievement. If zero can grow into one-fifth, why should not one-fifth grow into five-fifths ? That is our hope—not a selfish one, but what we believe to be the irresistible and gracious will of Allah. I have, however, no wish to discuss philosophy—the philosophy of cakes and puddings (Laughter)—or religion this evening. The question that we have met to discuss is a purely political one, and I claim that no previous Government did more to foster a sense of political unity in this land than the Empire of the Moghuls. No imperial dynasty kept India under one umbrella, as my friend would say, for as long a period as did the Muhammadan Emperors. What boots theoretical idealism ? Let us talk practical politics. My learned friend has been confusing the real issues. What is the object of the Legislative Councils and of asking electors to return representatives to such Councils ? I conceive that the object is to find out how, in the opinion of the people the measures that are passed by the Executive Government or by the Legislative Councils are likely to affect them. The object of the machinery is to focus intelligent popular opinion. How is popular opinion formed, and where are its nurseries ? My learned friend argues that economic and other material interests do not vary with the religion professed by a community. But how is the

Government to find out the opinion of the people about these interests, their liability to be affected by this or that measure, or the various ways in which the interests may be promoted? If the people of all religions were in the habit of forgetting their social differences and combining for common purposes affecting their economic and other physical welfare, the question of tapping popular opinion would be very simple. But where do we find such associations, such free and unreserved exchange of thoughts on common interests? Is that the usual feature of Indian public life, or is it more common to find opinions formed and prejudices imbibed in the narrow circles the radii of which are determined by religion and social customs? We may deplore facts, but we cannot ignore them. Few persons in the world are original thinkers: most of us accept our opinions ready made from others around us. From whom does a Hindu or a Muhammadan borrow his opinions? Usually from members of his own community, because he trusts them more, is brought into contact with them more frequently, and feels he has a closer intellectual affinity with them. If opinions take their shape and their colour from one's surroundings in one's own community, it follows that if you wish to get a correct idea of the nature, the variety, and the distinctive features of such opinions, you must constitute each separate nursery of thought or even of prejudice into a separate electorate. You may regret that man should stand aloof from man, while God has made them all of one clay, and placed them all under the same sky. But that regret is unavailing and irrelevant. If you wish to ascertain popular opinion as it is, and not as it ought to be, you must base your electoral scheme on fact and not fiction."—("Hear, hear," and Cheers).

The Chairman then called upon Mr. Dharmanand Weerawachane, a rich Singhalese gentleman who has settled down in Fussypore as the chief director of a movement to revive Buddhism in India, to speak on behalf of his community. He had very few remarks to make, for though the census report of British India assigns to his community the importance due to more than nine millions of inhabitants, they are almost exclusively natives of Burma, and in that province they have practically no rivals. He was not interested, he said, in the question of communal electorates, but in the doctrine of settled facts. The Hindus, he argued, were vehemently attacking

Lord Morley for treating the partition of Bengal as a settled fact, and some of them would not accept even the British Government as a settled fact. But when the Buddhists asked for a restoration to them of their own temples which had passed into Hindu hands, they were met by the plea that the Hindu occupation of these sacred places was a settled fact, and could not be disturbed. However, as that question had no direct bearing on the discussion to which he had listened, he declined to give his opinion one way or another.

No representative of Animists was present at the meeting. Professor John Ebenezer Satyasakshi, M.A., was a Native Christian, but on behalf of that community he did not wish to plunge into the vortex of controversial politics. As the Government was Christian, he thought that the interests of his community were safe in its hands, and it was a matter of indifference to him whether Native Christians voted separately or in mixed electorates. Professor Satyasakshi was born in one of the depressed classes. He was a famine orphan who had come into the possession of Christian Missionaries, and had been brought up and educated by them. He agreed to speak on behalf of Animists, who number more than eight millions, but he felt that his position, even as their representative, was delicate. From time immemorial, he said, the Hindus and the Animists had dwelt side by side, and notwithstanding all the idealism and the passion for unity to which Mr. Chattopadhyay had given such eloquent expression, the depressed classes had been kept at a distance, even their touch being pollution. The Animist, the learned Professor said, was in the position of a lamb in the company of the Hindu elephant, the Muhammadan tiger, and the Christian lion He had still to be educated, while remaining in the Animistic fold, and it was only after he felt the magic touch of education that he could interest himself in the elections. But the Professor thought that when the Animists found themselves in a position to contest for seats in elective assemblies, they were likely to adopt the same line of argument as Mr. Ahmed had followed, and ask for separate electorates. The representatives of the Sikh and Jain communities, numbering more than two millions and one million respectively, said that they were of the same flesh and blood as the Hindus—in fact they all constituted one family, descended from the same stock but certain differences of opinion had brought about a rupture

between them, which they hoped would one day be healed. For the present, however, they agreed with Mr. Hyder Imam and thought that, whether separate electorates were formed or not, they could not assure the Government of a unity which in fact did not exist.

The sense of the meeting was on the whole against submitting a protest to Government, and the matter was dropped. It is understood that Mr. Chattopadhyay has since tendered his resignation of membership, that the Morley Club is about to be wound up, and that the Advocate-General has been consulted as to how the property of the institution may be disposed of.